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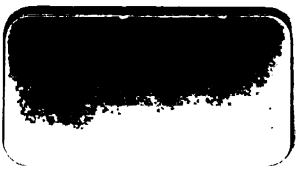

To Frank
From Lou
Christmas 1891

To Frank
From Lou
Christmas 1891

HENRY M. STANLEY.

WITH

STANLEY IN AFRICA

AN ACCOUNT OF THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF
THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, HENRY M. STANLEY,
IN THE "DARK CONTINENT"

BY

CAPT. McCLURE

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
WORTHINGTON COMPANY
1891

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WITH STANLEY IN AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

AFRICA.

In all that goes to make up civilization,—in art and science, in wealth and splendor, in learning and literature,—Africa is the oldest of the Continents. When, north of the Mediterranean, Europe was a wilderness inhabited by savages, and when Greece was governed by a number of half-savage chieftains, the northern shores of Africa sustained a splendid civilization, and the valley of the Nile was the abode of learning and had reached an excellence in painting and sculpture and architecture that has ever since been the wonder of the world.

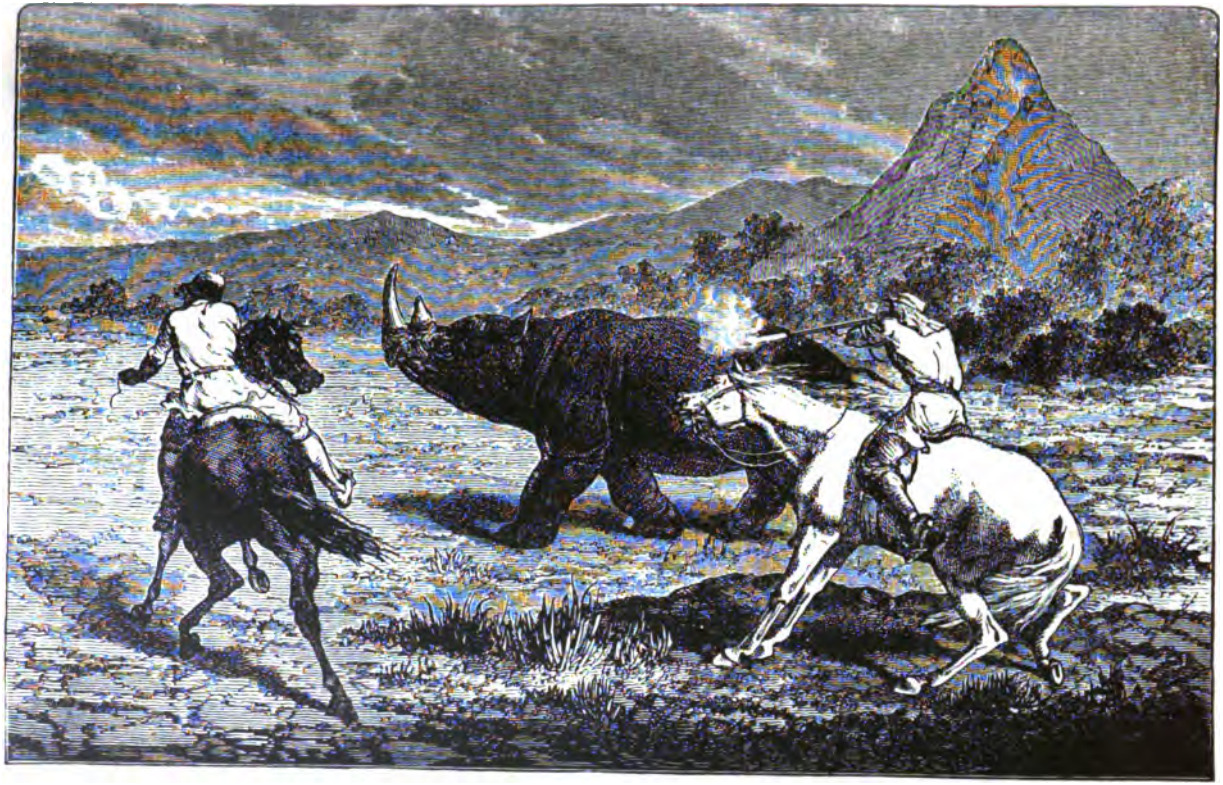
Before the Christian era, Carthage was pre-eminent in commerce and the wealth which it produced; Cairo, on the site of the Babylon of Cambyses, had a population of two hundred and fifty thousand; Alexandria, measuring fifteen miles in circumference, had a population of half a million and a library of seven hundred thousand volumes. Indeed, when

Rome was at the acme of her power and splendor, and had subjected Alexandria, the conquered city was second only to her conqueror in splendor.

But while the wonderful Nile, flowing through an almost rainless region, brought down from the interior a wealth of soil that supported a teeming population, no one successfully ventured to explore that interior, and Africa remained a "Dark Continent."

So unknown was it that the Greeks made it the theatre of their wonderful legends of the gods. Here Jupiter was born and was nursed by Amalthæa; here lived the hideous gorgons, the serpents hissing in the hair of Medusa, and the race of Titans who made war on the gods, and the dreadful Amazons, who ravaged the country with fury and even made incursions into Syria. All the giants and goblins with which the mother of Thebes frightened her refractory children were located in the interior of the great unknown Continent. Besides this, the country was known to be the abode of immense serpents and the largest and most ferocious wild animals, and their existence and the arid desert of Sahara helped to prevent the exploration of the country by the conquering Romans.

But when the power of Rome had declined, the Saracens swept westward from Asia and took possession of the splendid relics of two civilizations, and the arts and sciences were revived, Mauritania was



HUNTING THE RHINOCEROS.

converted into a civilized empire, and its capital, Fez, became a distinguished school of learning. The Saracens introduced the camel from the sandy wastes of Arabia. Paths were opened through wilds which had hitherto defied all human effort, and a trade in gold and slaves was formed with countries which had been unknown. By successive migrations, these followers of the prophet multiplied in Africa. Sanguinary disputes arose, and the ill-fortuned sought refuge on the southern side of that scorching sea of sand which had arrested the ambition of Cambyses and Alexander.

There, in the territory known on our maps as Soudan, these enterprising travellers founded several flourishing kingdoms, which Europeans vainly sought to reach until within a recent date. They founded Ghana, boasting unrivalled splendor, whose royal master rode out attended by obedient elephants and camelopards. And there was Tocrur, the Takror of Major Denham, the Sacatoo of our maps,—in that early day enjoying an extensive traffic with the people of the west, who brought shells and brass to barter for foreign trinkets. Then came Kuku, the Bornou of to-day. Farther south was the ancient city of Kangha, famous for its industries and arts, which modern historians have recognized in the city of Loggun, celebrated, by Major Denham, for its ingenuities, its manufactures, and its witty women.

Along the southern borders of Soudan there were districts known as Wangara and Ungara, whence the merchants derived vast quantities of gold. The progress rested against the range of mountains on the south, which divides Soudan from Guinea, and the dwellers in those wild regions were branded as infidels, and the darkness which repelled the light of Islam was made to cover deeds of violence and blood. West of the Niger there was an extensive region hardly known to exist by the Arabians. On the east were the regions of Nubia and Abyssinia, which Grecian enterprise had reached with ships and there established the Christian religion. There was an unknown wilderness on the west, despised infidels on the south, and hated Christians on the east.

Some effort was made at exploration, but Mohammedanism was not calculated to civilize the wild tribes, and the continent was thrown, if possible, into a deeper darkness.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY EXPLORATIONS.

AFTER a period of apathy which followed the decline of the Roman Empire, in the closing years of the fifteenth century, the nations of Europe engaged in a spirited competiton in maritime discovery. In this competition Portugal took the lead, and gave special attention to the West Coast of Africa. Gilianez, in 1433, passed Cape Bojador, and within forty years, this enterprising nation had made settlements as far south as the Congo. The King, having been granted by the Pope full dominion over all lands that his subjects should discover, assumed the title of the Lord of Guinea.

The natives received the new-comers without opposition, and thousands were baptized. In the war with Holland, in 1632, all of these African possessions fell into the hands of the Dutch, who had risen to the first rank as a naval people.

But the gallant Hollanders soon found their proud mastership of the seas disputed by powerful rivals. England and France were pressing forward in a jeal-

ous race for supremacy. For a while their settlements on the African coast were made with a view only to obtaining slaves for their new possessions in the West Indies. Soon there came wonderful reports of the gold-trade carried on at Timbuctoo. There was no hope of establishing a highway across the desert from the north, and a company was formed in England for the purpose of exploring the Gambia, by which they hoped to reach the glittering treasures. Richard Thompson, the first representative of this company, after desperate engagements with the Portuguese, who still boasted their lordship over the region, fell by the hands of his own men. His successor, Richard Jobson, fell far short of reaching the far-famed Timbuctoo, but won the glory of being the first Englishman who had an opportunity to observe the manners and superstitions peculiar to native Africa. As he advanced, a new world seemed to dawn on him. All about him land and water were inhabited by multitudes of savage animals. The enormous sea-horses sported in every pool, herds of enormous elephants crowded to the shore, lions and leopards moved about among the trees in full view, and everywhere there were myriads of monkeys going through their eccentric evolutions. Armies of baboons marched along, and displayed their surly tempers by horrid grimaces, as they watched the progress of the intruders. The appearance and customs of the human

AMAZON WARRIORS.

dwellers in the region were in keeping with the utter wildness, and many were the wonderful stories he had to tell his countrymen upon his return. But the goal was not reached. Then for a long time the spirit of discovery, so far as pertained to Africa, was dormant

A NATIVE OF CONGO.

in England. And when it revived a little in 1720 it was only to be assured, by the expedition of Captain Stibbs, that the theories of reaching the interior by the Gambia had been only a delusion.

While the English sought to ascend the Gambia, the French were trying to reach the regions of gold by way of the Senegal. In 1697 Sieur Brue pene-

trated as far as Bambouk, where he found mines of gold, but he got no farther.

The African Association, which was formed in England, started a new era in exploration of the "Dark Continent." Ledyard, who had sailed around the world with Captain Cook, was sent to the Nile, and died in Egypt before beginning his journey up the river. Major Houghton was killed by the Moors in a journey up the Gambia. Then came Mungo Park, who became the most celebrated and most successful explorer of the time. Frederic Horneman, travelling as a Mohammedan, crossed the desert to Mourzouk, and thence went southward, but his fate was never known.

Finally, Denham and Clapperton crossed the desert from Tripoli, and explored the great tract of country before unknown to Europeans. They visited and described the wonders of Timbuctoo, Kano and Sackatoo. New mountains, lakes and rivers were discovered, but the course of the Niger was still unknown. It was supposed by geographers to be the Nile, until Richard Landor followed its windings to the Atlantic Ocean, and this discovery at once attracted the attention of all the European nations.

A chain of forts were erected along nearly the entire coast, but with the abandonment of the slave trade by Great Britain, and the vigorous measures against it, the territory passed into the

possession of a number of petty chiefs. But a little inland there are found in this tract several powerful and well-organized kingdoms. Conspicuous among them is Dahomey, one of the strangest kingdoms on the face of the earth—a kingdom which was begun in blood and cruelty, and which has maintained its existence for more than two centuries in spite of

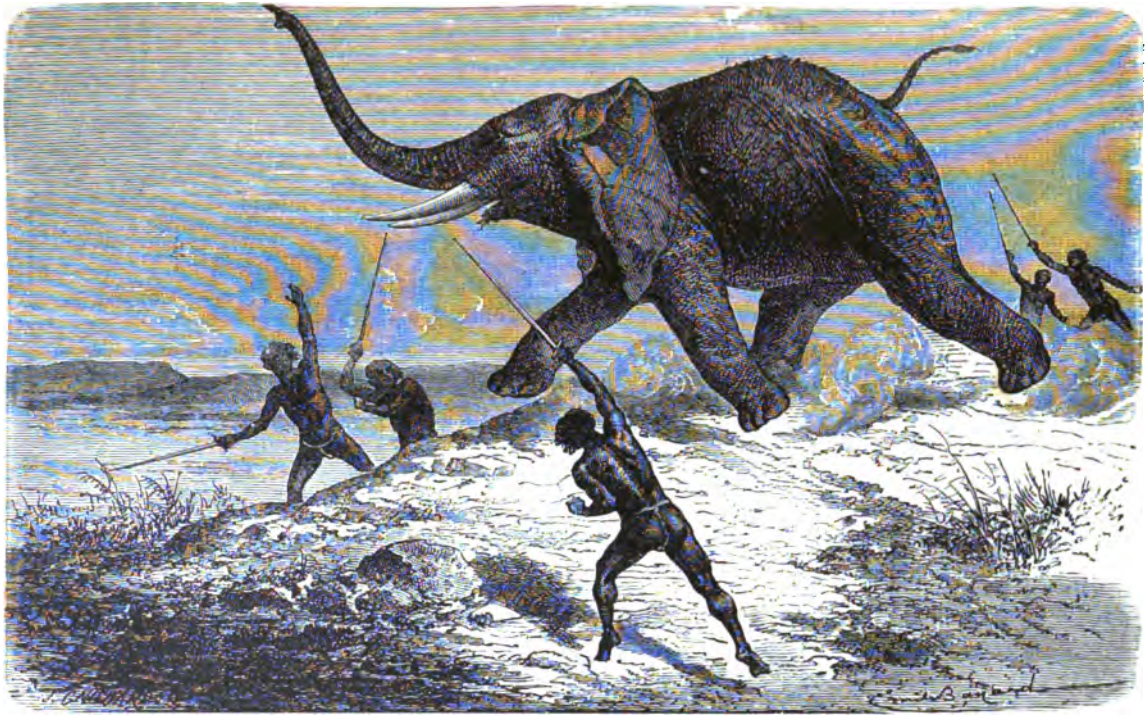
SLAVE GIRL.

the terrible scenes continually enacted there, almost under the shadow of Christian mission stations. Human skulls are drinking-cups. The horrid brutalities of the king at home, and the fiendish invasions of neighboring states, are sustained by a dreadful army of Amazons, finding a satanic solace for their enforced celibacy in bloodiest deeds. There, too, are the Ashantees, hardly better than the natives of Dahomey. South of Dahomey, in Lower Guinea, are

the Fans,—the cannibals described by Du Chaillu and Mr. Reade.

The capture of the Cape country and its settlement by the Dutch would furnish a volume of heroic deeds, but the eastern coast of the Continent remained in possession of the savage natives and their Arab visitors until the establishment of the English colony at Natal. Bruce penetrated into Abyssinia, where Prester John held his august court. He was followed by many venturesome travellers, the most noted of whom was Dr. Beke, who visited the regions of the Upper Nile. The Khedive of Egypt became interested, and under his patronage Baker discovered the Albert N'Yanza, and Speke and Burton the Tanganyika.

Among the most illustrious of the names connected with Africa will always be that of Charles Gordon, better known, perhaps, as "Chinese Gordon." After subduing the great Taeping rebellion in China, he was appointed by the Khedive governor of the Upper Nile tribes in 1874. Not being properly supported, he returned to England near the close of 1876, but early the following year he went back as Governor-General of the Soudan with a mission, among others, to suppress the slave trade. This he found impossible, and the story of his efforts, of his visit as special ambassador to King John of Abyssinia, and of his final campaign and death is a most interesting one.



HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

The story of Livingstone and his part in solving the mysteries of interior Africa is well known. It was in 1840, when he was but twenty-six years of age, that he sailed from England. He landed at Cape Town, sailed around to Algoa Bay, and journeyed to the farthest inland missionary station, called Lattakoo. Quitting this station, and the pleasures and encouragements of home-faces and home-words, he sought an abode northward. There he denied himself all European society six months, that he might identify himself with the natives and learn their language and customs.

The tribe which he had chosen was that section of the Bechuanas known as Bakwains. The future rewarded the sacrifice he made and the labor he performed in those first six months. He bought by those months of toil the key which unlocked for him door after door in his subsequent wanderings. His home in these months was at Litubamba; it was called then Lepelole. He proposed to make a settlement there; but while he was at Kuruman on one occasion, the friendly Bakwains were dispossessed of the territory by a native war.

So after some journeyings hither and thither he selected the "beautiful valley of Matabosa," and removed to it in 1843. He immediately identified himself thoroughly with the people. If they were in want, he would help to provide for them; if they

were in danger, he would help to deliver them. He made them like him by the love he bore them, manifested according to their comprehension; then they would hear him in matters which were strange and disagreeable. This spirit soon led to a very serious affair. The lions had become singularly troublesome, venturing on most daring depredations in broad daylight. The cowardly natives had surrendered to their superstitions, and bemoaned the misery of their situation helplessly enough, when the killing of a single one of their impudent neighbors would have relieved them effectually. Under the circumstances, the missionary headed a party to hunt the lions. They soon discovered one, and Livingstone fatally wounded him with a rifle ball. But before he expired, the lion sprang upon his pursuer, and seizing his arm crushed the bone to splinters. Thirty years later, the marks left by this wound served to identify the body of the great explorer when it was carried to England.

In 1852 Livingstone sent his family home, but he remained five years longer before he joined them. In 1868 he was back again in Africa, having been appointed Consul to the Portuguese Possessions, and having a Government mission to explore the Zambesi country. He soon plunged again into the unknown country, there to wander and to be lost to the civilized world, until found by the intrepid traveller, Henry M. Stanley.

CHAPTER III.

"FIND LIVINGSTONE."

WHILE Livingstone was at Ujiji he found means occasionally to send information of himself and his discoveries to the coast, but before him was the mystery of the centuries—the source of the Nile. It was his ambition to prove that the great river that was known to flow through the country farther west was, in reality, the Nile itself. So he plunged boldly forward to explore it, and here he was completely lost to the outside world.

It was known that he had with him the records of years of important discoveries, that he was attended by untrustworthy followers, that the natives were cannibals, and the wild beasts ferocious. Indeed, Livingstone's account of this journey—his description of the Sokos, how he was turned back by the terrible wars between the native chiefs, and the treachery of the Arab traders in slaves and ivory, how he witnessed the massacre of the women in the famous market at Nyangwe—forms perhaps the most interesting part of his story of Africa.

The worst feature of the latter was the fact that the murderers were his own friends, upon whom he was depending for aid in getting canoes to descend the river which he had reached in 1871.

This horrible massacre was more than he could endure. He never could have consented to go a mile farther with the murderers He had mastered his own feelings for years, had endured to be dependent on men whose presence was a continual sorrow, had endured witnessing all the horrors of the slave-trade in its most extravagant proportions and its most abominable forms, all in the interest of science and humanity; to endure this longer was to him worse than death, worse than failure, worse than all other ills combined. He could not go on without them, because he would be in the power of men who had determined on his death if he should attempt to compel them to go. He could not take only Susi, Chuma, and Gardner, and go. They loved him, were true to him, would die for him, but they would certainly be called on to do it, and it would be all that they could do. There was one thing only: he would return immediately to Ujiji and seek to fit himself up again with a better escort.

It was fortunate for him and for the world that he was compelled to turn back, for a project was on foot in Europe to send him aid, and this project was the expedition of Henry M. Stanley.

THE MASSACRE OF THE MANYUEMA WOMEN AT NYANGWE.

Stanley's name was John Rollant. He was born in Wales, and came to the United States in 1856, when but fifteen years of age, landing in New Orleans. He became clerk for a kind-hearted shopkeeper, Mr. Henry Mortlake Stanley, who had such a liking for his young apprentice that he gave him his name and made him his heir. But the kind friend of the young man died soon after making his will, his relatives came forward and seized the property, and our hero was again adrift in the world.

When the war broke out he enlisted in the Confederate army, was taken prisoner at Pittsburgh Landing, escaped while the battle was in progress, visited his home in Wales, and for a few months worked as a clerk in Liverpool. But in 1863 we find him again in America, and serving on the Federal flag-ship *Ticonderoga.*

Here his energy and talent brought him speedily to the front, and he became secretary to the Admiral. The restless young fellow was always on the look-out for a chance to distinguish himself, and very soon the opportunity for which he had been waiting turned up. A ship belonging to the enemy had been under terrible fire for some hours, and her crew had deserted her. The Confederates kept up such a shower of bullets that it was impossible to approach her with a boat to bring away the prize. Stanley jumped into the water with a rope round his waist, and, although

the bullets were flying all round him, he succeeded in reaching the vessel unhurt. A few minutes more and he had made the rope fast, and the vessel was towed into the Federal lines in triumph. For this deed of daring he was made an officer. While he was an ensign, he began his career as newspaper correspondent by sending occasional contributions to the *New York Herald.*

At the close of the war he started with a companion to make a tour through Asia Minor, but at Smyrna he was arrested and brought back to Constantinople as a robber. In this affair he showed the same ready wit and coolness which were afterwards to serve him in such good stead in dealing with the savage tribes in Africa. Before leaving Constantinople, the Turkish Government granted him a sum of money as compensation for the injuries he had received.

On his return to America in 1867, he gave up his commission in the navy, devoted himself to journalism, and joined the staff of the *New York Herald* as reporter. He was sent on an expedition against the Sioux Indians in the West, and accompanied Lord Napier in his campaign against King Theodore of Abyssinia.

After this he paid another visit to his home in Wales, and was then dispatched to Spain, where war had broken out. From here, as from Abyssinia, he

ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

sent wonderfully graphic word pictures of the struggle going on about him to the *New York Herald.*

While in Madrid, he received a telegram from Mr. James Gordon Bennett, his employer, to "come to Paris on important business." When he arrived at Mr. Bennett's hotel he found that gentleman in bed, but he was soon ushered into his room. Mr. Bennett had never before seen him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Stanley," was the reply.

"Ah, yes, sit down, I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing his dressing-gown over his shoulders, Mr. Bennett continued: "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be, and he may not be," was the answer.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him."

"What," said Stanley, "do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?"

"Yes, I mean that you shall go and find him wherever you may hear that he is. The old man may be in want; take enough with you to help him should he require it. Act according to your own plans, *but find Livingstone!*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE START.

After some further conferences with his chief as to the preliminary preparations and the route to be taken to the African coast, Mr. Stanley made his way to Zanzibar, where he arrived on the sixth of January, 1871, with full liberty of action, so far as expenses or plans of action were concerned, his orders condensed into the shortest possible sentence—"Find Livingstone." His duty was very clearly set forth, and he was there to do it. He brought with him to Zanzibar William Lawrence Farquhar, who had attracted his attention as first mate on the vessel in which he had sailed from Bombay; and Selim, a Christian Arab boy of Jerusalem, who had been employed as interpreter. About this little nucleus, Mr. Stanley began immediately forming his army for the arduous enterprise before him. The selection of a force of attendants is probably the most important part of the preparation for such an expedition. Besides followers, however, it was necessary to collect great quantities of such African currency as we have now become tolerably familiar with.

A SLAVE GANG.

The presence of an American in Zanzibar, fitting out so costly an expedition, heading for Central Africa, created quite a sensation, and became the engrossing topic of conversation in all circles. The interest was all the more intense, because this stranger seemed so very reticent about his purposes and plans. He allowed no one to know more than was written on his card—"Henry M. Stanley, New York Herald." People high and low were gazing in perplexity at that bit of cardboard when Mr. Stanley embarked his expedition for the African coast, on the fifth of February.

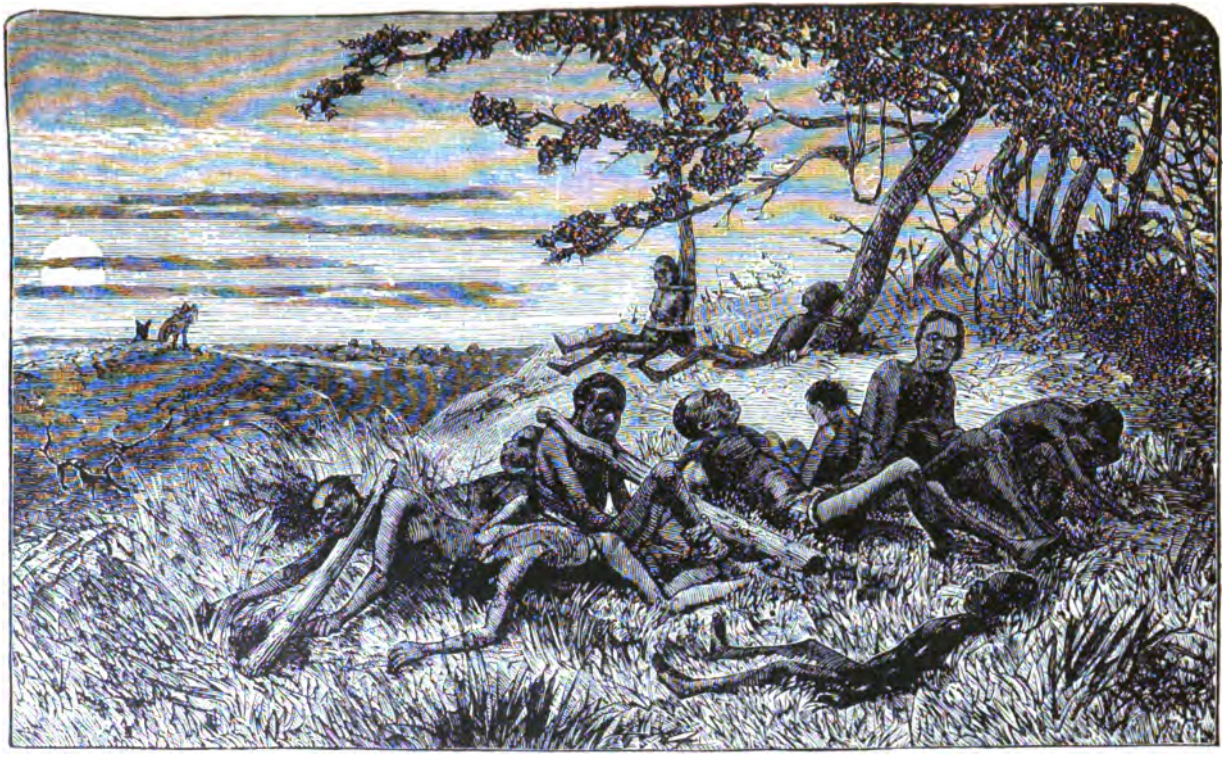
A white man named Shaw had been employed at Zanzibar, and six of the men who had gained considerable reputation before as "Speke's Faithfuls." These six men were named respectively, Bombay, Uledi, Ulimengo, Baruti, Ambari, and Mabruki. With his escort thus perfected, two horses, two donkeys, and almost a boat-load of "money," Mr. Stanley entered the harbor of Bagamoyo, early in February, 1871.

"Bagamoyo is a small port on the Mrima; this narrow strip of land has attracted the gaze of the civilized world, because of its conspicuous connection with the slave-trade; within the coast limits of this small district are to be found the ports through which by far the greater number of human beings bought or captured or kidnapped in the interior are shipped abroad."

Many dreadful tales are told of the sufferings of these people while being driven from their distant native villages to the coast. To prevent their escape, they are yoked together in the rudest manner, and treated with less consideration than cattle. If they fall by the wayside from illness or fatigue, they are simply left to their fate, and in a country infested with ferocious animals their sufferings are soon ended.

Bagamoyo is inhabited for the most part by a motley crowd of semi-savage idlers and vagabonds, but it was there that Stanley must secure his carriers and finish the organization of his expedition. He received some help from the native commander of the soldiers stationed there, but all the people he had to deal with were so extortionate and dilatory that he was much annoyed until a young man presented himself, saying he had been requested to assist him by Tarya Topan, a wealthy merchant of Zanzibar.

At last, after more than two months of hard work, Stanley was ready to start. The expedition consisted of first, Stanley himself, as commander; William L. Farquhar, second in command; John W. Shaw, from London; Selim, the Arab boy (interpreter); Bombay, captain of the soldiers who had been with Speke on a previous expedition; Uledi, Ulimengo, Baruti, Ambari, Mabruki; twenty-six other natives who carried arms; and one hundred and fifty-three pagazis, or carriers.



SLAVES LEFT TO THEIR FATE.

The stores consisted of 40,000 yards of cloth, 22 sacks of beads, 350 pounds of brass wire, 2 boats, 1 cart, 2 horses, 27 donkeys, tents and cooking utensils, medicine chest, powder and balls, scientific instruments, provisions, 4 breech-loading rifles, 2 repeating rifles, 1 elephant rifle, 2 revolvers, 24 muskets, 5 pistols; besides swords, daggers, spears, axes, knives, and a great number of small articles. The whole was packed into one hundred and fifty-three loads and weighed about six tons.

The company was divided into five parties, which started at intervals of a few days. Two caravans were commanded by natives, a third by Farquhar, the others by Shaw and Stanley himself, who started last from Bagamoyo on the twenty-first of March.

"There were three routes from Bagamoyo to Unyanyembe, either of which might have been taken; two of them had already been described minutely by Messrs. Burton, Speke, and Grant; the other, more northern and direct, was said to lead through northern Uzaramo, Ukwere, Ukami, Udoe, Useguhha or Usegura, Usagara, Ugogo, and Unyanzi"; this route was adopted by Mr. Stanley. The distance from Bagamoyo to Unyanyembe is by direct measurement about three hundred and sixty miles, but "the sinuosity of the path taken by caravans, which in Africa follows the easier, less dangerous, and more available

courses, extends the distance to be traversed to over five hundred miles."

Mr. Stanley set out on this long journey full of enthusiasm, which communicated itself to the whole party; and the residents of Bagamoyo looked on with curious admiration as the long lines filed away, the soldiers singing, the carriers shouting, and the American flag fluttering proudly in the breeze.

The northern route was chosen, not because it was best known, for it was in fact the least known, and a good portion of it had never been traversed by a white man. But Stanley thought it the most direct, even though the most difficult, and he had but a single purpose—to "Find Livingstone."

HEADS OF NATIVES.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNEY.

THE "road" was but a narrow path, over most of which the travellers had to pass in single file. Owing to the great heat they could only march a few hours each day. When at the end of an exhausting journey they pitched their tents, only a few miles had been covered of the hundreds that lay before them.

For the first few days the country was beautiful beyond description. The weather was dry, and, no serious mischance happening, Stanley began to think that his African journey was to be a pleasant holiday. As yet they had not left signs of civilization, for here and there they passed men and women working in the fields, who stopped to gaze and laugh at the things in the caravans which struck them as being strange. In a forest through which they passed, numberless deer were seen bounding to right and left at the approach of the caravans, and here at night the hippopotami came to eat the rich grass that grows in its shades. The first bridge over which they passed was a rickety affair, which had been built

a long time since by some wandering tribes. Here they had to unload the weaker donkeys, to enable them to cross the water unburdened, and this caused some delay. Owing to the excellent management of John Shaw, the re-loading was accomplished in a short time, and the caravans were once more on their way. A little farther on, another difficulty presented itself in the shape of a narrow sluice in which the soft mud was many feet deep. Here they had to throw a bridge across, and once more they jogged along their way.

Three times in one day they had to wade across streams, and each time the animals had to be unloaded before crossing, and re-loaded on the opposite side. It was trying, wearisome work, and Stanley was beginning to realize that the search for Dr. Livingstone was to be something more than a summer holiday.

At the Kingani, Stanley had his first experience in shooting large African game. The turbid stream is suited to the habits of the hippopotami. Its banks were covered by giant reeds and matted vines, and were threaded by creeks and bogs, while the stream itself was broken by large rocks and dead logs, breaking it into deep holes and shallows, and frequently making steep falls.

While his party was being canoed across, the leader tried his Winchester on an old fellow, hitting

HUNTING HIPPOPOTAMI.

HUNTERS KILLING SOKOS.

him behind the ear, but the huge monster paid no attention to it except to look around in surprise. The smooth bore, however, had more effect, and a shot from it reached a vital part.

The caravan had in the meantime crossed safely—men, bales, donkeys, and baggage—and the long line moved off over a much more beautiful district than had yet been seen; first, splendid park-like lands, next through a grove of young ebony trees, where guinea fowls and hartbeests were seen; then winding about with all the characteristic eccentric curves of a goat path, up and down a succession of land waves, crested by the dark green foliage of the mango, and the scantier and lighter-colored leaves of the enormous calabash. The depressions were filled with jungle, while here and there were open glades, shadowed even during noon by their groves of towering trees.

As the strange cavalcade passed along, every living thing seemed to be in consternation; "flocks of green pigeons, jays, ibis, turtle-doves, golden pheasants, quails, and moor-hens, with crows and hawks, flew away in terror, while here and there a solitary pelican was seen bearing off from the doubtful scenes on stately wing, and beautiful pairs of antelopes dashed away like fairies, and grave-looking monkeys with their bullet heads, white breasts, and long tails were hopping out of reach like Australian kangaroos."

Four miles from the river a halt was ordered at Kikoka, which is on the western border of Mrima. This frontier city was only a collection of wretched straw huts. The people were indolent idlers who had settled there from Mrima and Zanzibar. The next stage brought the expedition to Rosako, the frontier village of Ukwere, perched on a little hillock surrounded by an impenetrable jungle of thorny acacia.

Mr. Stanley was now fairly in the midst of African scenes. The wilderness was broken only by the little villages which every now and then appeared peeping through the crevices of their wonderful fortresses of acacia, and the people were fully up to the average in genuine African characteristics. And thenceforward the journey was a succession of delays, extortions, short marches, fevers, losses, and anxieties. The Wakwere were not strong enough to be bold, but they were mean enough to be annoying, and sustained their reputation for dishonesty with evident pleasure. Each chief in succession demanded enormous tribute, and it was only by the greatest shrewdness that their demands could be resisted.

The Arabs said to Mr. Stanley before he started that he would be annoyed by the bold curiosity of the natives, especially the Wgogo, who would enter the traveller's tent unbidden, handle his property, and ask all sorts of questions. For instance, one would

take up your watch and ask, "What is this for, white man?" Upon being told that it was to tell the time, he would give an insulting snort and say, "You be damned for a liar!" With a view of discouraging this sort of curiosity, Mr. Stanley had provided himself with a good watch-dog. At Rosako the dog was missing, and Mabruki was sent back to Kikoka for him. On the following morning he returned with the dog.

It was at Rosako that Stanley had his first real trouble. Just before starting in the morning, Maganga, chief of the fourth caravan, came and told him that three of his men were sick. Taking some medicine from his well-stocked medicine-chest, he went to see the invalids. One of them had inflammation of the lungs, and one had a low fever. All three were groaning loudly that they were going to die, and calling "Mama, Mama." It was quite clear that the fourth caravan could not start for some days, so Stanley had no resource but to leave it behind, to follow as soon as the men were better. Meantime he gave the orders for his own caravan to march, and again they pressed steadily forward.

The country through which they were now passing was a desert country, though of great beauty. Miles upon miles of rich grass, studded here and there with thick clumps of trees, and watered by numberless streams, made a prospect which the eye never wearied

of beholding. Had it not been for the anxiety caused by the delay of his fourth caravan, Stanley would have enjoyed more fully the beautiful country. The fourth caravan carried stores which were indispensable, and this made it impossible to push forward without the stragglers. And so after a march of nine miles camp was again pitched for the day, in hopes that the fourth party would make up on them before they struck tents again.

The camping-ground was a good one, but abounded in flies, which tormented Stanley and his men beyond description. Three distinct kinds were found in the tents, and each of these creatures made a constant noise as of some discordant musical instrument. Their sting was very severe, and blood flowed freely from the wounds they made upon men or animals. This accounted for the fact that in a country rich in pasturage there were only to be found a few goats in possession of the natives.

After three anxious days of waiting, the fourth caravan came up, and both parties pushed on; but the road was bad, abounding in jungle, which threatened to stop the progress of their cart. To add to their troubles, the rain began to descend in torrents, and when Stanley first caught sight of Kingaru Village his opinions of African travelling had undergone considerable change.

CHAPTER VI.

A SERIES OF MISFORTUNES.

AFTER the tents were all pitched, and as night came on, the natives came into the camp with articles for sale. First the chief came, bearing a present of three measures of matama and half a measure of rice. For this he expected a much more valuable present of cloth than it was worth. Stanley was more than a match for him, however, and, to his disappointment, only gave him one yard of cloth.

On April 1st the grey horse died. It had been presented to Stanley by the Sultan of Zanzibar, and was a serious loss.

The burial of the carcass, not far from the encampment, raised a terrible commotion in the village, and the inhabitants assembled in consultation as to how much they must charge him for burying a horse in their village without permission; and soon the wrinkled old chief was also at the camp, and the following dialogue took place, which is given as an illustration of the character of the people with whom he was to have a year's intercourse :

Stanley—"Are you the great chief of Kingaru?"

Kingaru—"Huh-uh—yes."

Stanley—"The great, great chief?"

Kingaru—"Huh-uh—yes."

Stanley—"How many soldiers have you?"

Kingaru—"Why?"

Stanley—"How many fighting men have you?"

Kingaru—"None."

Stanley—"Oh! I thought you might have a thousand men with you, by your going to fine a strong white man, who has plenty of guns and soldiers, two doti for burying a dead horse."

Kingaru (rather perplexed)—"No; I have no soldiers. I have only a few young men."

Stanley—"Why do you come and make trouble, then?"

Kingaru—"It was not I; it was my brothers who said to me, 'Come here, come here, Kingaru, see what the white man has done! Has he not taken possession of your soil, in that he has put his horse into your ground without your permission? Come, go to him and see by what right!' Therefore have I come to ask you who gave you permission to use my soil for a burying-ground?"

Stanley—"I want no man's permission to do what is right. My horse died; had I left him to fester and stink in your valley, sickness would visit your village, your water would become unwholesome, and

caravans would not stop here for trade; for they would say, 'This is an unlucky spot, let us go away.' But enough said; I understand you to say you do not want him buried in your ground; the error I have fallen into is easily put right. This minute my soldiers shall dig him out again and cover up the soil as it was before, and the horse shall be left where he died." Then, shouting to Bombay, "Ho, Bombay, take soldiers with jeinbes to dig my horse out of the ground; drag him to where he died and make everything ready for a march to-morrow morning."

Kingaru, his voice considerably higher and his head moving to and fro with emotion, cries out, "Akuna, akuna, Bana"—no, no, master. "Let not the white man get angry. Since the horse is dead and buried let it remain, and let us be friends."

The next night the other horse died in great agony, from cancer in the stomach. At this time one of the pagazis, carrying boat fixtures, deserted. Selim, the interpreter, was struck down with the fever and ague, which soon after attacked the cook, and then the assistant cook and tailor. Bombay had a bad attack of rheumatism, and six other men, making ten in all out of a total of twenty-five, were on the sick list.

Having once got hold of the lazy Maganga and his caravan, Stanley determined to keep him from falling

behind again. On the 5th of April he despatched the fourth caravan, and on the 6th he struck his camp and took the road in their wake.

Their next march was fifteen miles. It was not an excessive journey, but their long stay at Kingaru had made the men lazy, and only a few reached Imbiki that night. The others turned up next morning, thoroughly exhausted. One of their number had deserted, carrying with him a lot of valuable property. Two men were sent in pursuit of the deserter, and, after a short rest, the caravan again moved on.

Their first real experience of jungle travelling was on the march to Msuwa. "The path," said Stanley, "is but a foot wide, with a wall of thriving plants and creepers bristling on each side, and projecting branches darting across it, with knots of spiky twigs, stiff as spike nails, ready to catch and hold anything above four feet in height." Every little while these spikes would catch the bundles on the donkeys' backs, and throw them to the ground. This constant loading made the men sullen and disheartened, and Stanley had to speak sharply to make them push on. A rank odor came from the poisonous plants with which the jungle abounded, and Stanley dreaded every moment to see his men drop down with jungle fever. Happily this scourge did not visit them, but when Stanley arrived at Msuwa only

one man was with him, Mabruki, the little. Shaw and the others did not turn up till the following morning. The chief of Msuwa was very friendly, and sent the best sheep of his flock, and five measures of matama grain as a present.

For this he was suitably rewarded and, after exhibitions of the rifles, watch, and other wonders to the admiring natives the caravan marched on.

Every day brought fresh adventure and experience, and it was on this march that they met the first slave gang bound eastward in chains and wooden yokes.

At Imbiki it was discovered that a pagazi named Khamisi had deserted, taking with him two goats, the property tent, and the whole of Uledi's personal wealth, consisting of a long Arabic shirt, ten pounds of beads, and a few fine cloths, which Uledi had entrusted to his keeping while he carried the carrier's load for him. Two men were sent in pursuit of the thief, and when the caravan arrived at Kisemo, he was brought in with all his plunder. Stanley determined that the man should be punished, so a court was called, and after much palavering the verdict was that the thief should be whipped with the great master's donkey whip. The sentence was carried out, Khamisi crying loudly all the time. He was fortunate, however, in getting off so easily, for when Stanley's men found him, he had already been captured by a band of natives, who had taken his goods

and were about to kill him. Kisemo was the centre of a populous district, there being no less than five villages in the vicinity, fortified by stakes and thorny abattis, as formidable in their way as the old fosse and drawbridge of feudal times. "The belles of Kisemo," says Stanley, "are of gigantic posterioral proportions," and are "noted for their variety in brass wire, which is wound in spiral rings round their wrists and ankles, and for the varieties of style which their hispid heads exhibit; while their poor lords, obliged to be contented with dingy, torn clouts and split ears, show what wide sway Asmodeus holds over this terrestrial sphere—for it must have been an unhappy time when the hard-besieged husbands gave way before their hotly-pressing spouses. Besides these brassy ornaments on their extremities, the women of Kisemo frequently wear lengthy necklaces, which run in rivers of colors down their black bodies." But a more comical picture is seldom presented than that of those highly dressed females, "with their huge posterior development, while grinding out corn. This is done in a machine very much like an old-fashioned churn, except the dasher becomes a pestle and the churn a mortar. Swaying with the pestle, as it rises and falls, the breast and posteriors correspond to the strokes of the dasher in a droll sort of sing-song, which gave to the whole exhibition the drollest effect imaginable."

The next march was through a country which is described like that of Central Park in New York. On the 12th the caravan reached Mussondi, on the Ungerengeri River. As they approached the river, they came upon fields of Indian corn and gardens filled with vegetables, while stately trees lined the bank. On the 14th they crossed the river, and entered the Wakami territory. This and the next day the road lay through a charming country. The day following, they marched through a forest between two mountains rising on either side of them, and on the 16th reached the territory of Wosigahha.

As Stanley approached the village of Muhalleh he was greeted with the discharge of musketry. It came from the fourth caravan, which had halted here. Here also good news awaited him. An Arab chief, with a caravan bound east, was in the place, and told him that he had met Livingstone at Ujiji, and had lived in the next hut to him for two weeks. He described him as looking old, with long gray mustache and beard, just recovered from illness, and looking very wan. He said, moreover, that he was fully recovered, and was going to visit a country called Monyima. This was cheering news, indeed, and filled the explorer's heart with joy and hope. The valley here, with its rich crops of Indian corn, was more like some parts of the fertile west than a desert country. But the character of the natives

began to change. They became more insolent and brutal, and accompanied their requests with threats.

Continuing their journey along the valley of the river, they suddenly, to their astonishment, came upon a walled town containing a thousand houses. It rose before them like an apparition, with its gates and towers of stone and double row of loop-holes for musketry. The fame of the great white chief had preceded him, being carried by the caravans he had despatched ahead, and a thousand or more of the inhabitants came out to see him. This fortified town was established by an adventurer famous for his kidnapping propensities. A barbaric orator, a man of powerful strength and of cunning address, he naturally acquired an ascendancy over the rude tribes of the region, and built him a capital and fortified it, and became a self-appointed sultan. Growing old, he changed his name, which had been a terror to the surrounding tribes, and also the name of his capital, and just before death, bequeathed his power to his eldest daughter, and named the town the Sultana, in her honor, which it still bears.

The various women and children hung on the rear of Stanley's caravan, filled with strange curiosity at sight of this first white man they had ever seen; but the searching sun drove them back one by one, and when Stanley pitched his camp, four miles farther on, he was unmolested. He determined to halt here

for two days to overhaul his baggage and give the donkeys, whose backs had become sore, time to recuperate.

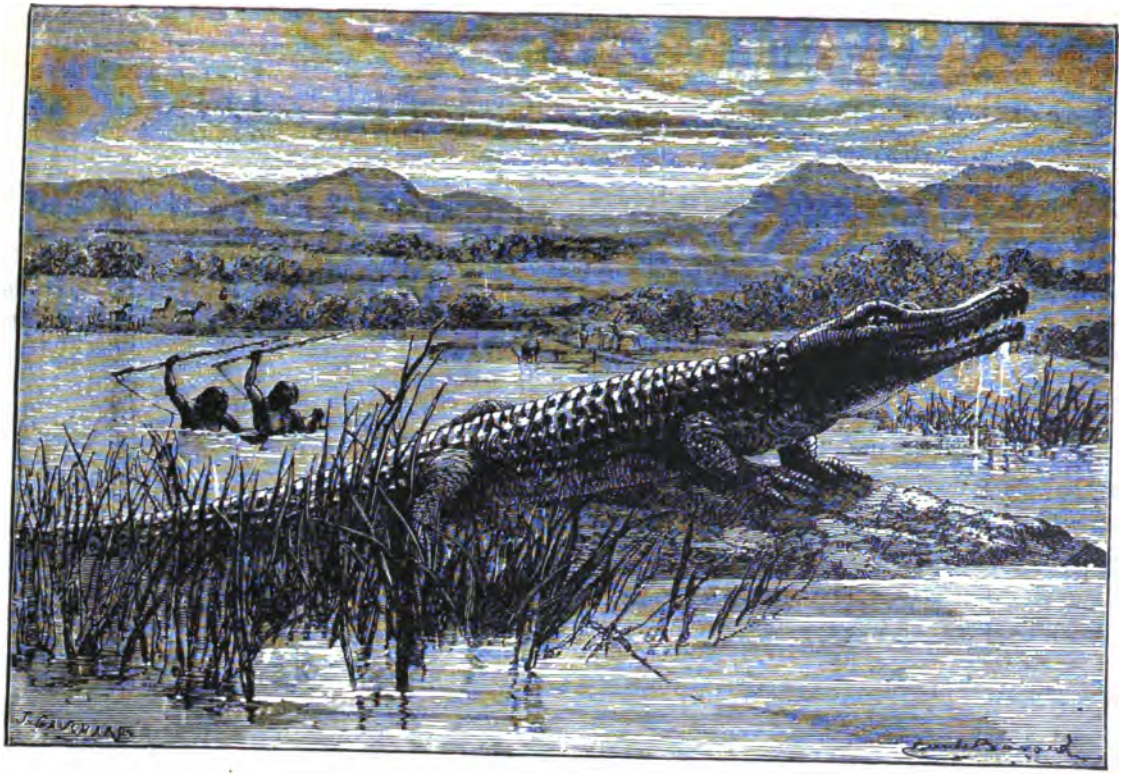
While resting here he had his first attack of African fever. He describes the symptoms as being, "first, weakness of body, with a desire to sleep; next a terrible backache, which gradually spread over the whole body till it rested in the shoulders, where it remained a dull pain; then a chilly feeling, followed by watering of the eyes and throbbing headache, with indistinct vision, which distorted all objects of sight." These symptoms lasted for twenty-four hours, after which they left him weak and utterly prostrated.

Quinine was taken in large quantities, and in a few days he was well; and after receiving a visit from Her Highness the Sultana, and successfully resisting her demand for more tribute (Farquhar having already paid her), the caravan was again in motion.

CHAPTER VII.

TO UNYANYEMBE.

THE thought that Livingstone was at Ujiji made Stanley terribly anxious to push on. His great fear was that Livingstone might go away before he could reach him. The delays that occurred from time to time vexed him, and the slow rate of progress made the journey seem interminably long. They had been twenty-nine days on the road, and had only accomplished one hundred and nineteen miles, making an average of four miles a day. The delay was mainly caused by the porters falling sick, and requiring to rest some days before they could renew their march. The caravan which lost most time was the fourth. The chief, Maganga, was a lazy fellow himself, and his pagazis were no better. Much of their sickness was mere pretence, and, even when they had really been sick, they took much longer to recruit than there was any need for. But for them Stanley says he could have accomplished the journey in sixteen days. Indeed, two Arabs, who had gone before Stanley, accomplished it in eight days.



THE AFRICAN CROCODILE.

The camp at Ungerengeri lasted longer than Stanley had bargained for. The wet weather had now fairly set in, and the river was swollen and turbid and dangerous to cross.

The bridge over which he carried his baggage was of the most primitive kind, while the donkeys had to swim over. The passage occupied five hours, yet was happily accomplished without any casualties.

Reloading his baggage and wringing out his clothes, he set out—leaving the river and following a path that led off in a northerly direction. His heart was made more light and cheerful by being on the march and out of the damp and hateful valley, made still more hateful by the myriads of insects that swarmed in his tent. "The filth of generations of pagazis," he says, had gathered innumerable hosts of creeping things. Armies of black, white, and red ants infest the stricken soil; centipedes, like worms, of every hue, clamber over shrubs and plants; hanging to the undergrowth are the honeycombed nests of yellow-headed wasps with stings as harmful as scorpions'; enormous beetles, as large as full-grown mice, roll dung-hills over the ground; of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, and hues are the myriad-fold vermin with which the ground teems. In short, the richest entomological collection could not vie in variety and numbers with the species which the four walls of my tent enclosed from morning until night."

The next camp was in Makata Valley. They had only travelled ten miles, but the ground had been terribly bad, abounding in marshes and mud in which the feet of men and animals stuck fast, and the journey took ten hours. It was anything but a good camping-ground, but they were unable to go farther. Here they pitched their tent, and awaited the arrival of Bombay with the cart. This worthy did not turn up till midnight. The men who were with him were ready to fall down with fatigue, and he himself had a sad story to tell. It seemed that he had laid down his load to go and assist in getting a cart out of a marsh, and when he returned he found that it had been carried off by some thieves.

Bombay was sent back after the stolen goods, and Kingaru and the two Mabrukis were sent after the cook, who had run away, and who was supposed to have his donkey and property with him, as they had been left behind for him. Bombay came back empty-handed, and as the others did not return, Shaw and two more soldiers were sent to look for them. At night, Shaw returned with a bad attack of fever, and he had a sorry story to tell. They had gone back to the queen, who sent her own men and captured the thieves and property, but the latter she had confiscated, and Stanley's soldiers she had chained in the market-place.

This would have caused trouble and further delay

had not a good sheikh, whom Stanley had met on the road, happened to visit the town. Recognizing the soldiers as Stanley's he went to Her Majesty, and frightened her by such stories of Stanley's guns that she released the men and restored to them a good part of the property.

They were now approaching hilly country, and on the eighth of May they were in the midst of grand mountain scenery. The men were much brighter after leaving the Makata Valley, but the poor donkeys were terribly jaded; loaded as they were, they could hardly drag themselves up the steep hills of the Usagara range. At a place called Kiora they came upon the third caravan, which was commanded by Farquhar. For a fortnight Farquhar had been ill and unable to leave his tent. His legs were swollen, and he was deadly pale. Stanley thought that he was suffering from Bright's disease, and had him carried into his own tent. Had Stanley not come, Farquhar must soon have died, but it was an anxious thought to Stanley how to carry a sick man over the road that lay before them.

Every day one or more of the poor donkeys dropped down on the road to die, and every donkey that they lost in this way made the rate of travelling slower. They had left the cart on the road, as it was found impossible to drag it farther. The sick man was at once a cause of delay and a great anxiety

to Stanley. The men were getting thoroughly disheartened, and he saw that Farquhar must be left behind. Accordingly he left him at a village among the Mpwapwa Mountains. A supply of cloth and beads was given to him, and as soon as he got well he was to push on and join the expedition. He had reached the end of his journey, however, for he died a few days after Stanley had left.

The caravans again moved forward, and Ugogo was the word on every man's lips. Many a glowing account had been told them of the charms of this place. After their dreary, toilsome marching through the Makata plain, then a veritable swamp, in which the water was sometimes three feet deep, it was, says Stanley, as to a land of promise that they journeyed towards Ugogo. It was a long march of thirty miles, and involved much hardship. They passed through a district where not a drop of water was to be had, and for seventeen hours they endured the pangs of thirst. Stanley himself was stricken ill with fever, and for a whole day he was carried in a hammock unconscious. At three o'clock next morning the fever had left him, and he was riding at the head of his caravan once more.

It was important that they should make a good show going through Ugogo, and so they had flags flying, horns blowing, and guns shouldered, like a small army on the way to conquest.

The news of the arrival of the great Musungu spread like wildfire, and hundreds of naked men, women, and children rushed from the villages round about to catch a glimpse of the white man. Passing on, a deputation was sent to the sultan of the country, laden with such gifts as Stanley thought sufficient. The present was returned unaccepted as being too small. "The Musungu was a great and rich man, and must pay large tribute." Four times did Stanley increase the present to this extortionate sultan, and it was with a thankful heart that he saw the fourth accepted, and found himself free to proceed on his way. The other sultans of Ugogo country did not prove so greedy as the first, and the march was continued without any remarkable incident.

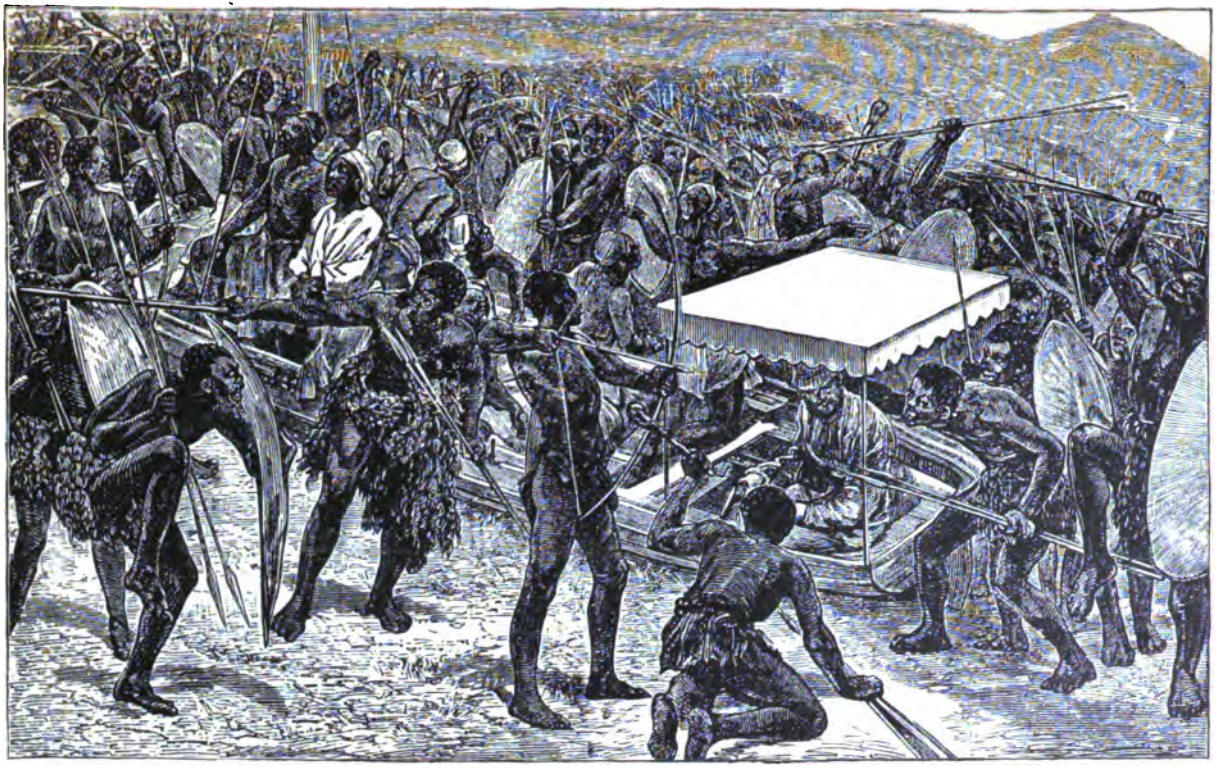
Kimberah, the Sultan of Nyàmbwa, was a small, queer, and dirty old man, a great drunkard, and yet the most powerful of all the Ugogo chiefs. Here they had considerable trouble in arranging the amount of tribute, but at length everything was settled, and the caravan passed on, and emerging from the cornfield, entered on a vast salt plain, containing a hundred or more square miles, from the salt springs of which the Wagogo obtained their salt.

At Mizarza, the next camping-place, Stanley was compelled to halt and doctor himself for the fever which was wearing him to skin and bones. Early in

the morning he began to take his quinine, and kept repeating the doses at short intervals, until a copious perspiration told him he had broken the fever which had been consuming him for fourteen days. During this time, the sultan of the district, attracted by Stanley's lofty tent, with the American flag floating above it, visited him. He was so astonished at the loftiness and furnishing of the tent, that in his surprise he let fall the loose cloth that hung from his shoulders and stood stark naked in front of Stanley, gaping in mute wonder. Admonished by his son—a lad fifteen years old—he resumed his garb and sat down to talk. Stanley showed him his rifles and other fire-arms, which astonished him beyond measure.

The fourth of June, the caravan was started forward again, and after three hours' march, came upon another district, containing only two villages, occupied by pastoral Wahumba and Wahehe. These live in cowdung cone huts, shaped like Tartar tents.

"The Wahumba, so far as I have seen them, are a fine and well-informed race. The men are positively handsome—tall, with small heads, the posterior parts of which project considerably. One will look in vain for a thick lip or flat nose amongst them; on the contrary, the mouth is exceedingly well cut, delicately small; the nose is that of the Greeks, and so universal was the peculiar feature that I at once named them the Greeks of Africa.



IN CLOSE QUARTERS.

"Their necks are long and slender, on which their small heads are poised most gracefully. Athletes from their youth, shepherd bred, and intermarrying among themselves, thus keeping the race pure, any of them would form a fit subject for a sculptor."

"The women," says Stanley, "are as beautiful as the men are handsome. They have clear ebon skins, not coal black, but of an inky hue. Their ornaments consist of spiral rings of brass pendent from the ears, brass ring collars about the neck, and a spiral cincture of brass wire about their loins, for the purpose of retaining their calf and goat skins, which are folded about their bodies, and, depending from the shoulder, shade one-half of the bosom, and fall to the knees."

When the caravan arrived at Mukondoku, the people flocked from the thirty-six villages in the neighborhood to see the wonderful men whose faces were white, and who wore such wonderful clothing and possessed such wonderful weapons. Such a mob of howling savages gathered around that Stanley halted and demanded to know why they made such a disturbance. Taking his words for a declaration of hostilities, one burly fellow drew his bow, but as Stanley raised his rifle he scampered away, and the mob soon dispersed in such a hurry that Stanley indulged in a hearty laugh. A chief soon came up, and the "white strangers" were well treated.

At last the travellers reached the borders of Uyanzi, glad to be clear of the land of Ugogo, said to be flowing with milk and honey, but which had proved to Stanley a land of gall and bitterness. The forest they entered was a welcome change from the villages of the Ugogo, and two hours after leaving them they came, with the merry sound of horns, to a river in a new district. Continuing on, they made the forest ring with cheers and shouts and native songs. The country was beautiful, and the scenery more like England than Africa. Passing thus merrily on, they had made twenty miles by five o'clock. At one o'clock next morning, the camp was roused; by the light of the moon the march was resumed, and at three o'clock they arrived at a village to rest till dawn. They had reached a land of plenty, and fared well. Kiti was entered on the 10th of June, where cattle and grain could be procured in abundance.

A valley fifteen miles distant was the next camp, and a march of three hours and a half brought them to another village, where provisions were very cheap. They were now approaching Unyanyembe, their first great stopping-place, and where the term of service of many of Stanley's men expired. They marched rapidly now—to-day through grain-fields, to-morrow past burnt villages, the wreck of bloody wars.

On June 23, 1871, Tabora, the most influential and famous Arab settlement in Central Africa, and the long-looked-for halting-place in the central plain of Unyanyembe, came in sight. The change which passed over the entire line of men as they caught a first view of the Arab town, with its comfortable houses and cheerful surroundings, was marvellous. Burdens were tossed from shoulder to shoulder, as if they were of feather weight, and the pagazis adorned themselves with garments of glowing hues, which they had brought up from the coast.

At last, with banners flying and trumpets and horns blowing, and amid volleys of small arms, the caravan entered Unyanyembe.

Of the three routes from the coast to this place, Stanley discarded the two that had before been travelled by Speke and Burton and Grant, and chose the third, and thus saved nearly two hundred miles' travel.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN UNYANYEMBE.

As they neared Tabora, the sultan of the country met them with a five-gallon jar of pombe to celebrate their arrival.

The beer was poor stuff, and after tasting it, Stanley handed it over to his soldiers and pagazis, who were greatly delighted, and drank the Musungu's health with great heartiness. As a further proof of his generosity, Stanley bought a fine bullock, that they might have a royal feast on this the last night before parting. Their entry into Unyanyembe was to be a triumphal one. Each soldier and pagazi who had a gun had six rounds of powder served out to him. Every pagazi was dressed in his best loincloth and some gaudy article of clothing. The soldiers had new tarbooshes and the long white shirts which were worn in the place.

A long line of men in white shirts were waiting to welcome them. Trumpets and horns began to blow, the soldiers and pagazis blazed volley after volley of powder, and the Stars and Stripes fluttered

proudly in the breeze. The chief Arab advanced to meet the caravan. Stanley left the ranks and held out his hand, which was heartily shaken by a small crowd.

Tabora is rich and populous. The population is largely Arab, and the houses equal to anything to be found in Arabia, Egypt, or Zanzibar. Rich carpets from Persia cover the floors of the houses. Their tables are loaded with massive silver vessels.

As Stanley walked with the governor to his house, men and women, by the hundred, hovered around their chief, staring at him, while the naked children peered between the legs of the parents. Tea was served in a silver tea-pot, and a sumptuous breakfast furnished, which Stanley devoured as only a hungry man can who has been shut up for so many months in the wilds of Africa.

Then pipes and tobacco were produced, and amid the whiffs of smoke came out all the news that Stanley had brought from Zanzibar, while the gratified sheikh smoked and listened. When Stanley took his leave to look after his men, his host accompanied him to show him the house he was to occupy while he remained. It was commodious, and quite luxurious after his long life in a tent.

All the caravans had arrived, and he received the reports of the chief of each, while the goods were unpacked and examined. One had had a fight with

the natives and beaten them, another had shot a thief, and the fourth had lost a bale of goods. On the whole, Stanley was satisfied, and thankful there had been no more serious misfortunes. A bale of cloth was opened, and every man rewarded according to his services. The expedition now numbered but twenty-five men, and they were treated with the greatest hospitality.

"Just as I began to feel hungry again," says Stanley, "came in several slaves in succession, bearing trays full of good things—first an enormous dish of rice with a bowlful of curried chicken, another with a dozen huge wheaten cakes, another with a plateful of smoking hot cutlets, another with papaws, another with pomegranates and lemons. After these came men driving five fat hump-backed oxen, eight sheep, and ten goats, and another man came with a dozen chickens and a dozen fresh eggs. This was real practical courtesy, magnificent hospitality, which quite took my gratitude by storm."

On the second day of his arrival, the chief Arabs of Tabna came to visit him. This is the chief Arab settlement of Central Africa, and contains a thousand huts and about five thousand inhabitants. The Arabs are a fine, handsome set of men, and, living amid rich pastures, raise large herds of cattle and goats, and vegetables of all kinds, while their slaves bring back in caravans from Zanzibar the luxuries of the East,

not only coffee, spices, wines, and salmon, etc., but Persian carpets, rich bedding, with elegant table service. Some of them sport gold watches and chains. Each one keeps as many concubines as he can afford—the size of his harem being limited only by his means.

These magnates from Tabna, after finishing their visit, invited Stanley to visit their town and partake of a feast they had prepared for him. Three days after, escorted by eighteen of his men, he returned the visit. He arrived in time to attend a council of war which was being held, as to the best manner of asserting their rights against a robber chief named Mirambo. He had carried war through several tribes, and claimed the right to waylay and rob Arab caravans. This must be stopped, and it was resolved to make war against him in his stronghold. Stanley agreed to accompany them, letting his caravan rest until Mirambo was defeated, and the way to Ujiji cleared.

Returning to Unyanyembe, he found the caravan which had been made up to carry supplies to Livingstone in November, 1870. Having gone twenty-five miles from Zanzibar, to Bagomayo, it had stayed there one hundred days, when, hearing that the English consul was coming, it had started off in affright just previous to Stanley.

The expedition against Mirambo met with disaster.

The first three villages were taken with little resistance, and a lot of plunder secured. Flushed with success, a party of seven hundred scoured the country, carrying fire and ruin with them. The chief place was Wilyankuru, for there it was supposed Mirambo had taken up his position. They captured the place easily, but just as they were leaving the gates laden with spoil, Mirambo, who had been lying in ambush with his warriors, suddenly surrounded them and attacked them with spears.

Taken by surprise, the Arabs were panic-stricken. Dropping their arms and casting away their spoil, they ran off pell-mell in wild confusion, back to Zimbozo, where Stanley was lying ill with intermittent fever. They had lost half their numbers, and were completely cowed. All night long, women, whose husbands had been killed, kept up a most dismal moaning and lamentation, and wounded men kept crawling in to add to the general misery. Next day they reproached each other with angry words. Those who had advised peace blamed the war party, who in turn retorted on the others for engaging in the fight half-heartedly.

Stanley was disgusted at their cowardice, and saw the folly of his action. It had been prompted by a desire to repay his friends for their hospitality, but he determined now to push on without further delay.

The natives of Unyanyembe are the typical race of Central Africa, and have attained a conspicuous supe-

NEXT DAY THEY REPROACHED EACH OTHER WITH ANGRY WORDS.

riority among the tribes. They are generally splendid specimens of the *genus homo*, so far as physical proportions make it up: tall and manly looking, and endowed with remarkable strength and powers of endurance.

The national love of ornament prevails in all its extravagance. "From the hour that a maiden begins to call for mamma," says Mr. Stanley, "her ornaments are her constant solicitude. She loves to look at the pretty wristlets of red, yellow, white, and green beads which rest upon her dark skin in such contrast; she loves to twine her fingers through the lengthy necklaces of variegated beads, or to play with the bead belt that encompasses her waist; she even sets them in her hair and loves to be told that they become her (as what maiden does not?). It is a pleasure with her to possess a spiral wire cincture, even though she possesses no garment to be supported by it. She awaits with impatience the day when she can be married, and have a cloth to fold around her body—until she can have authority to dispose of her fowls for the cheap tinsel sold by Arab merchants."

The grave matrons, too, display dispositions quite as comprehensible to the ladies of more enlightened lands as is this craving of the maidens for wealth of ornament. Perhaps there is nothing more matronly than the propensity which has its fullest indulgence in those evening gatherings of world-wide reputation

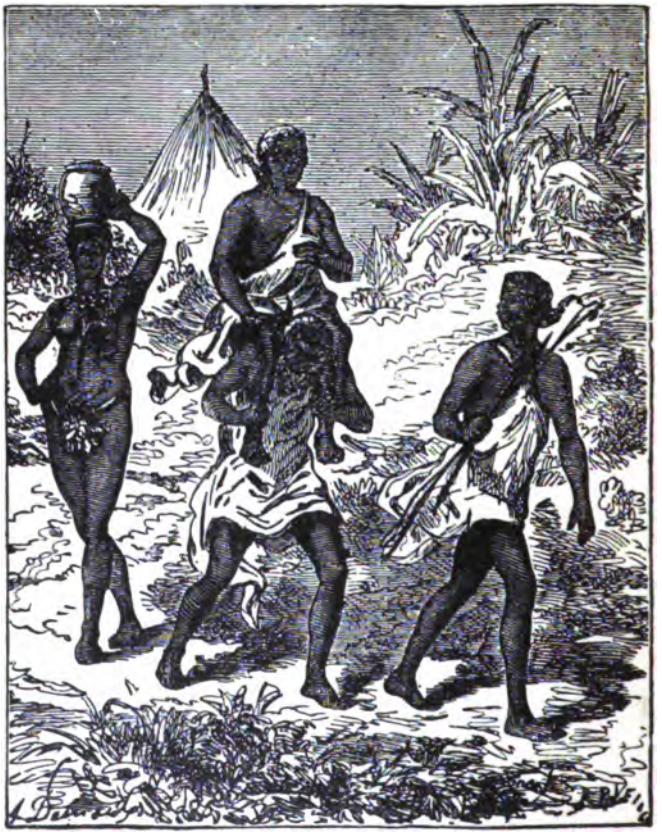
CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE OF ROUTE.

THE direct road to Ujiji lay through Mirambo's country, and this road was now practically shut up. Had Stanley not helped the Arabs in their war against this powerful chief, he might have made his way through, but now this was impossible. Another road must be taken. After much deliberation Stanley decided to take the southern route. It was a longer route than the others, and less known. There were rumors that it led through a country without water, the home of a desperate robber called Mazarira. Despite these drawbacks, Stanley decided to go. Now came the question of carriers. Twenty carriers had been engaged at Mfuto. Of these, five had been killed in the skirmish with Mirambo. The others were disheartened, and refused to go with Stanley. A new set of men must be engaged, and this proved a work of no small difficulty.

On the eighteenth of September, Stanley determined to start on the twentieth. On the nineteenth, he was stricken with the fever and though he had not

recovered the next day, he gave orders to start. Bombay had to be flogged for not reporting at the proper time, and other troubles soon followed.



AN AFRICAN KING ON A JOURNEY.

Almost half of his men deserted at the first camp. They went back to bid good-by to their wives, they said, but evidently forgot to return. Two or three carried off bales of cloth, and soldiers were speedily

sent in pursuit of them. Nine men were brought back, and after a good flogging, they had slave chains put on them to keep them from trying to run off again.

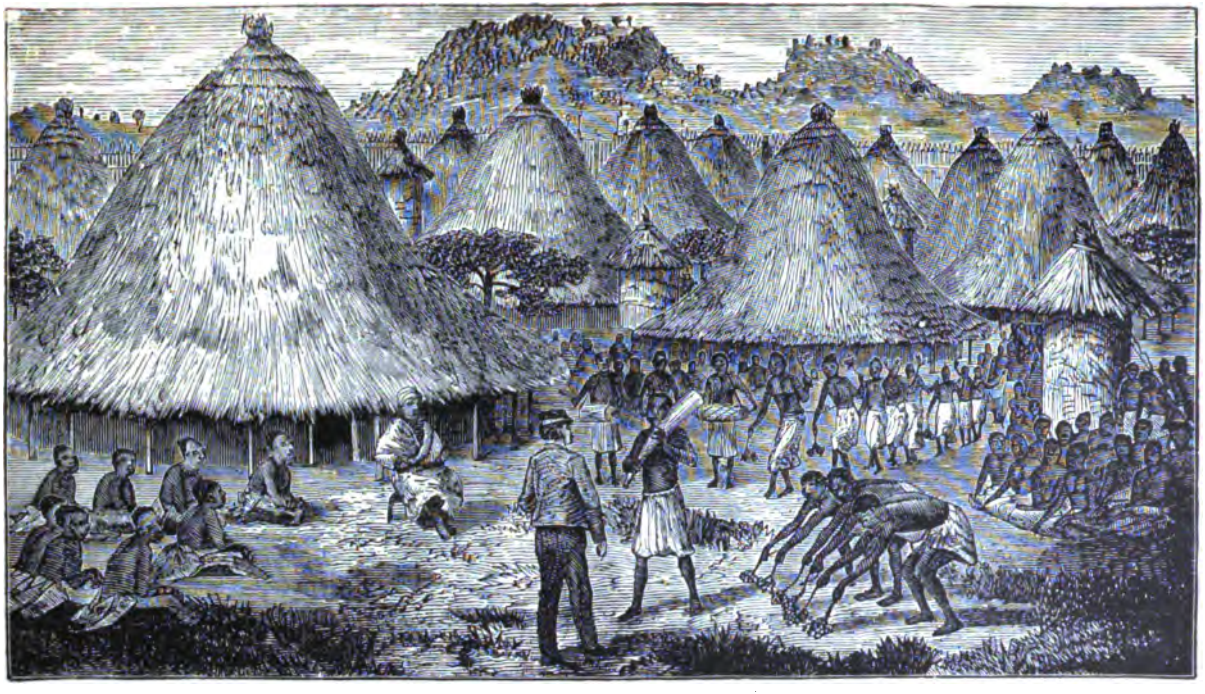
Shaw was a constant source of worry. For weeks he had been fretting and wishing he had never come to Africa. In vain Stanley cheered him up by telling of the prospect that lay before him. He even cooked with his own hand dainties to tempt his appetite. It was all in vain. The fevers had made him despondent, and his one idea was to be sent back. At last Stanley's patience was exhausted. When they came to Kigandu he had a litter made; and, with four pagazis to carry him, Shaw bade farewell to the expedition, and was carried away to Unyanyembe.

The trouble with Shaw had been serious for some time. He had frequently lagged behind, and upon being reprimanded was surly and disagreeable. In the previous May, when the expedition was in the neighborhood of Lake Ungels, the following scene occurred at breakfast. The meal consisted of a roast quarter of goat, stewed liver and sweet potatoes, pancakes and coffee.

"Shaw," said Stanley, "please carve, and serve Farquhar." Instead of doing so, he exclaimed in an insulting tone, "What dog's meat is this?" "What do you mean?" demanded Stanley. "I mean," replied

the fellow, "that it is a downright shame the way you treat us," and then complained of being compelled to walk and help himself, instead of, as he was promised, having servants to wait upon him. All this was said in a loud, defiant tone, interluded with frequent oaths and curses of the "damned expedition," etc.

When he had finished, Stanley, fixing his black, resolute eye on him, said: "Listen to me, Shaw, and you, Farquhar. Ever since you left the coast you have had donkeys to ride. You have had servants to wait upon you; your tents have been set up for you; your meals have been cooked for you; you have eaten with me of the same food I have eaten; you have received the same treatment I have received. But now all Farquhar's donkeys are dead; seven of my own have died, and I have had to throw away a few things, in order to procure carriage for the most important goods. Farquhar is too sick to walk; he must have a donkey to ride; in a few days all our animals will be dead, after which, I must have over twenty more pagazis to take up the goods or wait weeks and weeks for carriage. Yet, in the face of these things, you can grumble, and curse, and swear at me at my own table. Have you considered well your position? Do you realize where you are? Do you know that you are my servant, sir, not my companion?"



ARRIVAL IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

"Servant be ——" said he.

Upon which Stanley promptly knocked him down.

"Is it necessary for me to proceed further to teach you?" said Stanley.

"I tell you what it is, sir," he said, raising himself up. "I think I had better go back. I have had enough, and I do not mean to go any farther with you. I ask my discharge from you."

Bombay was immediately called and ordered to strike Shaw's tent, and to take him and his baggage outside of the camp, which was done. But Shaw returned in a few minutes, humbly apologized, and asked to be taken back. Stanley shook hands with him and agreed to let the matter rest there, but this was not the end of it.

That night, as Stanley was about falling asleep, he heard a shot, and a bullet tore through the tent a few inches above his body. He snatched his revolver and rushed out from the tent, and asked the men around the watch-fires, "Who shot?" They had all jumped up, rather startled by the sudden report.

"Who fired that gun?"

One said the "Bana Mdogo"—little master.

Stanley lit a candle, and walked with it to Shaw's tent.

"Shaw, did you fire?"

There was no answer. He seemed to be asleep, he was breathing so hard.

"Shaw! Shaw! did you fire that shot?"

"Eh—eh?" said he, suddenly awakening; "me? —me fire? I have been asleep."

Stanley's eye caught sight of his gun lying near him. He seized it—felt it—put his little finger down the barrel. The gun was warm; his finger was black from the burnt gunpowder.

"What is this?" he asked, holding his finger up; "the gun is warm; the men tell me you fired."

"Ah—yes," he replied, "I remember it. I dreamed I saw a thief pass my door, and I fired. Ah—yes—I forgot, I did fire. Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing," said Stanley. "But I would advise you, in future, in order to avoid all suspicion, not to fire into my tent; or, at least, so near me. I might get hurt, you know, in which case ugly reports would get about, and that, perhaps, would be disagreeable, as you are probably aware. Good-night."

All had their thoughts about this matter, but Stanley never uttered a word about it to any one until he met Livingstone. The doctor embodied his suspicions in the words: "He intended murder!"

After Shaw was finally sent back, progress was now more rapid. The only other serious hinderances to their progress were the fevers which infested much of the country. Every few days Stanley was stricken down, and for twenty-four hours at a time endured horrors indescribable. "Oh, the

many, many hours," says he, "that I have groaned under the terrible incubi which the fits of real delirium evoke! Oh, the racking anguish of body that a traveller in Africa must undergo!" Their road was strewn with sad evidences of the deadly fevers that lurked in the swamps and jungles. Many a skull they passed, and many a skeleton, of men who had fallen on the way.

After passing through a country infested with wild beasts, on the second of October they entered the cultivated fields of Manyara. The authorities of this village refused admission to the travellers, and declined positively to allow their people to sell them any food. On the third, Stanley continued to ply the chief with offered presents, having well learned already that no African chief is proof against such beautiful things as the white man can offer.

When terms were made, and the precious beans, and rice, and matama, and Indian corn began to flow into his camp, Mr. Stanley arranged to receive the chiefs. His Persian carpet and bear-skin were spread out, and a brand-new piece of crimson cloth covered his bed. He received the chief and his associate chieftains at the gate of his camp, and escorted them with all dignity into the gaudy-looking tent, and invited them to seat themselves.

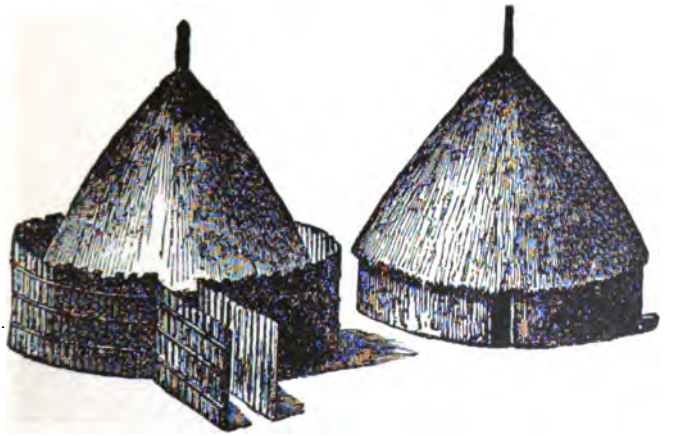
The first thing the chiefs did was to intently scrutinize the first white man they had ever seen—his

face, his clothes, his entire person—and thereupon burst into uncontrollable laughter, accompanied with repeated snapping of the fingers. Everything in the tent was examined with the same intent curiosity; the sixteen-shooter particularly elicited a thousand flattering observations, and the tiny revolvers seemed to them of superhuman workmanship. As they passed from object to object, their enthusiasm increased, and in the wildness of their delight they seized each other's index fingers and screwed and pulled as if they would inevitably dislocate those innocent members.

When the medicine-chest was produced, the climax of their admiration seemed to be reached. They tasted the brandy; next came a bottle of concentrated ammonia, whose use, it was explained, was for snake-bites and headaches. The chief immediately complained that he had headache, and must have some. Telling him to close his eyes, Mr. Stanley suddenly uncorked the bottle and presented it to His Majesty's nose. The effect, he tells us, was magical: he fell back as if he were shot, and such contortions as his features underwent are indescribable. The chieftains roared with laughter, and clapped their hands, and pinched each other, and snapped their fingers in a frenzy of merriment, while the great chief, slowly recovering himself, great tears rolling down his cheeks, laughed himself and said, "*Strong* medicine."

The others would not be satisfied until each in turn had taken a sniff of the ammonia, and each sniff was followed by renewed merriment. The guns, fired in rapid succession, very much surprised them, but when they had jumped up in affected alarm they were immediately seized with convulsions of laughter.

This state visit was very satisfactory to all parties, and when the chiefs departed the principal one said: "Oh, these white men know everything; the Arabs are dirt compared to them."



NATIVE HOUSES.

CHAPTER X.

THE HUNTER'S PARADISE.

WEDNESDAY, October 4th, found them travelling toward the Gombe River. They had hardly left the waving cornfields when they came in sight of a large herd of zebras. Passing on, the open forest resembled a magnificent park, filled with buffalo, zebra, giraffe, antelope, and other tropical animals, while the scenery on every side was entrancing. These noble animals, coursing in their wild freedom through those grand, primeval forests, presented a magnificent sight. Stanley, thoroughly aroused, crept back to his camp, which had been pitched on the Gombe River, and prepared for a right royal hunt.

Mr. Stanley's description of this scene, and of his hunt on the beautiful Gombe, is so perfect that I give it in his own words:

"Here, at last," he says, "was the hunter's paradise! How petty and insignificant appeared my hunts after small antelope and wild boar; what a foolish waste of energies, those long walks through damp grasses and thorny jungles! Did I not well re-

member my first bitter experience in African jungles, when in the maritime region? But this—where is the nobleman's park that can match this scene? Here is a soft, velvety expanse of young grass, grateful shade under close spreading clumps, herds of large and varied game browsing within easy rifle-shot. Surely I must feel amply compensated now for the long southern detour I have made, when such a prospect as this opens to the view! No thorny jungles and rank-smelling swamps are to daunt the hunter, and to sicken his aspirations after true sport. No hunter could aspire after a nobler field to display his prowess.

"Having settled the position of the camp, which overlooked one of the pools found in the depression of the Gombe Creek, I took my double-barrelled smooth-bore and sauntered off to the park land. Emerging from behind a clump, three fine plump springbok were seen browsing in the young grass just within one hundred yards. I knelt down and fired; one unfortunate antelope bounded forward instinctively and fell dead. Its companions sprang high into the air, taking leaps about twelve feet in length, as if they were quadrupeds practising gymnastics, and away they vanished, rising up like India-rubber balls until a knoll hid them from view.

"My success was hailed with loud shouts by the soldiers, who came running out from the camp as

soon as they heard the reverberation of the gun, and my gun-bearer had his knife at the throat of the beast, uttering a fervent 'Bismillah' as he almost severed the head from the body.

"Hunters were now directed to proceed east and north to procure meat, because in each caravan it generally happens that there are fundi whose special trade it is to hunt for meat for the camp. Some of these are experts in stalking, but often find themselves in dangerous positions, owing to the near approach necessary before they can fire their most inaccurate weapons with any certainty.

"After luncheon, consisting of springbok steak, hot corn cake, and a cup of Mocha coffee, I strolled toward the southwest, accompanied by Kalulu and Majwara, two boy gun-bearers.

"The tiny perpusilla started up like rabbits from me as I stole along through the underbrush; the honey-bird hopped from tree to tree, chirping its call, as if it thought I was seeking the little sweet treasure, the hiding-place of which it only knew; but no! I neither desired perpusilla nor the honey. I was on the search for something great this day. Keen-eyed fish-eagles and bustards, poised on trees above the sinuous Gombe, thought, and probably with good reason, that I was after them, judging by the ready flight with which both species disappeared as they sighted my approach. Ah, no! nothing but

THE HUNTER'S PARADISE.

hartebeest, zebra, giraffe, eland, and buffalo this day.

"After following the Gombe's course for about a mile, delighting my eyes with long looks at the broad and lengthy reaches of water, to which I was so long a stranger, I came upon a scene which delighted the innermost recesses of my soul: five, six, seven, eight, ten zebras switching their beautiful striped bodies, and biting one another, within about one hundred and fifty yards.

"The scene was so pretty, so romantic, never did I so thoroughly realize that I was in Central Africa. I felt momentarily proud that I owned such a vast dominion, inhabited by such noble beasts. Here I possessed, within reach of a leaden ball, any one I chose of the beautiful animals, the pride of the African forests. It was at my option to shoot any one of them. Mine they were, without money and without price; yet, knowing this, twice I dropped my rifle, loath to wound the royal beasts, but—crack! and a royal one was on his back, battling the air with his legs. Ah, it was such a pity!. But hasten, draw the keen, sharp-edged knife across the beautiful stripes which fold around the throat, and—what an ugly gash! it is done, and I have a superb animal at my feet. Hurrah! I shall taste of Ukonongo zebra to-night.

"I thought a springbok and a zebra enough for

one day's sport, especially after a long march. The Gombe—a long stretch of deep water, winding in and out of green groves, calm, placid, with lotus leaves resting lightly on its surface, all pretty, picturesque, peaceful as a summer's dream—looked very inviting for a bath. I sought out the most shady spot under a wide-spreading mimosa, from which the ground sloped smooth as a lawn to the still, clear water. I ventured to undress, and had already stepped to my ankles in the water, and had brought my hands together for a glorious dive, when my attention was attracted by an enormously long body which shot into view, occupying the spot beneath the surface which I was about to explore by a 'header.' Great Heavens, it was a crocodile! I sprang back instinctively, and this proved my salvation, for the monster turned away with the most disappointed look, and I was left to congratulate myself upon my narrow escape from his jaws and to register a vow never to be tempted again by the treacherous calm of an African river."

Stanley thus pictures a night scene while on the banks of the Gombe: "The adventures of the day were over; the azure of the sky had changed to a deep gray; the moon was appearing just over the trees; the water of the Gombe was like a silver belt; hoarse frogs bellowed their notes loudly by the margin of the creek; the fish-eagles uttered their dirge-like cries as they were perched high on the tallest trees;

elands snorted their warning to the herd in the forest; stealthy forms of the carnivora stole through the dark woods outside of our camp.

"Within the high enclosure of bush and thorn which we had raised about our camp, all was jollity, laughter, and radiant, genial comfort. Around every camp-fire dark forms of men were seen squatted. One man gnawed at a luscious bone; another sucked the rich marrow in a zebra's leg-bone; another turned the stick, garnished with huge kabobs, to the bright blaze; another held a large rib over a flame; there were others busy stirring, industriously, great black potfuls of ugali, and watching anxiously the meat simmering, and the soup bubbling, while the firelight flickered and danced bravely and cast a bright glow over the naked forms of the men, and gave a crimson tinge to the tall tent that rose in the centre of the camp, like a temple sacred to some mysterious god; the fires cast their reflections upon the massive arms of the trees as they branched over our camp; and in the dark gloom of their foliage the most fantastic shadows were visible. Altogether it was a wild, romantic, and impressive scene."

CHAPTER XI.

NEWS OF LIVINGSTONE.

WHILE the expedition halted for two days on the banks of the Gombe, the men hunted and gormandized; and when, on the seventh of October, Stanley ordered the caravan to be put in motion, the men refused to stir. Stanley at once walked swiftly toward them with his double-barrelled gun, loaded with buckshot, in his hand. As he did so, he saw the men seize their guns. He, however, kept resolutely on till within thirty yards of two men, whose heads were peering above an ant-hill, with their guns pointed across the road; then suddenly halting, he took deliberate aim at them, determined, come what would, to assert his authority. One of them, a giant named Azmani, instantly brought up his gun with his finger on the trigger.

"Drop that gun, or you are a dead man," shouted Stanley. They obeyed and came forward, but he saw that murder was in Azmani's eyes. The other man, at the second order, laid down his gun and, with a blow from Stanley that sent him reeling away, sneaked off. But the giant, Azmani, refused to obey,

AN AMBUSCADE.

and Stanley, aiming his piece at his head and touching the trigger, was about to fire. The former quickly lifted his gun up to his shoulder to shoot. In another second he would have fallen dead at Stanley's feet. At this moment a strong hand swept his gun aside with an impatient, nervous movement, and the voice of Mabruki Speke was heard, in horror-stricken accents, saying: "Man, how dare you point your gun at the master?" Mabruki Speke then threw himself at the feet of his master and endeavored to kiss them, and entreated his forgiveness. "It is all over now," he said; "there will be no more quarrelling; they would all go to Tanganyika now, without any more noise and inshallah!" Said he, "We shall find the old Musungu at Ujiji." Then turning to the men he said: "Men, freemen, shall we not? Shall we not go to Tanganyika without any more trouble? Tell the master with one voice." At which they all shouted in assent.

All the men were pardoned except Bombay and Ambari, who were the real leaders in the plot. They both received a sound thrashing and were clapped in chains until they learned how to ask pardon, which they were not long in doing, and the wonted freedom and peacefulness of the party were soon restored. Nothing more of unusual interest transpired until they reached the district of Mrera, fourteen days' journey from Unyanyembe.

Here they took a needed rest for three days, which Stanley took advantage of to mend his shoes.

At this very time, Dr. Livingstone landed on the island of Kasenge, in Lake Tanganyika, on his way back to Ujiji. He had reluctantly turned away from the stream which he believed was the Upper Nile, and, ill and discouraged, he made his way through a country that had lately been ravaged by Arabs. To add to his misfortunes, he was mistaken by the natives for one of their late enemies, and he was harassed by attacks from the dense bush. At one place he came near losing his life, being ambuscaded by a large party. But finally the natives learned their mistake, and he was permitted to go on in peace. He reached Ujiji on the twenty-third of October.

Stanley left Mrera on the seventeenth of October. His caravan was the picture of confidence and contentment again ; all squabbling had ceased. Bombay had forgotten his rebellion, the powerful Kirangozi was ready to embrace his captain, and Mabruki of Unyanyembe vowed he could smell the fish of Tanganyika.

They had passed through the thin forests adorned with myriads of marvellous ant-hills, those wonderful specimens of engineering talent and architectural capacity, those cunningly contrived, model cities, with which the tiny denizens of African wilds astonish the traveller continually ; and on across plains

DANGEROUS GAME.

dotted with artificial-looking cones and flat-topped, isolated mountains, and through marshy ravines where every unlucky step insured a bath in Stygian ooze. Then on through the territory so lately abandoned by the dreaded Wazavira.

On that twenty-third day of October, that seemed the darkest of all the days to Dr. Livingstone, he was on the banks of the "beautiful stream of Mtambo," the abode of lions and leopards and elephants and wild boars; one of those splendid parks of the wilderness where majestic forests and jungles, and lawn-like glades, and reedy brakes, and perilous chasms all unite to form a climax of wildness and beauty, "the hunter's paradise." It was just the place to arouse all the Nimrod spirit a man possesses, and the two days of rest were turned to good account by Mr. Stanley in testing the virtue of his fine rifles on the masters of the domain.

After crossing the Malagarazi River, where a heavy tribute had to be paid, they met a caravan coming from the direction of Ujiji. When they came near, Stanley asked the news, and was informed that a white man had just arrived in Ujiji from Manyuema.

"A white man?"

"Yes, a white man."

"How is he dressed?"

"Like the master," pointing to him.

"Is he young or old?"

"He is old, with white hair on his face; and he is sick."

"Where has he come from?" was the next anxious inquiry.

"From a very far country, away beyond Uguhha."

"And is he now stopping at Ujiji?"

"Yes, we left him there eight days ago."

"How long is he going to stay there?"

"Don't know."

"Was he ever there before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago."

Stanley gave a shout of exultation, exclaiming: "It is Livingstone!"

Then came the thought, "It may be some other man. Perhaps it is Baker, who has worked his way in there before me." It was a crushing thought, that after all his sufferings and sickness and toils, he should have been anticipated, and there was now nothing left for him to do but march back again. "No!" he exclaimed to himself; "Baker has no white hair on his face." But he could now wait no longer, and turning to his men, he asked them if they were willing to march to Ujiji without a single halt. If they were, he would, on their arrival, present each two doti of cloth. They all shouted yes. Stanley wrote in his journal: "I was madly rejoiced, intensely eager to resolve the burning question, 'Is it Dr. Livingstone?' God grant me patience; but I do wish there was a rail-

road, or at least horses, in this country. With a horse I could reach him in twelve hours."

But new dangers confronted him. The chiefs became more exorbitant in their demands and more hostile. In two days, Stanley had paid over to the petty chieftains no less than two whole bales of his precious cloth, for the liberty of walking on the ground. He was tempted strongly to fight, but that would endanger the expedition; he might be killed; then who would relieve the sick man at Ujiji? That would not do; then how could he help him?

He determined on making forced wilderness marches across the inhospitable country, avoiding all villages. Provisions were prepared for four days under the shadow of the chief who had taxed him. He knew that there were at least five of them ahead who would do the same thing if they saw him; they must not have that pleasure. It was better to bribe a guide than be robbed by chiefs. So he bribed a guide, and making a noiseless departure in the night from the village of the king's brother, he began a long, silent, forced march.

On the first morning of their stolen march, while halting for an hour, an incident occurred which the intrepid traveller describes as follows: "Some natives carrying salt from the Malagarazi were seen coming up the right bank of the river. When abreast of our hiding-place, they detected us, and dropping their salt

bags, they took to their heels at once, shouting out as they ran, to alarm some villages to the north of us. The men were immediately ordered to take up their loads, and in a few minutes we had crossed the Rusugi, and were making direct for a bamboo jungle that appeared in our front.

"Almost as soon as we entered, a weak-brained woman raised a series of piercing yells. The men were appalled at this noisy demonstration, which would call down upon our heads the vengeance of the Wahha for evading the tribute to which they thought themselves entitled. In half an hour we should have hundreds of howling savages about us in the jungle, and probably a general massacre would ensue. The woman screamed fearfully again and again, for no cause whatever. Some of the men, with the instinct of self-preservation, at once dropped their bales and loads and vanished into the jungle. The guide came rushing back to me, imploring me to stop her noise.

"The woman's husband, livid with rage and fear, drew his sword and asked permission to cut her head off at once. Had I given the least signal, the woman had paid with her life for her folly. I attempted to hush her cries by putting my hand over her mouth, but she violently wrestled with me, and continued her cries worse than ever. There remained nothing else for me to do but to try the virtue of my whip over her shoulders. I asked her to desist after the first

CHARGE OF A LIONESS.

blow. 'No!' She continued her insane cries with increased force and volume. Again my whip descended on her shoulders. 'No, no, no.' Another blow. 'Will you hush?' 'No, no, no.' Louder and louder she cried, and faster and faster I showered the blows for the taming of this shrew. However, seeing I was as determined to flog as she was to cry, she desisted before the tenth blow and became silent. A cloth was folded over her mouth, and her arms were tied behind her; and in a few moments, the runaways having returned to their duty, the expedition moved forward again with redoubled pace."

That night they encamped at Lake Musunya, which swarmed with hippopotami. No tent was raised, nor fire kindled, and Stanley slept with his hand on his rifle. They were moving again before dawn, and in the morning a noise was heard like distant thunder, which one of the men said was made by the waves of Tanganyika breaking into the caverns of a mountain.

Starting again before daylight the next morning, they emerged from the forest, and the guides, thinking they had passed the last village of the hostile tribe, set up a shout, but soon, to their horror, came plump upon its outskirts. Fate seemed about to desert him at the last moment, for if the village was roused he was doomed. Keeping concealed amid the trees, Stanley ordered the goats to be

killed, lest their bleating should lead to their discovery. The chickens were also killed, and then they plunged into the jungle, Stanley being the last man to follow. It was a narrow escape.

After a half-hour's march, finding they were not pursued, they again took to the road. One more night in the encampment, and then the end would come. Next morning they pushed on with redoubled speed, and in two hours, from the top of a mountain, he beheld with bounding heart the Lake Tanganyika: a vast expanse of silver, with the dark mountains around it and the blue sky above it.

"Hurrah!" shouts Stanley, and the natives take up the shout, till the hills and forest ring with their exultant cries. The long struggle was nearly over; the goal toward which he had been so long straining almost won.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE.

THE supreme emotion of Stanley, and the dramatic scene of his first interview with Livingstone, can only be described by Mr. Stanley himself.

"We are descending," he says, "the western slope of the mountain, with the valley of the Linche before us. Something like an hour before noon we have gained the thick matite brake, which grows on both banks of the river; we wade through the clear stream, arrive on the other side, emerge out of the brake, and the gardens of the Wajiji are around us—a perfect marvel of vegetable wealth. Details escape my hasty and partial observation. I am almost overpowered with my own emotion. I noticed the graceful palms, neat plats, green with vegetable plants, and small villages, surrounded with frail fences of the matite cane.

"We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked

ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us. At this grand moment, we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. At last the sublime hour has arrived! our dreams, our hopes, our anticipations, are about to be realized. Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the white man, with the gray beard, we heard about on the Malagarazi.

"'Unfurl the flags and load the guns.'

"'Ay, Wallah, ay, Wallah, bana!' responded the men, eagerly.

"'One—two—three—fire!'

"A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery; we shall note its effect, presently, on the peaceful-looking village below.

"'Now, Kirangazi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear.

And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika. I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!'"

Before they had gone a hundred yards the repeated volleys had waked Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people went rushing to meet them. Dr. Livingstone also had heard those volleys. We may not know what thoughts flashed through his mind, what hopes bounded in his heart. Susi and Chuma went bounding away with the multitude—there were Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyuema, and Arabs—all thronging about the caravan with their salutations, all gazing with admiration on the beautiful bindere Merikani (American flag).

Suddenly Mr. Stanley heard a voice in the crowd on his right say :

"Good-morning, sir."

Startled to hear these familiar words in such a crowd he turned quickly to find the man who uttered them. That man was right by his side, with the blackest of faces, but all animated and joyous ; he was a picture for the artist as he stood there, dressed in his long white shirt, with a turban of American

sheeting around his woolly head. As Mr. Stanley gazed at this apparition, he exclaimed:

"Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, sir, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," came the answer, while the speaker smiled—a broad, grand, teeth-displaying smile.

"What, is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir; why, I leave him just now."

Just then a second voice broke in with:

"Good-morning, sir."

"Hallo! is this another one?" said Stanley.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is your name?"

"My name is Chuma, sir."

"What! are you Chuma, the friend of Wekotani?"

"Yes, sir."

"And is the Doctor well?"

"Not very well, sir."

"Where has he been so long?'

"In Manyuema."

"Now you, Susi, run and tell the Doctor I am coming."

"Yes, sir," and off he darted like a madman.

"By this time we were within two hundred yards

of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for according to their account we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, 'How did you come from Unyanyembe?'

"Soon Susi came running back and asked me my name; he had told the Doctor that I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him; and when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

"But during Susi's absence the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing, and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out on his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

"In the mean time, the head of the expedition had halted and the Kirangozi were out of the ranks, holding the flag aloft, and Selim said to me: 'I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.' And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically

biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing some trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable! My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances."

Stanley pushed back the crowds of people, walked slowly down "a living avenue" to the man with the gray beard, and, lifting his hat, said simply:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

"Yes," said he, with a smile, lifting his hat slightly.

Then they grasped hands, and Stanley said: "I thank God, Doctor, that I am permitted to see you."

"I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you," was the reply.

Then came introductions, and a long chat in the Doctor's tembe.

Referring to this conversation, Livingstone says in his journal: "The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend; the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me, in voting £1,000 for supplies; and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema."

"DR. LIVINGSTONE, I PRESUME."

After a while the Arabs left, and very soon there came back very nice, savory dishes from their Majesties, and a royal dinner was spread; but the dinner did not interrupt the conversation—eating and talking, and talking and eating, the time passed rapidly away. It was late before the gentlemen parted—Mr. Stanley to review his success in joyous dreams, and Dr. Livingstone to read his letters.

The venerable explorer was in a destitute condition, and his health had given way under the privations and difficulties which he had undergone, before he had been driven back at last upon Ujiji to obtain the necessaries of life and rest of mind and body. He stooped considerably, and he walked with the heavy tread of a tired man. But he positively refused to leave Africa, even for a brief season of refreshment and relaxation. He said he longed at times to see his motherless children—their letters made him yearn to embrace them—but he must defer the joys and pleasures of home till he had cleared up the mystery of the Tanganyika water-shed.

CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE AT TANGANYIKA LAKE.

STANLEY took a week to rest and recuperate, living in what to him, after his many hardships, was luxurious ease. Dr. Livingstone had endeared the people to him, and nothing was too good for his visitor. Besides, he was a white man, and, judging from the single representative of the race that had lived with them, all white men were to be respected. The Doctor's faithful cook was in great anxiety lest her food should not suit him. The Doctor told of her great excitement when the guns first announced the arrival at Ujiji of another white man; how she was in despair at the scantiness of the general larder and treasury of the strange household; how she was anxious to make up for their poverty by a grand appearance—to make up a sort of Barmecide feast to welcome the white man.

"'Why,' said she, 'is he not one of us? Does he not bring plenty of cloth and beads? Talk about the Arabs! Who are they, that they should be compared to white men? Arabs, indeed!'"

As Stanley had good stout rowers with him, after a week's rest the two travellers took a cruise on the lake, a charming excursion in the estimation of the old traveller, who had been so long plodding about the country on foot. Gliding along on the silvery surface, surrounded by splendid scenery, hardly seemed to him like exploring. The principal object, however, was to settle the question of a northern outlet.

It had been a favorite theory that there was probably a connecting link between the Tanganyika and the Albert N'Yanza of Baker. If this was correct, it was very important that it be known to be so; if it was not correct, the world was equally anxious to know it. Like many a pet theory, this one vanished when the touchstone of actual observation was applied. The rivers were all found flowing into Tanganyika.

The travellers had the pleasure of following the coast around for many miles, diving in and out of innumerable rivers and creeks, sailing under the shadow of towering cliffs and by beautiful banks stretching away in lawn-like beauty. Several times they were in danger of being forced to defend themselves with their guns against presumptuous savages, but they returned in safety to Ujiji, and Dr. Livingstone began the preparation of letters to send home.

He had decided to accompany Mr. Stanley as far

as Unyanyembe, where he hoped he would find goods, and where he proposed to remain until reliable men could be sent him from Zanzibar, with whom to renew his efforts to solve the Nile problem. To all of Mr. Stanley's arguments about going home he replied: "No. I should like to see my family very much indeed; my children's letters affect me intensely; but I must not go home; I must finish my task."

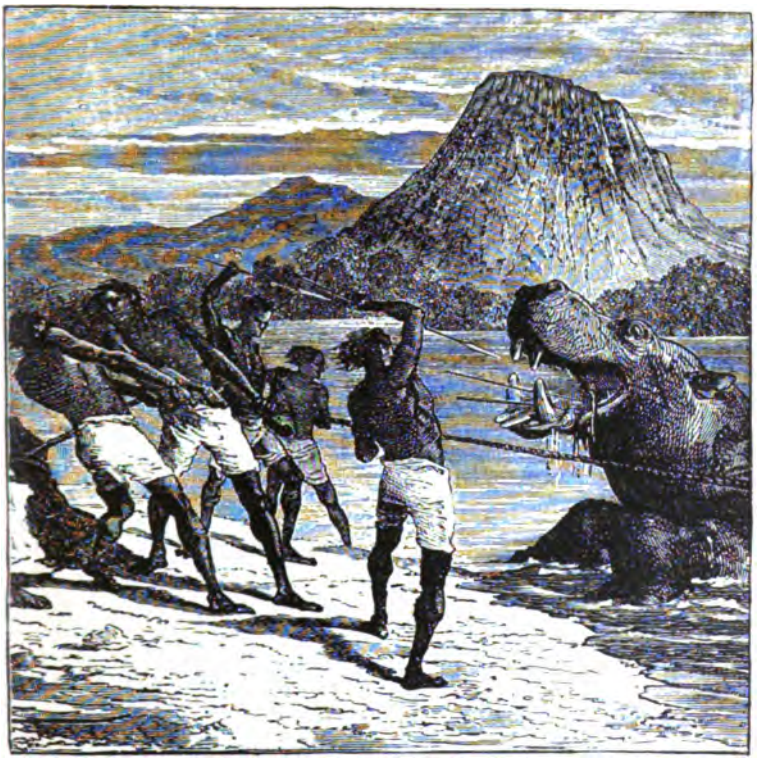
After spending Christmas in the old-fashioned English style, on the twenty-seventh of December they set out for Unyanyembe by a new route. It was a tedious journey of fifty-three days, but nothing serious happened to impede their progress. They passed through a country filled with large game—lions and elephants and leopards. Many hippopotami were seen in the streams and lakes, and strange birds of beautiful plumage, and chattering monkeys were in the trees.

The natives have a way of hunting the hippopotami, which demands the greatest bravery and skill. The hunters go in numbers, two in each canoe, which they handle with great dexterity. Silently they guide the canoe to a sleeping hippopotamus, communicating with each other only by signs.

As they come near the prey, the harpooner in the bow lays down his paddle and rises slowly up, and there he stands, erect, motionless, and eager, with

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

the long-handled weapon poised above his head, till, coming close to the beast, he plunges it with all his might in towards the heart. His neighbor in the



TAKING HIPPOPOTAMUS FROM THE WATER.

stern at once backs his paddle; the harpooner sits down, seizes his paddle, and backs too, to escape. The animal, surprised and wounded, seldom returns the attack at this stage of the hunt. The next stage, however, is full of danger.

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The barbed blade of the harpoon is secured by a long and very strong rope wound round the handle. It is intended to come out of its socket, and while the iron head is firmly fixed in the animal's body, the rope unwinds and the handle floats on the surface. The hunter next goes to the handle and hauls on the rope till he knows that he is right over the beast; when he feels the line suddenly slacken he is prepared to deliver another harpoon the instant that the enormous jaws appear with a terrible grunt above the water. The backing by the paddles is again repeated, but the animal often assaults the canoe, crunches it with his great jaws as easily as a pig would a bunch of asparagus, or shivers it with a stroke by his foot. Deprived of their canoe, the gallant comrades instantly dive and swim to the shore under water. They say that the infuriated beast looks for them on the surface, and being below they escape his sight. When caught by many harpoons, the crews of several canoes seize the handles and drag him hither and thither till, weakened by loss of blood, he succumbs and is pulled ashore.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

WHEN they arrived at Unyanyembe, Stanley took possession of his old quarters, which he had left one hundred and thirty-one days before. He and Livingstone both found letters and papers from home, brought by a recent caravan, and once more seemed put in communication with the outside world. Being well housed, and provided with everything they needed, they felt thoroughly comfortable.

The Doctor's boxes were first broken open, and, between the number of poor articles they contained and the absence of good ones which had been abstracted on the way, proved something of a disappointment. Stanley then overhauled his own stores, of which there were seventy-four loads, the most valuable of which he intended to turn over to Livingstone. These, also, had been tampered with; still many luxuries remained, and they determined to have their Christmas dinner over again. Stanley arranged the bill of fare, and it turned out to be a grand affair. But now he saw that he must begin

to prepare for his return to the coast, and so left Livingstone to write up his journal and finish the letters he was to send home.

In overhauling his stores and making up the packages he should need on his return route, he was able to select out and turn over to the Doctor two thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight yards of cloth, nine hundred and ninety-two pounds of assorted beads, three hundred and fifty pounds of brass wire, besides bed, canvas boat, carpenters' tools, rifles, revolvers, ammunition, cooking utensils, and various other articles of use—making in all about forty loads; which, with his own stores, made Livingstone quite a rich man for Central Africa—in fact, he had four years' supplies.

At length the letters were all written, the loads strapped, and the next day fixed for Stanley to turn his face homeward. At night the natives gave a great dance as a farewell compliment, and a wild, weird dance it was. Bombay wore a water-bucket on his head, while each carried or wore something grotesque or dangerous. The first was a war dance, and when it ended, a second and different one was started, accompanied by a chorus or song chanted in a slow, mournful tone, of which the burden was: "Oh-oh-oh, the white man is going home."

On the morrow they were up betimes, and everything was got ready for a start. Breakfast was eaten

in silence, for Stanley's heart was full to bursting, and eating was a mere pretence. The last excuse for delay was over, the last words must be said.

"Doctor," said Stanley, "I will leave two men with you, who will stop to-day and to-morrow with you, for it may be that you have forgotten something in the hurry of my departure. I will halt a day at Tura, on the frontier of Unyamwezi, for your last word and your last wish; and now we must part—there is no help for it. Good-by."

"Oh, I am coming with you a little way. I must see you off on the road."

"Thank you. Now, my men, Home! Kirangozi, lift the flag, and march."

"The house looked desolate—it faded from our view," says Mr. Stanley. "Old times, and the memories of my aspirations and kindling hopes, came strong on me. The old hills round about, that I once thought tame and uninteresting, had become invested with histories and reminiscences for me. On that burzani I have sat hour after hour, dreaming and hoping and sighing. On that col I stood, watching the battle and the destruction of Tabora. Under that roof I have sickened and been delirious, and cried out like a child at the fate that threatened my mission. Under that banian tree lay my dead comrade, Shaw; I would have given a fortune to have had him by my side at this time."

The last farewells were finally said, and the two men wrung each other's hands in silence. Then Susi and Chumah and Hamoydah, the Doctor's faithful fellows, must all kiss the hand of Stanley. At these demonstrations he was almost overcome. He describes his sensations as follows:

"The farewell between Livingstone and myself had been spoken. We were parted, he to whatever fate Destiny had yet in store for him, to battling against difficulties, to many, many days of marching through wildernesses, with little or nothing much to sustain him, save his own high spirit and enduring faith in God, 'who would bring all things right at last,' and I to that which Destiny may have in store for me.

"But though I may live half a century longer, I shall never forget that parting scene in Central Africa. I shall never cease to think of the sad tones of that sorrowful word, Farewell, how they permeated through every core of my heart, how they clouded my eyes, and made me wish unutterable things which could never be.

"An audacious desire to steal one embrace from the dear old man came over me, and almost unmanned me. I felt tempted to stop with him and assist him on his long return march to the fountain region, but these things were not to be, any more than many other impulsive wishes, and, despite the

intensified emotions which filled both of us, save by silent tears and a tremulous parting word, we did not betray our stoicism of manhood and race.

"I assumed a gruff voice and ordered the expedition to march, and I resolutely turned my face toward the eastern sky. But ever and anon my eyes would seek that deserted figure of an old man in grey clothes, who, with bended head and slow steps, was returning to his solitude, the very picture of melancholy, and each time I saw him, as the plain was wide and clear of obstructions, I felt my eyes stream, and my heart swell with a vague indefinable feeling of foreboding and sorrow."

Nothing eventful happened to the caravan until it arrived in the Ugogo territory, where a serious misunderstanding with the natives occurred, but fortunately Stanley escaped with his life and his precious records. On the borders of the Wilderness of Marenga Mkali he despatched three men to Zanzibar, with a request to the Consul to send him provisions, of which they were sorely in need. Then, with a hurrah, they plunged into the wilderness, "which," records the traveller, "with its eternal silence and solitude was far preferable to the jarring, inharmonious discord of the villages of the Wagogo. For nine hours we held on our way, starting with noisy shouts the fierce rhinoceros, the timid quagga, and the herds of antelopes, which crowd the jungles

of this broad Salina. On the 7th, amid a pelting rain, we entered Mpwapwa, where my Scotch assistant, Farquhar, had died."

In twenty-nine days they had marched three hundred and thirty-eight miles. To-day, startled by a thousand warriors streaming along on the war-path —to-morrow, on the brink of a collision with the natives, the end of which nobody could foresee—the caravan pressed on until it came to the neighborhood of the terrible Makata swamps, that Stanley had occasion so well to remember. Heavy rains had set in, swelling all the streams and inundating the plains, so that the marching was floundering through interminable stretches of water. Now swimming turbulent rivers; now camping in the midst of pestiferous swamps; and all the time drenched by the rain, that fell in torrents—they struggled on until, at last, they came to the dreaded Makata swamp.

The sight that now met them was appalling, but there was no retreat, and for long hours they toiled slowly through it—sometimes up to their necks in water, sometimes swimming, and where it was shallow, sinking in deep mire. They thus fought their way on, and at last—weary, worn, and half-starved —came to the Makata River. But no sooner were they over this than a lake, six miles wide, stretched before them. The natives warned him against attempting to cross it; but nothing could stop him now,

and they all plunged in. He says: "We were soon up to our armpits, then the water shallowed to the knee, then we stepped up to the neck and waded on tiptoe, until we were halted on the edge of the Little Makata, which raced along at the rate of eight knots an hour." Fierce and rapid as it was there was no course left but to swim it, and swim it they did.

For a whole week they had been wading and swimming and floundering through water, till it seemed impossible that any one could survive such exposure, but, at last they came to dry ground, and to the famous walled city of the Sultana Limbomwenni, which we described in his upward journey. But the heavy rains that had inundated the whole country had so swollen the river, near the bank on which it was situated, that the water had carried away the entire front wall of the town, and fifty houses with it. The Sultana had fled, and her stronghold had disappeared. All along the route was seen the devastating power of the flood as it swept over the country carrying away one hundred villages in its course. The fields were covered with débris of sand and mud, and what was a paradise when he went in was now a desert. With the subsidence of the water, the atmosphere became impregnated with miasma, and the whole land seemed filled with snakes, scorpions, iguanas, and ants, while clouds of mosquitoes darkened the air till life became almost intolerable.

At last, on May 2d, after forty-seven days of incessant marching and almost continual suffering, they reached Rosako, where, a few minutes after, the three men he had sent forward arrived, bringing with them a few boxes of jam, two of Boston crackers, and some bottles of champagne; and most welcome they were after the terrible journey through the Makata Valley. The last great obstacle (a ferry of four miles across a watery plain) being surmounted, the caravan approached Bagomayo, and in their jubilant excitement announced its arrival by shouting, blowing their horns, and firing their guns.

Stanley arrived at Zanzibar on the seventh of May, 1872. Volley after volley was fired from his vessel, and the American flag was run to the masthead. Crowds flocked to the quay to see him land, and the streets through which he passed were lined with people eager to see the man who had found Livingstone. He had left Zanzibar on March 23d, 1871, a young man. Thirteen months later he returned an old man with grey hair and terribly emaciated with fever.

He at once paid off his men, organized another expedition to go to Livingstone with supplies, and returned to England.

CHAPTER XV.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

REËNFORCED with men and supplies, Dr. Livingstone bravely turned his face westward again to continue his explorations. "It is all but certain," he writes, "that four full-grown gushing fountains rise on the watershed eight days south of Katanga, each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river; and two rivers thus formed flow north to Egypt, the other two south to Inner Ethiopia."

He recorded his purpose as follows: "I propose to go from Unyanyembe to Fipa; then round the south end of Tanganyika, Tambete, or Mbete; then across the Chambeze, and round south of Lake Bangweolo, and due west to the ancient fountains; leaving the underground excavations till after visiting Katanga. This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south without being seen by me."

With this problem constantly in his mind he plodded on. He was no longer young, and the wildness of Africa was no longer novel to him.

Those wonderful forests and charming hills which engaged the eye of Mr. Stanley like the shifting scenes of a grand panorama, were all familiar scenes to the man who had been walking up and down in the land during thirty years. Even that wonderful "paradise of hunters," where the young leader of the *Herald* expedition rejoiced in his first engagements with the monsters of the wilderness, possessed nothing new or awe-inspiring. It is almost incredible that a man should become so thoroughly indifferent to the proximity of the most ferocious and dangerous wild beasts as was Dr. Livingstone. We remember the views which he expressed in earlier years about the lion. He never changed them; and he seems to have become so accustomed to, not the lion only, but all his forest rivals, that he could hardly give them mention.

After leaving Mrera, and passing the village of Simba, he reached the range of hills overlooking the Tanganyika, and turned southward. The land was now peculiarly rough, with angular fragments of quartz. It was early in October, and in the hottest season. The Doctor complained of great fatigue and suffering from the disease of the bowels that had affected him many years. The course lay along the range, a thousand feet above the surface of the lake, amid scraggy trees, whose scanty foliage afforded a poor protection from the scorching rays.

CROSSING A RIVER.

The Kalongosi was sixty or eighty yards wide and twelve feet deep. The rains were now fully set in, and the daily experience was becoming one of distressing exposure, while the health of Dr. Livingstone was gradually declining. The ravages of the Arabs in Nsama's and Casembe's countries had made the people of the villages timid and suspicious.

As they came nearer Lake Bangweolo there was a manifest alteration in the face of the country. It had been exceedingly unpleasant travelling across the numerous feeders of the great rivers flowing westward; but it was now becoming one continual plunge in and out of morass and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deeper currents. It was impossible that such exposure should not be attended with very serious results to a man so reduced in health.

Still he pressed on, and when his strength failed, his faithful men carried him on their shoulders. In his journal under date of January 24th, he writes:

"Carrying me across one of the broad, deep, sedgy rivers is really a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least two thousand feet broad, or more than three hundred yards. The first part, the main stream, came up to Susi's mouth, and wetted my seat and legs." One held up my pistol behind, then one after another took a turn, and when he sank into a deep elephant's foot-print, he required two to

lift him, so as to gain a footing on the level, which was over waist-deep. Others went on and bent down the grass, to insure some footing on the side of the elephant's path.

"Every ten or twelve paces brought us to a clear stream, flowing fast in its own channel, while over all a strong current came bodily through all the rushes and aquatic plants. Susi had the first spell, then Farijala, then a tall, stout, Arab-looking man, then Amoda, then Chanda, then Wade Sale, and each time I was lifted off bodily, and put on another pair of stout, willing shoulders."

The dry season came on in April, after a rainfall which the doctor estimated as six feet. One of his two donkeys had died from a tsetse bite, but he continued to ride the other for some hours each day until the twenty-first of April. On that day he had only gone a short distance when he fell to the ground utterly exhausted and faint. Susi immediately undid his belt and pistol and picked up his cap, which had dropped off, while Chuma threw down his gun and ran to stop the men on ahead. When he got back the Doctor said: "Chuma, I have lost so much blood there is no more strength left in my legs: you must carry me." He was then assisted gently to his shoulders, and, holding the man's head to steady himself, was borne back to the village and placed in the hut he had recently left. It was necessary to let the

chief Muanazawamba know what had happened, and for this purpose Dr. Livingstone despatched a messenger. He was directed to ask him to supply a guide for the next day, as he trusted then to have recovered so far as to be able to march.

His servants say that instead of rallying they saw that his strength was becoming less and less, and in order to carry him they made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long, the whole lashed strongly together. This framework was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin, and on this the exhausted traveller was conveyed to the next village through a flooded grass plain. To render the kitanda more comfortable, another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side and allow the air to pass under, whilst the sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. He was borne as tenderly as possible by his faithful men, Chuma and Susi; one remained constantly beside him. On the twenty-seventh of April he wrote his last words in his journal:

"*Knocked up quite, and remain; recover; sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of R. Molilamo.*"

Still they journeyed wearily on, crossing streams

and splashing through the marshes. Chuma, one of his bearers on these the last weary miles the great traveller was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards, a drowsiness came over him which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to him, and on stooping down he found him unable to speak from faintness.

Susi hurried on ahead to Chitambo's village to prepare a house for his master, to which his bearers carefully took him. About midnight, he sent Majwara for Susi, who was watching on the outside of the hut.

On reaching the bed the Doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring his medicine chest and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty, Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said in a low, feeble voice, "All right; you can go out now."

THE LAST MILE.

These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

It must have been about 4 A. M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana; I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive." The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowpere, Matthew, and Muanyasere, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said: "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time, and the men drew near.

A candle stuck by its own wax to the top of the box shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold—Livingstone was dead.

His sad-hearted servants raised him tenderly up and laid him at full length on the bed; then, carefully covering him, they went out into the damp night air to consult together. It was not long before the cocks crew, and the morning of the fourth of May dawned on the scene.

And so on his knees, in the heart of Africa, died the man who had done more than any other to solve the mysteries of the Dark Continent.

There is a superstitious belief among all the tribes of equatorial Africa that the spirits of the dead return to take vengeance on the living for real or fancied injuries; and when the faithful followers of Livingstone fully realized their loss and their position they were filled with fear. After a consultation it was agreed that Susi and Chuma should take command, and that their advice and directions should be followed.

All agreed that Chitambo ought to be kept in ignorance of Dr. Livingstone's decease, or otherwise a fine so heavy would be inflicted upon them, as compensation for damage done, that their means would be crippled, and they could hardly expect to pay their way to the coast. It was decided that, come what might, the body *must be borne to Zanzibar.*

Later on in the day two of the men went to the people to buy food, and divulged the secret. The chief was at once informed of what had happened,

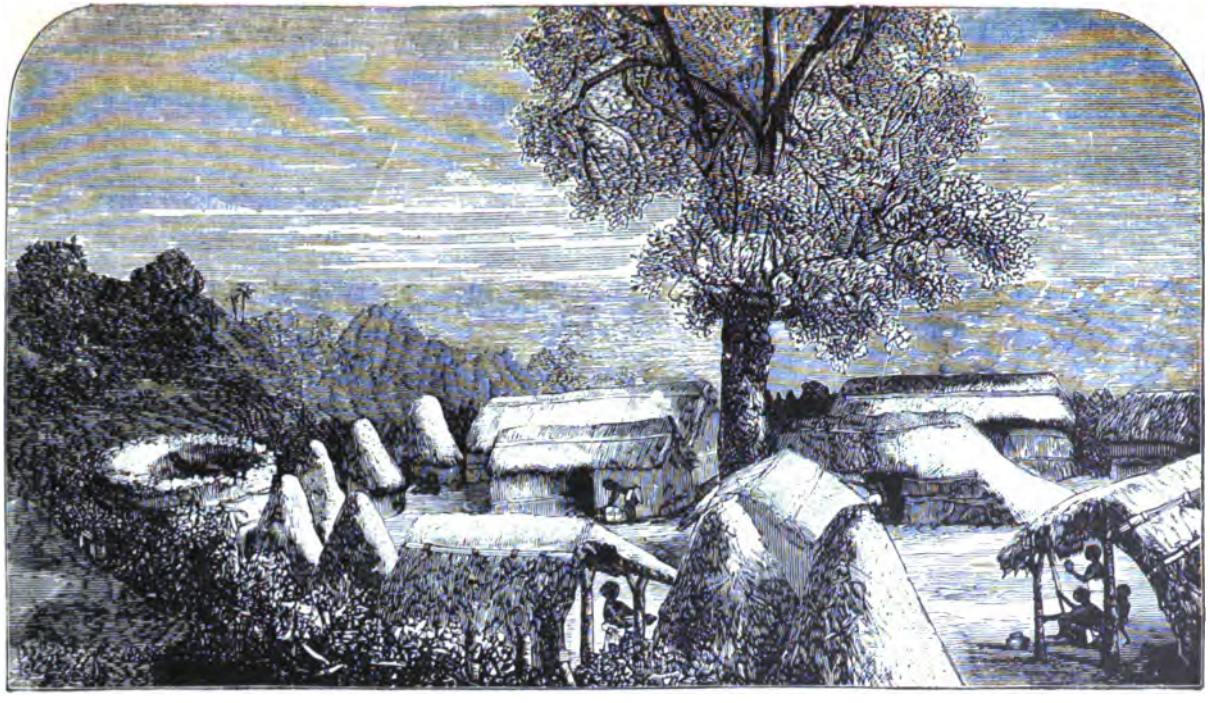
and started for the spot on which the new buildings were being set up. Appealing to Chuma, he said: "Why did you not tell me the truth? I know that your master died last night. You were afraid to let me know, but do not fear any longer. I, too, have travelled, and more than once have been to Bwani (the coast), before the country on the road was destroyed by the Mazitu. I know that you have no bad motives in coming to our land, and death often happens to travellers in their journeys."

With Chitambo's permission a house was built just outside of the village, and there, after the ceremonies of mourning were over, the emaciated remains of the master were taken, and with the simple means at hand were prepared for preservation and removal to the coast. The heart and viscera were buried, the place carefully marked, and then the whole party set out on their long and perilous journey. The body was wrapped in calico and bark, over which sail cloth was sewed, and the package was securely lashed to a pole so as to be carried by two men.

The story of their hardships and sufferings is one of the most affecting in the history of African travel. Many dropped by the way and died; at one time every person was so sick that the party could not move for a month. But through it all the faithful fellows persevered until their last service to their

dead master was performed. Despite the floods and the fever, the hunger and thirst, the superstitious fears of some of the tribes, and the greedy demands or the savage opposition of others, the well-nigh impossible task was completed.

But of all the train of Indian Sepoys, Johanna men, Nassick boys, and Shupanga canoe-men that accompanied Dr. Livingstone when he started from Zanzibar in 1866 to enter upon his last discoveries, five only could answer to the roll-call as they handed over the dead body of their leader to his countrymen on the shores whither they had returned, after eight years of faithful service such as the world has seldom seen.



VILLAGE IN WHICH DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BODY WAS PREPARED.

CHAPTER XVI.

STANLEY AT COOMASSIE.

In the summer of 1873 news from the western coast of Africa reached England that the forces of King Coffee had crossed the Prah, and were committing outrages upon the people who were under the protectorate established by Great Britain over the Gold Coast. This young and ambitious Ashantee prince had become enraged at the treatment he had received from the English officials. He determined to drive the white men from Africa. He had an army 40,000 strong, and from time to time he made raids upon the tribes living under the protectorate.

The climax was reached when he seized a number of British subjects, and imprisoned them. Accordingly, an expedition was sent from England to put down the boastful monarch. It consisted of about 4000 men commanded by General Wolseley. Coomassie, the capital of the Ashantees, lay about 140 miles from the coast, and could only be reached by a march through dense jungles and malarial swamp.

The proprietor of the *New York Herald* foresaw

in this expedition splendid work for a newspaper reporter. To the mass of people Ashantee was a mere geographical expression. Now that it was become the focus of a British expedition, public interest was aroused to know about the country, its king and people. Accordingly Stanley was sent off in the autumn of 1873 from Liverpool.

He arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 24th of October, and here he awaited with more or less patience for the British soldiers who were to march to Coomassie from this place. The town was terribly unhealthy, and for some weeks Stanley found time hang on his hands; but his employer had provided him with a steam yacht, and after a week or two he explored the Gold Coast in this smart little vessel, more thoroughly perhaps than any Englishman had ever before done. This is an outline of the Gold Coast as he himself has described it from the deck of his little vessel, the *Dauntless:* "By hugging the shore closely we were enabled to detect beauties that are never seen by passengers travelling on the steamers. Tiny nut-brown villages modestly hiding under a depth of green plantain fronds, and stately silk cotton trees which upheld their glorious crowns of vivid green foliage, more than fifty feet above the tallest palm tree; depths of shrubbery wherein every plant struggled for life and breathing space with its neighbor, through which the eyes in vain attempted

to penetrate beyond a few feet; tracts of tall, wavy grasses, tiger spear, and cane, fit lurking places for any wild beasts of prey, varied by bosky dells, lengthy winding ravines literally choked with vegetation, and hills on the slope of which perhaps rested a village of a timid, suspicious tribe."

While General Wolseley was making his preparations on the coast, Stanley and Henty, of the London *Standard*, paid a visit to Captain Glover, up the Volta, to whom was entrusted the task of subduing the tribes along the river.

In his account of this river voyage, Stanley says: "No sign of man, or vestige of cultivation, could be seen in all the wilderness, because Nature's law will not permit that man should breathe the fatal air of these marshes, and live. Even while we hurry by, we feel the influence of the forbidden region, and feel unusual lassitude of frame; are conscious that a veil of death hangs over us. Here are crocodiles and hippopotami, divers, cranes, pelicans, storks, whydahs, paddy birds, and ibis, by thousands. With enough powder and ammunition, a man might, in time, slaughter a pile of birds as high as Cheops's pyramid, and still leave a vast number for his successor."

On the sixth of January the army started on its march to Coomassie. On account of the difficulties of the road, but eight or nine miles was the

extent of a day's march. Much of the road was through dense forest, which formed an impenetrable wall on each side of their path. From behind this wall of trees, the Ashantees fired constant volleys with murderous effect. From Cape Coast Castle to the river, the English were comparatively free from annoyance; but after crossing, till reaching Coomassie, they had literally to fight their way, and an advance guard was sent ahead to clear the path.

The chief battle was fought some twenty miles from the capital, the Ashantees having about 12,000 men, the British 2500. The wild warriors fought bravely, but they could not successfully resist the disciplined troops, and they finally rushed pell-mell from the field.

The war was not yet over, but the principal blow had been struck, and the power of King Coffee was broken. Two more battles were fought, and the war was over. All the villages on the road were in Wolseley's hands, and the enemy was flying in terror before the dreaded British. It now only remained to storm Coomassie, and on the fourth of February, Sir Garnet Wolseley and his gallant little army were masters of the once dreaded, but now deserted, capital of King Coffee.

In marching through Coomassie many terrible sights met their view. "Passing down the main street . . . we came to the grove whence the ter-

rible effluvia issued, which caused all men in Coomassie to describe the place as a vast charnel house. The grove was in a dense forest, and a narrow footpath led to it. The foul smells became so suffocating that we were glad to produce our handkerchiefs to prevent the intolerable and almost palpable odor from mounting into the brain and overpowering us. We saw some thirty or forty decapitated bodies in the last stages of corruption, and countless skulls which lay piled in heaps and scattered over a wide extent. The stoutest heart and the most stoical mind might have been appalled. It was the custom, on the death of a sister of the King, to slay two or three hundred slaves at one time. For prisoners and others have been executed in this terrible place, bringing up the number to a ghastly total of 120,000 people killed for 'custom,' since Ashantee became a kingdom."

The King's palace was thus described by Stanley: "The palace consisted of a number of houses with thatched roofs clustered together, and fenced round with split bamboo stakes, occupying an area 400 or 500 feet square, at one corner of which rose a square two-storied stone building, similar to many of the merchants' houses at Cape Coast Castle. The walls were of stucco, the upper part being painted white, the lower part red. The designs of diamond-shaped scroll work, work done in alto-relievo, were bolder

than anything of the kind we had seen. The columns were square, with simple pediments and capitals; the alcoves were spacious, probably fourteen feet or eight feet deep. . . . The alcoves were littered with numberless curious articles. One contained a large number of war drums stained with blood and decorated with ghastly trophies of wars and triumphs, and with human skulls. Cutlasses and rusty sabres, accoutrements plated with gold, old worn-out guns with bands of silver and gold; horse and elephants' tails, numbers of ivory war horns, each with a human jaw-bone, and scores of tall umbrellas of silk, satin, velvet, crimson, damask, and woolen cloth, all of them ornamented with gold and silver and brass bells."

In the stone building they found a very curious and valuable assortment of articles. There were breakfast and dinner services of silver, English cutlery, glass goblets, Bohemian vases, gold nuggets, Persian rugs, old carpets, European arms, leopard skins, gold and silver-headed canes, seven golden toys, damask curtains and counterpanes, silk umbrellas, English engravings, chinaware and porcelain, a sword from Queen Victoria, blunderbusses—in short, the most wonderful collection of articles that any European ever looked upon. All of these articles were taken back to the coast and sold, the proceeds being divided among the troops.

AN AFRICAN JUNGLE SCENE.

A large number of Fantee captives were released, and they joined the soldiers in sacking the town and setting fire to the native huts. King Coffee refused to treat with Wolseley on the spot, and as the English general was anxious to reach the coast before the tropical rains set in he decided to fire the capital and march at once. As soon as the troops were withdrawn, the engineers proceeded to blow up the palaces and principal buildings, and to set fire to the others; and as the soldiers turned southward on their homeward journey, the proud capital of the Ashantees became a mass of smoking ruins.

Before leaving the coast, General Wolseley made a treaty with the now humbled King, by the terms of which he was to pay to the British Government 50,000 ounces of gold dust, and to keep a road open to the coast for the safe passage of traders and merchandise. For their services, General Wolseley was knighted, one of his officers presented with the Victoria Cross, and Captain Glover publicly thanked by the Houses of Parliament.

CHAPTER XVII.

ACROSS THE DARK CONTINENT.

THE news of Livingstone's death reached Stanley while he was on his way from the Gold Coast, and greatly affected him. The arrival of the body of the great explorer and its solemn interment at Westminster made a deep impression upon him, and Africa became to him an absorbing subject. He collected all the available books upon it, and untiringly studied them.

The problems which had remained unsolved for five thousand years, and which had baffled hitherto all human science and intellect, had been the sources of the Nile, the causes of the annual Egyptian inundation, and the sources of supply of the never-failing and enormous stream of the River Nile, flowing as it does without a single tributary, for seventeen hundred miles, through a burning desert.

To Sir Samuel Baker the world is indebted for the solution of the second of these questions, viz., the source of the annual inundation of Egypt. In his work entitled "Nile's Tributaries of Abyssinia" he

gives a most thrilling account of how one night in June, 1862, while sleeping in his tent, which was pitched in the dry bed of a river, he was wakened up by his Arab servant by cries of "The river! The river!" and on hastily ascending the steep bank with his wife, taking with him all their valuables, he heard in the darkness of the night a heavy rumbling noise, which gradually as it approached nearer and nearer, grew louder and louder. When morning broke, he saw what had been the dry bed of the river covered with a rushing torrent, twenty feet deep, and five hundred yards wide, rolling down, *en route* to Egypt. The flood had come down from Abyssinia, and this was the solution of the mystery of the annual life-giving overflow of the Nile. The reasons given by Sir Samuel Baker for arriving at this conclusion are so convincing and supported by so many sound and logical arguments, that there can be no doubt that he has given the true solution of the source of the inundation, and of the annual fertilizing deposit of the rich bottom lands of the Egyptian valley.

To this explorer also are we indebted for the solving of the third mystery of the lower Nile, viz., the sources of the supply of the inexhaustible stream, without any tributaries to feed it. Baker has settled this question by showing that this vast and unfailing supply of water comes from the great equatorial basin of the Nile, and the heavy rains of the

equatorial rainy belt of the earth, all drained into the White Nile from numberless lakes and small streams.

This equatorial rainy basin of the Nile embraces an area of at least 800,000 square miles, extending from the tenth degree of north latitude to as far south as the fifth degree south of the line, and is filled from the River Sobat on the east, the Bahr-el-Ghaza on the west side of the main river, and those enormous reservoirs, Victoria and Albert Lakes, and their many feeders.

Livingstone, during all the years that he was lost to the outside world, was firm in the belief that the Lualaba River was the main stream of the Nile, being led to this conclusion by his explorations, which, in his opinion, proved that the general drainage of the great interior basin was discharged through the Lualaba River into the Nile. Although toward the close of his eventful life, when met and re-equipped for active service by Stanley, he seemed to have a suspicion that his theory might possibly be a mistaken one, still he adhered to it, unwilling to believe that he could possibly be wrong, and he resumed his work in the endeavor to determine the destination of the Lualaba, perishing at last ere his work was accomplished, and leaving it to be settled by his successors.

Studying these problems, Stanley became imbued with the spirit of Livingstone and determined to fol-

CROSSING A RIVER.

low up his unfinished work. The proprietors of the *New York Herald* and the London *Telegraph* decided to send him to Africa again for this purpose.

The vast lake region, embracing some six degrees of longitude and extending from the equator to fifteen degrees south latitude, had become a region of the greatest interest to explorers. In this vast water basin lived a mighty population, and these lakes, with the rivers running into and out of them, must furnish the roads to commerce and be the means by which Africa would be lifted out of its barbarism into the light of civilization.

The large lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika had been more or less explored, but the one possessing the greatest interest—the Victoria Nyanza, on account of the general impression that it was the head of the Nile—was almost wholly unknown. The persistence with which the Nile had mocked all the efforts to find its source had imparted a mystery to it and caused efforts to be made to unlock the secret, apparently wholly disproportioned to its value or real importance. This lake, therefore, was to be Stanley's first objective point. Livingstone, Speke and Burton, and others had seen it—*he* would sail around it in a boat which he would take with him. This he had made in sections, so that it could be carried the nearly one thousand miles through the jungles of Africa to its destination.

Everything being completed, he started on his route, accompanied by three Englishmen—Francis and Edward Pocock, who were brothers, and Frederick Barker. On September 21, 1874, he found himself once more at Zanzibar. Here, in organizing his expedition, he discovered that the builder had made his boat, which he had christened the *Lady Alice*, a great deal heavier than he had ordered; but he luckily found a man in Zanzibar who was able to reduce its weight so that it could be transported by the carriers.

Stanley had paid his men so well on the return of his previous expedition that he now found no difficulty in engaging a sufficient number for his present purpose, and on the twelfth of November he sailed for Bagamoyo, on the mainland, with a band of 224 followers. He landed on the thirteenth, and here he had his first trouble. He had intended staying at Bagamoyo about ten days to finally complete his caravan, by engaging more pagazis. As soon as he had given his men ten days' wages they rushed into the town and behaved in a most riotous fashion—drinking, stealing, and quarrelling. The news ran round that Stanley had brought all the criminals from Zanzibar to overrun the town. The natives came to Stanley with drawn swords, threatening dire vengeance if order was not instantly restored and the defaulters punished. By dint of much palavering Stan-

ley got them quieted down, and in a short time the disorderlies were arrested and put in confinement.

The liquor shops were demoralizing his men so much that Stanley determined to leave the place. Accordingly, although his staff was not yet completed, he started from Bazamoyo on the seventeenth of November. This was the order of their going :—

" Four chiefs a few hundred yards in front; next twelve guides clad in red robes of Toko, bearing the wire coils ; then a long file of two hundred and seventy men, bearing cloth, wire, beads, and sections of the *Lady Alice* (the barge that Stanley had got specially made). After them thirty-six women and ten boys, children of some of the chiefs and boat bearers, following their mothers, and assisting them with trifling loads of utensils ; followed by the riding asses, Europeans, and gun bearers ; the long line closed by sixteen chiefs, who act as rear guard to pick up stragglers—in all three hundred and fifty-six souls."

Every one was in high spirits. The sun was shining brightly above their heads, the road was dry and splendid for travelling, and with laugh and song they set out on their journey.

On descending into the valley of the Kingani River the heat became intolerable. One after another of the men fell behind, and even the dogs were panting in agony. Like the ancient Israelites reproaching Moses, the pagazis reproached Stanley for

taking them into this country, and they bitterly bewailed their folly in leaving Zanzibar. The better men were more plucky, and, though ready to drop, pushed on to the river, three miles distant, where water was to be had.

Before reaching camp two dogs had died, and on reaching Kikoka recruits had to be employed in place of those who had fallen by the way. As far as Ituro, in the Ugogo country, Stanley followed nearly the same track as in his search for Livingstone. His chief trouble, so far, was the daily desertion of his men. Before he reached Ugogo, fifty men had deserted, taking with them the rifles with which they had been armed, and these were a serious loss.

Upon reaching the borders of Usandawa he turned to the northwest and entered Ukimbuor Uyonzi on its eastern extremity. The guides he had hired in Ugogo to take him as far as Iramba here deserted him. Hiring fresh ones, he continued two days in the same direction, when these deserted him also; and Stanley found himself one morning on the edge of a vast wilderness without a guide. The day before, the guides had told him that three days' march would bring him to Urimi. Relying on the truth of this statement, he had purchased only two days' provisions. Thinking, therefore, that they would be there by the evening of the next day, he thought little of the desertion and moved off with confidence.

But the next morning, the track, which was narrow and indistinct at the best, became so inextricably mixed up with the paths made by elephants and rhinoceroses that they were wholly at a loss what course to take. Halting, Stanley sent out men to seek the lost path, but they returned unable to find it. They

WARNA WAGANDA.

then, of course, had nothing left to do but to march by compass, which they did.

As might be expected, it brought them, after a few hours' march, into a dense jungle, through which they could make their way only by crawling, scrambling, and cutting the entangling vines. Now pushing aside an obstructing branch—now cutting a narrow lane through the matted mass, and now taking advantage of a slight opening, this little band of

three hundred struggled painfully forward toward what they thought was open country and an African village with plenty of provisions.

The third night overtook them in the wilderness, and there they pitched their lonely, starving camp. The want of food began to tell heavily on the men, and one died here and was buried. The next day they made but fourteen miles, without food or water. The carriers fainted under their loads, or lost their way, or lagged wearily behind. The strong helped the weak, and so they straggled into camp. Five men were missing; and scouts were sent back to search for them, but only one was found, and he was a full mile from the trail, and dead.

But there was no course but to push on, and on the fifth day they came to a little village recently established, and which consisted of only four huts, occupied by four men with their wives and children. These had scarcely provisions enough to keep themselves, and hence could give nothing to Stanley's starving men. It was useless to attempt further marching without food, for the men staggered into camp exhausted, and would rather die there than attempt to move again.

He, therefore, selected twenty of his strongest men, and sent them off in search of food. They were to press on to a village called Suna, about thirty miles distant, of which the natives told him, and

where they said food was in abundance. As soon as they had disappeared in the forest, Stanley took his gun and strolled out in search of game. But, filled as the country seemed with it, he could find nothing to shoot. One of his men, however, came across a lion's den, in which were two cubs, which he brought to Stanley. The latter skinned them and took them back to camp. They would go but a little way toward feeding some two hundred and twenty men, if cooked as ordinary meat, so he resolved to make a soup for them, which would go much farther. But the question was where to get a kettle large enough to make a soup for such a large body of men. Luckily, he bethought himself of a sheet-iron trunk which he had among his baggage, and which was water-tight. He quickly dumped out of it its contents, and, filling it with water, set it over a fire. He then took from his medical stores five pounds of Scotch oatmeal, and three pounds of Revalenta Arabeca, and made with them and the two young lions a trunkful of soup.

With greedy eyes, and with gourds in their hands, the hungry men watched it until it was cooked, when each was served with a small portion of the precious broth. The weak and sick received a larger portion, and another can of oatmeal being opened for their supper and breakfast, they waited patiently for the return of those who had gone in quest of food.

The empty trunk lay on one side, and the night came down, and the stars burned bright and tranquilly above, and all was silent in the wide solitude as Stanley sat and listened for the return of his men. But they came not, and the morning broke, and the sun rode once more the tropical heavens in his splendor, but no musket-shot from the forest told of the returning scouts. The weary hours wore on, and the emaciated men lay around in silent suffering. To Stanley those hours seemed days. Night again darkened the forest, and still no sign of the returning party. Would they ever return? was the terrible question Stanley was perpetually putting to himself, and if not, what desperate movement should he attempt? The third morning broke as calm and peaceful as the rest; he was beginning to despair, when, suddenly, a musket-shot broke over the forest, and then another and another, sending sudden life and activity throughout the despairing camp. The men, as they emerged into view laden with food, were greeted with a loud shout, and the hungry wretches fell on the provisions they brought like ravening wolves. The report of abundance ahead so excited the men that they forgot their feebleness and clamored to be led on that very afternoon. Stanley was quite willing to get away from the jungle, filled with such painful associations, and cheerfully ordered the march, but before they could

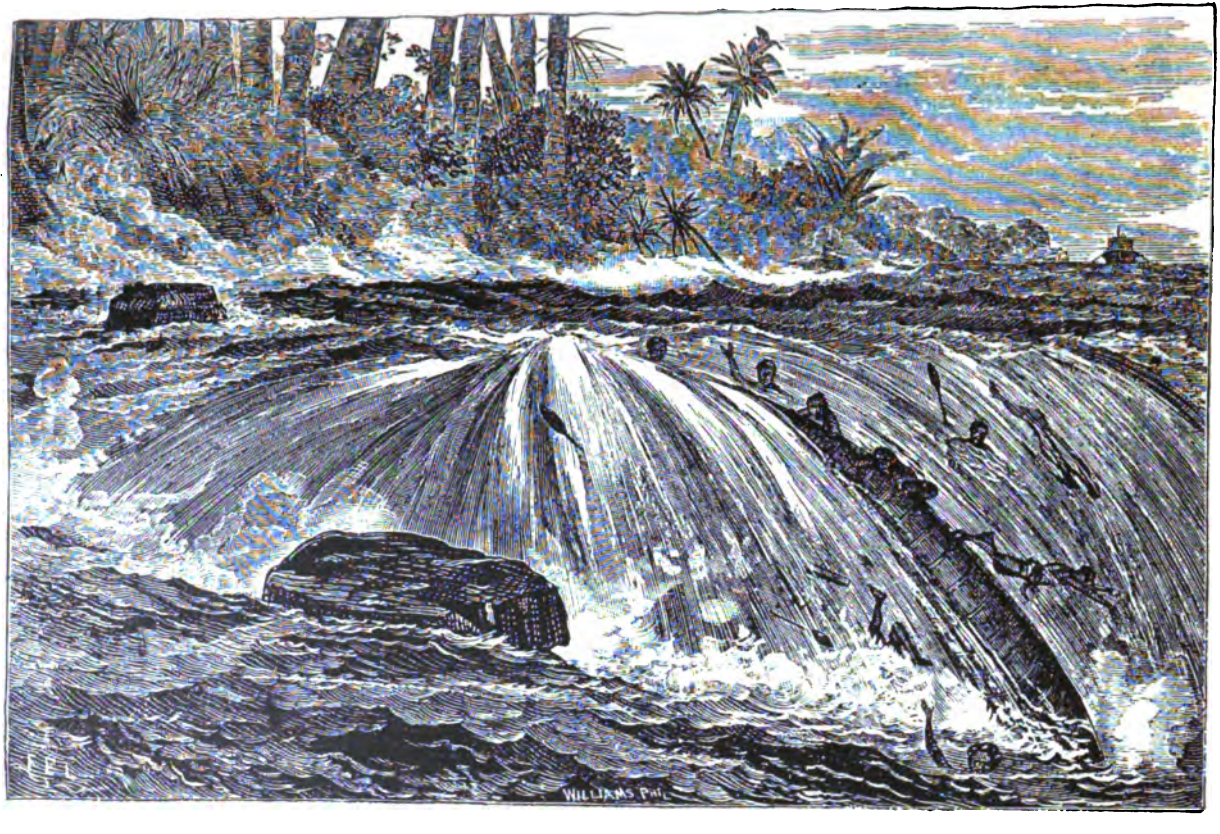
get away two men breathed their last in the camp and were left to sleep alone in the wilderness.

That night they encamped at the base of a rocky hill, from which stretched away a broad plain. The hill—lifting itself into the clear air—the open plain seemed like civilization compared with the gloomy jungle in which they had been starving for the last two days, and where they had left two of their number, and they awoke next morning cheerful and refreshed. Starting off with the prospect of abundant provisions ahead, they made a steady march of twenty miles to Suna.

Here Stanley saw what was to him a new type of African life. He describes the men and women as comely and of fine physical proportions, and all were perfectly naked, except the women who bore children, who wore a goatskin—more, apparently, for the protection it afforded than from any feeling of modesty. He thinks these people mentally superior to the surrounding tribes, but they were very suspicious and inclined to be hostile. Stanley avoided force, and only by the greatest tact did he secure by barter food enough for his men. Two men died and were buried, and thirty others were prostrated by illness. Among the latter was Edward Pocock, for whom Stanley was particularly solicitous.

But, after a halt of four days, finding that the hostile feeling of the natives increased, he determined,

dangerous as it was to the sick, especially to Pocock, to leave. Dysentery and diarrhœa were prevailing to an alarming extent, and rest was especially necessary for these, if they hoped to recover; but he was afraid matters would become dangerously complicated if he remained, and he turned his soldiers into carriers and slung the sick into hammocks. Encouraging them with the prospect of plenty and comfort ahead, he gave the order to march, and they passed out and entered upon a clear, open, and well-cultivated county. Reaching a village at ten o'clock they halted, and here young Pocock breathed his last. In speaking of the sad event that cast a gloom over the camp Stanley says: "We had finished the four hundredth mile of our march from the sea and had reached the base of the water-shed, where the trickling streams and infant waters began to flow Nileward, when this noble young man died." They buried him at night under a tree, Stanley reading the burial service of the Church of England over the body.



THE LOSS OF POCOCK.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

STANLEY travelled in a northwest direction, and the farther he advanced the more he was convinced that the streams he encountered flowed into the Nile, and he became elated with the hope that he should soon stand on the shores of the great lake that served as the reservoir of the mighty river.

Camping one night near the borders of Itwru, it was found that Kaif Halleck, one of the most faithful of the explorer's followers, was missing. Being ill, he had been allowed to lag behind, and a party sent back to search for him found his dead body horribly mutilated. The people of the region evidently were not amicably disposed toward the men that the great white chief was leading through their country.

Pushing on, the party at length entered Itwru, a district of Northern Urimi. The village where they camped was called Vinvata, and was situated in a broad and populous valley, containing some two thousand to three thousand souls, through which

flowed a stream twenty feet wide. The people here received him in a surly manner, but Stanley was very anxious to avoid trouble and used every exertion to conciliate them. He seemed at last to succeed, for at evening they brought him milk, eggs, and chickens, taking cloth in exchange. This reached the ears of the great man of the valley, a magic doctor, who, there being no king over the people, is treated with the highest respect and honor by them. The next day he brought Stanley a fat ox, for which the latter paid him twice what it was worth in cloth and beads, besides making a rich present to his brother and son. To all his requests he cheerfully consented in his anxiety to conciliate him and the natives.

That day, taking advantage of the bright sun to dry the bales and goods, he exposed his rich stores, an imprudence which he very quickly deeply regretted, for he saw that the display awoke all the greedy feelings of the natives, as was evinced by their eager looks. But the day passed quietly, and on the third morning the great man made his appearance again and begged for more beads, which were given him, and he departed apparently very much pleased, and Stanley congratulated himself that he would be allowed to depart in peace.

Stanley's fears were now allayed and he sat in his camp planning for his future marches. The camp

IN CAMP.

was situated on the margin of a vast wilderness stretching away to the west, while on the other sides was a great plain, dotted over with villages. While all was still, suddenly there broke upon his ears a shrill war-cry, which was taken up by village after village, until the whole plain resounded with it. Still Stanley felt no alarm, supposing that some war expedition was about to be set on foot, or some enemy was reported to be near, and listened to the barbaric cry simply with curiosity. The men in the camp kept about their usual avocations—some fetching water from a neighboring pool, while others were starting off after wood—when suddenly a hundred warriors appeared close to camp in full war costume. Feathers waved above their heads, "the mane of the zebra and giraffe encircled their foreheads, their left hand held the bow and arrows, while the right grasped the spear." Stanley ordering his men not to leave camp nor do anything to provoke a hostile act, waited to see what this sudden warlike attitude meant.

In the meantime the throng increased till the entire camp was surrounded. A slight bush fence had been built around it, which, though it concealed those within, was too slight to be of use in case of an attack. Seeing that this hostile demonstration was against *him*, Stanley sent out a young man who spoke their language to inquire what they wanted. Six or seven warriors advanced to meet him, when a

lively conversation followed. The messenger soon returned and reported that they accused one of the party of having stolen some milk and butter from a small village, and they must be paid for it in cloth. He at once sent the messenger back, directing him to tell the warriors that he did not come into their country to steal, and if anything had been taken from them they had but to name the price they asked for it and it should be paid at once. The messenger brought back word that they demanded four yards of sheeting. Although this was worth four times as much as the articles were which they alleged had been stolen, he was very glad to settle the matter so easily, and it was measured and sent to them. The elders declared that they were perfectly satisfied, and they all withdrew. But Stanley could not at once shake off the suspicion this unexpected show of hostile feeling had excited, and he watched narrowly the villages in the distance. He soon saw that the warriors were not pacified if the elders were, for he could see them hurrying together from all parts of the plain and gesticulating wildly.

While he was watching, one of his men rushed into camp from the woods, bleeding profusely, and reported that while he and a youth were gathering wood, they were fiercely attacked and the youth was killed. Stanley at once began barricading his camp, and while at this work, a body of the savages made a

dash and sent a shower of arrows among his men. This was beyond the leader's endurance, and he at once sent sixty soldiers out to attack the enemy. The battle had hardly begun when the savages turned and fled, and the soldiers pursued them. A high fence of thorn trees was built around the camp, and platforms were erected for the sharp-shooters. The bugle sounded a retreat, and the soldiers returned.

They were not molested again that day, which gave them time to make their position still stronger. The night passed quietly, and they were allowed to breakfast in peace. But about nine o'clock the savages in great numbers advanced upon the camp. All hopes of peace were now at an end, and since he was forced to fight, Stanley determined to inflict no half-way punishment, but sweep that fair valley with the besom of destruction. He therefore selected four reliable men, placed them at the head of four detachments, attaching to each one a fleet runner, whose duty was not to fight, but to report to him any disaster that threatened or befell the detachment to which he belonged, and ordered them to move out and attack the savages. As the route of the enemy was certain he directed them to pursue them separately, yet keep before them, as the place of final rendezvous, some high rocks five miles distant down the valley.

The detachments poured forth from the camp, and the deadly fire-arms so appalled those savage warriors, armed only with the bow and spear, that they at once turned and fled. The detachments followed in hot pursuit, and what promised to be a fight became a regular stampede. But one detachment having pursued a large force of the enemy into the open plain, the latter turned at bay.

The leader of the detachment, excited by the pursuit, and believing, in his contempt for the savages, that the mere sight of his little band would send them scurrying away in deadly fear, charged boldly on them. Quick as thought they closed around him in overwhelming numbers. The runner alone escaped and bore the sad tidings to Stanley. The appointment of these runners shows his wonderful prevision—that foresight which on many occasions alone saved him. He at once sent assistance to the detachment that the courier had reported surrounded. Alas! before it arrived, every man had been massacred. But the reënforcement came in time to save the second detachment, which was falling into the same trap. A deadly volley fired into the assailants' rear soon put them to flight, and Stanley's men followed in swift pursuit.

But the enemy were too fleet to be overtaken, and the soldiers visited village after village and set fire to them. The smoke from the hundreds of villages

obscured the noonday sun, and as far as Stanley's eye could reach, the plain presented the appearance of one great conflagration.

It was a victorious day but a very sad one for our hero, for when his soldiers returned, they bore back the bodies of twenty-one of their number who had been killed in the fight. But Stanley had resolved to teach those savage negroes a lesson on the danger of treachery to strangers, and he meant, now he had commenced it, to make it thorough and complete; and so next morning he sent off sixty men to proceed to the farthest end of the valley, some eight miles away, and destroy what yet remained. Passing on through the ruins of the villages, they came to a large village in the extreme northeast.

A very slight resistance was made here, and they entered it and applied the torch, and soon it shared the fate of all the rest. Before they destroyed it, however, they loaded themselves with grain. Provisions were now plenty, for the frightened negroes had left everything behind them in their flight. There was no longer any need of purchasing food; the valley was depopulated, and all the accumulated provisions of the inhabitants at the mercy of the victors. Finding he had enough to last the expedition six days, Stanley next morning started westward before daybreak, and was soon far away from this valley of destruction, leaving the thoroughly

humbled natives to crawl back to the ashes of their ruined homes. Without further trouble, in three days he reached Iramba. Here he halted and took a calm survey of his condition and prospects. He found that out of the more than three hundred men with which he had left the coast but one hundred and ninety-four remained.

Sickness, desertion, and battle had reduced his number over a third before he had reached the point where his actual labors were to commence. It was not a pleasant lookout; for, although two hundred men, well armed with rifles, made a formidable force in a country where only spears and arrows were used, this large ratio of loss must stop, or the expedition would soon come to an end.

In Iramba the people were very suspicious of strangers, on account of the ravages of King Mirambo, who was then in the country, but fortunately the party passed through it without being attacked. The next district was Usukuma, which is thickly populated and rich in cattle. The land was well cultivated, and game was abundant. Above all, the people were friendly. The explorers had not tasted beef for many weeks, but now their camp was well supplied, not only with excellent beef but with the best vegetables.

Mindful of past wants, they cooked what they could not eat and packed it to take with them.

Stanley recruited his staff of pagazis, and the party crossed the divide which separates the waters of Eastern and Central Africa. As they took up their march down the slope that was to lead them to the great lake, the natives followed them to bid farewell, crying, "Come again; you will always be welcome." This was on the nineteenth of February, and eight days later, with shouts and cheers and rude songs of delight from the bearers, the waters of the lake were seen spreading away into the distance.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

STANLEY had, at last, arrived at the great lake that Baker hoped to reach with his steam vessels, and here he expected to meet Gordon; but he evidently had not yet arrived, for the natives told him that no boats had been seen on the water. They related strange tales, however, of the people inhabiting the shores. One told him of a race of dwarfs, another of a tribe of giants, and still another of a people who kept a breed of dogs so large that even Stanley's mastiffs were small in comparison. How much or little of this was true, he, of course, could not tell; still, it excited his curiosity, and increased his desire to explore the country.

He reached the lake on the twenty-eighth of February, and in eight days had everything ready, and launched the *Lady Alice*, the first boat that had ever been launched on the lake by a white man. He selected ten good oarsmen, who, with the steersman and himself, composed the boat's crew, and the whole force with which he was to overcome all the difficulties that he might encounter.

IN CAMP.

The explorer's band was now reduced by death to about one-half of the original number, and many were still on the sick list. He had accomplished in one hundred and three days a journey which would have taken an Arab caravan nine months. After making his camp as comfortable as possible it was left in charge of Frank Pocock and young Barker, and Stanley sailed away to the eastward and northward to explore the lake. For a hundred miles he explored the coast, keeping close to the shore, and frequently landing to visit the natives, who were generally friendly, but suspicious. Frequently they would run away in great fear.

While exploring the mouth of a river, they were in great danger from the hippopotami which swarmed around the boat, but they were carefully avoided, and with a freshening breeze they flew along the ever-changing shore lined with villages, out of which swarmed a vast crowd of people, showing a much more densely populated district than they had yet seen. He found the name of it to be Mahita; and wishing to learn the names of some of the villages he saw, the boat was turned toward shore and anchored within fifty yards of it, but with a cable long enough to let them drift to within a few feet of it. Some half a dozen men, wearing small shells above their elbows and a circle round their heads, came down to the beach, opening a conversa-

tion with them. Stanley learned the name of the country, but they refused to tell him anything more till he landed. While getting ready to do so, he noticed the numbers on the shore increased with astonishing rapidity and seemed to be greatly excited. This aroused his suspicions, and he ordered the rowers to pull off again. He had scarcely put three lengths between him and the shore, when suddenly out of the bushes on each side of the spot where he was to land arose a forest of spears.

Stanley did not intend to go away entirely, but to lie off till they became less excited; but this evidence of treachery caused him to change his mind, and he ordered the sail to be hoisted, and moved away toward a point at the mouth of the cove, which, with the wind as it was blowing, they could but little more than clear. The negroes, seeing this, sent up a loud shout, and hurried off to reach it before the boat did. Stanley, penetrating their design, ordered the sail to be lowered and the rowers to pull dead to windward. The discomfited savages looked on in amazement to see the prize slip through their fingers so easily. It was a narrow escape, for had Stanley landed, he would doubtless have been overpowered.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the savages made no attempt to follow them; and at dusk, coming to a small island, they tied up and camped for

the night, lulled to sleep by the murmur of the waves on the beach.

The next day, continuing their course, they at last sailed into the bay which forms the northeastern extremity of the Victoria Nyanza. The eastern side of this bay is lined with bold hills and ridges, but at the extreme end, where the Tagama River comes in, the country is flat. The expedition now began to move westward in its slow circumnavigation of the lake, and came at length to Muiwanda. Here they found the savages friendly, and they landed and obtained from them, at fair prices, such provisions and vegetables as they desired. They also gave Stanley all the information they could of the neighboring country. They told him that the name of the bay in which they rode, and which was the extreme northern limit of the lake, was Baringo. They had evidently not been great travellers or much visited by any tribes living away from their own coast, for they said that they had never heard of any other lake, great or small, except that one—the Nyanza. Considering that this whole central region of Africa is dotted with lakes, and that the Tanganyika, an inland sea, is not three hundred miles distant, it is evident they must live very much isolated from any but their own people. And this is true of most of the tribes of Central Africa.

This may account for the great diversity in the

character and customs of the various tribes. While one would be found friendly and hospitable, a few miles further on our voyagers would meet with demonstrations of savage hostility. At Uvuma the natives made signs of friendship to induce them to come near the shore. They did so, sailing up to a few yards of it. At that point a large mass of natives were hid behind the trees, who suddenly rose and hurled a shower of huge stones at the boat in order to sink it, several striking it. Stanley instantly ordered the helm to be put hard up, and the boat was quickly steered away from the dangerous spot, but not before Stanley, enraged at this act of treachery, levelled his revolver at the wretches and saw one of them drop.

Going on some miles farther, they entered a channel between some islands and the shore, where they discovered a fleet of canoes, thirteen in number, with over one hundred warriors in them, armed with shells and spears and slings. The foremost one had some sweet potatoes aboard, which one of the natives held up as though he wished to trade. Stanley ordered the crew to cease rowing, and the canoe soon came up. While he was bargaining for the potatoes, the other boats approached and completely surrounded the *Lady Alice* and the men began to reach over and seize everything they could lay hands on. Stanley warned them away with

his gun, when they jeered at him and immediately seized their spears, while one man held up a string of beads he had stolen and dared Stanley to catch him. With that promptness which has many a time saved his life, the latter drew his revolver and shot the villain dead. Spears instantly flashed in the air, but Stanley, seizing his repeating rifle, poured shot after shot into them. He then seized his elephant rifle, and its heavy shot soon settled the fight.

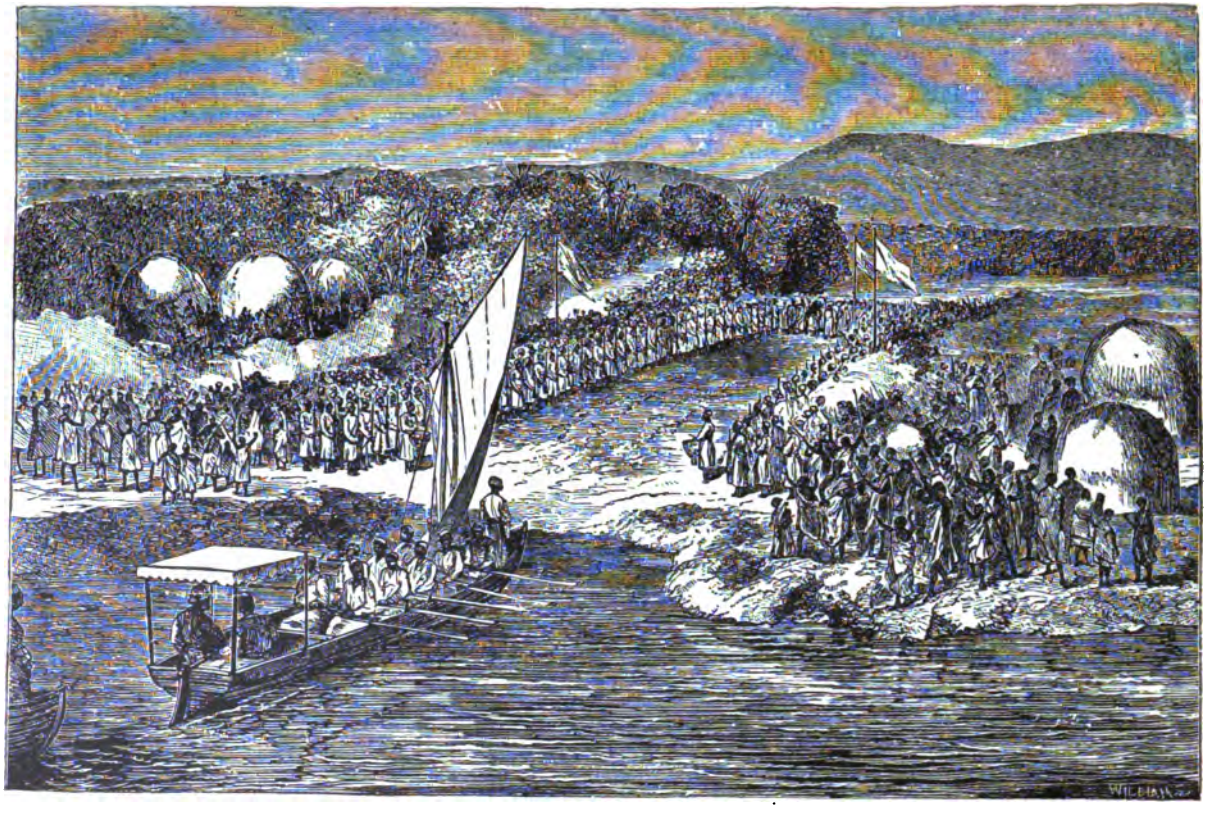
After examining the Ripen Falls, they coasted along Uganda. At Kiwa Island, where they stopped to rest for a day, the chief sent three miles to purchase bananas and jars of wine for the guest, he said, of his King Mtesa, and each succeeding day they were made the recipients of the bounty of the native chiefs.

CHAPTER XX.

MTESA, EMPEROR OF UGANDA.

On the morning of the third of April, as the *Lady Alice* was about to set sail, six beautiful canoes, loaded with men, came into view. Stanley at first feared that he was to be attacked again, but his fears were soon dispelled. The boats conveyed a messenger from the great King Mtesa, who brought an invitation to visit the King. The invitation was accepted, and the next day Stanley landed amid the waving of flags, volleys of musketry, and shouts of two thousand people, assembled to receive him. The chief officer then conducted him to comfortable quarters, where, soon after, sixteen goats, ten oxen, and bananas, sweet potatoes, plantains, chickens, rice, milk, and butter, in profuse quantities, were sent to him.

In the afternoon the King sent word that he was ready to receive him. Issuing from his quarters, Stanley found himself in a street eighty feet broad and half a mile long, lined with the personal guards, officers, attendants, and retinue of the King, to the number of three thousand. At the farther end of this



STANLEY'S RECEPTION BY MTESA'S BODY GUARD.

avenue was the King's residence, and as Stanley advanced he could dimly see the form of the King in the entrance, sitting in a chair.

At every step volleys of musketry were fired and flags waved, while sixteen drums beaten together kept up a horrible din. As he approached the house, the King, a tall, slender figure, dressed in Arab costume, arose and, advancing, held out his hand in silence, while the drums kept up their loud tattoo. They looked on each other in silence. Stanley was greatly embarrassed by the novelty of the situation, but soon the King, taking a seat, asked him to be seated also, while a hundred of his captains followed their example. Lifting his eyes to the King, Stanley saw a tall and slender man, but with broad, powerful shoulders. His eyes were large, his face intelligent and amiable, while his mouth and nose were a great improvement on those of the ordinary negro, being more like those of a Persian Arab. As soon as he began to speak Stanley was captivated by his courteous, affable manner.

Behind his throne—or arm-chair—stood his gun-bearers, shield-bearers, and lance-bearers, and on either side were arranged his chief courtiers, governors of provinces, etc., while outside streamed away the long line of his warriors, beginning with the drummers and goma-beaters. Mtesa asked him many intelligent questions, and Stanley found that this was not his

home, but that he had come there with that immense throng of warriors to shoot birds. In two or three days he proposed to return to his capital at Ulagala.

The next day, for Stanley's entertainment, the King gave a grand naval review with eighty canoes, which made quite an imposing display, which the King with his three hundred wives and Stanley viewed from shore. The crews consisted of two thousand five hundred men or more. The second day, the King led his fleet in person to show his prowess in shooting birds. The third day, the troops were exercised at target practice, and on the fourth, the march was taken up for the capital, which was composed of a vast collection of huts on the sides of an eminence crowned by the royal quarters. Into this place Stanley was introduced with stately ceremonies and royally entertained.

King Mtesa reigns over a country three degrees of longitude in length and almost as wide. He had two million subjects, had built excellent roads and beautiful avenues and gardens. Stanley regarded him as the wisest and greatest of the Central African kings.

The hospitality of the King was very tempting to tired men, but Stanley was anxious about his camp. The exploration of the lake was also to be completed, and so with an escort of two canoes he again set sail. On the second day he reached the village of Makongo.

On the shore was a crowd of natives squatted on the ground, sucking pombe, the native beer, through a straw. A drunken chief staggered to his feet and welcomed the visitors in a maudlin manner, and the crowd of natives dispersed, leaving Stanley to prepare his supper and arrange his camp for the night.

About ten o'clock, the party was suddenly awakened by shouting and the beating of drums, but, knowing that he was still in Mtesa's dominions, Stanley determined to remain where he was. The din was kept up through the night, and at day-break, as he stepped out of his tent, he was startled to see five hundred naked, motionless forms, with bows, shields, and spears, standing in a semicircle around him, and completely cutting him off from his boat and the lake. It was a fearful moment, and to his inquiry what it meant no answer was given. Shoulder to shoulder, like a regiment of soldiers, they stood, the forest of spears above them glittering in the early light. There was nothing to be done—Stanley was entrapped, and with the first attempt to escape or seize his rifle would be transfixed by a hundred spears. It was too late to repent the folly of not heeding the warning of the night before, and so he calmly stood and faced the crowd of stern, malignant faces.

For some minutes this solitary white man met glance for glance, when the drunken chief of the day before stalked into the semicircle, and with a stick

which he held in his hand forced back the savages. He shouted to Stanley, somewhat furiously, to "Be off" and himself helped to launch the boat, which was soon at a safe distance from the shore.

Once more, while on this trip around the lake, was the traveller's life in great jeopardy—at Kajuri, on Bumbireh Island. Here the natives lured the boat ashore by friendly signs, but no sooner had its keel grated on the sand, than a hundred strong arms seized it, and carried it high and dry up on the beach.

By stratagem, Stanley succeeded in diverting their attention for a little, and giving his men a sign, they lifted the boat, and ran with it to the water. Jumping in, they pushed off, while Stanley stood in the stern shooting the savages who were attempting to follow them in canoes. Their oars had been stolen, but they tore up the boards of their boat and paddled for dear life. After several had been shot, the others gave up the chase, their parting shout being, "Go and perish in the Nyanza."

The rest of the journey was accomplished in safety and without further incident, and on May 6th, they arrived at Kagehyi, having been absent fifty-seven days, and sailed about a thousand miles. They were welcomed to their camp by volleys of musketry and shouts of delight from the comrades who had wearied so long for their return. Fifty men jumped into the water and dragged Stanley from the boat with every

demonstration of joy. Frank Pocock's pleasure was shown in a quieter, though as genuine, fashion; but when Stanley asked him where Fred Barker was, his face clouded, and he replied, sadly, "He died twelve days ago, sir, and he lies there," pointing to a low mound of earth by the side of the lake.

CHAPTER XXI.

BACK TO UJIJI.

STANLEY was deeply grieved at Barker's death, for the young man had been of great service to him, and had endeared himself to all. After a few days of rest, Stanley was taken ill with fever, and lay for four days, quite helpless, in his tent. Upon his recovery, he resolved to take his entire party to Uganda by land; but just as they were ready to start, there came into camp a negro embassy from Ruoma, which lay between him and Uganda on the land route, with the following message:

"Ruoma sends salaams to the white man. He does not want the white man's cloth, beads, or wire, but the white man must not pass through his country. Ruoma does not want to see him or any other man with long red hair down to his shoulders, white face, and big red eyes. Ruoma is not afraid of him, but if the white man will come near his country, Ruoma and Mirambo will fight him."

So the land march was given up, and after further delay a sufficient number of canoes were borrowed

from the King of Ukerewé, and the expedition reached Uganda in safety.

Mtesa was engaged in a war with a rebellious chief, but in spite of this the King gave him a warm welcome, and at once began to ask about the Christian religion. Touched by the King's desire after truth, Stanley spent many hours explaining Christianity to him. By the aid of a boy named Dallington, a pupil of a Mission at Zanzibar, he translated the Bible for the King, whose delight in possessing an older book than the Koran was unbounded. Calling his chief men together, Mtesa told them of the wonderful religion of "Stamlee." He told them that the believers in the Christian religion were much better than the believers in Mohammed, because they did not tell lies, they did not like bloodshed, and their book was the oldest book in the world and had been written by God himself.

He asked them which religion they wished to adopt, the Koran or the Bible? With one consent they replied, "We will take the white man's book," at which answer Mtesa was delighted. "Stamlee," said Mtesa, when, two months after, he was saying good-bye, "say to the white people when you write to them that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live." All this Stanley wrote home to England.

Great interest was roused in Uganda, a fund was raised to found a mission, and in June, 1876, a party of eight left Zanzibar for Uganda.

Only half of the party arrived at their destination, where they were well received and permitted to found a station. It soon came to grief, however. A native eloped with the daughter of a neighboring chief, and the couple fled to the station and were there protected. This so enraged the girl's father that he fell upon the missionaries and killed them.

When Stanley was ready to march to the Albert Nyanza, which he wished to explore, Mtesa gave him an escort of about two thousand men, under the command of Sambuzi, and the party was accompanied by some five hundred women and children.

On the fifth of January they entered Abba Rega's territory, whom, two years before, Baker had driven from his throne, and who naturally felt peculiarly hostile to all white men. But no resistance was offered—the people, as if remembering the past, fleeing before them, leaving their provisions and everything behind them, of which the army made free use. Three days after they came to the base of a mighty mountain, called Kabrogo, rising five thousand five hundred feet into the air, presenting, in its naked, rugged outline, a sublime appearance. They encamped that night on a low ridge, in sight of the Katonga River, flowing east in its course to the

THE MARCH FROM UGANDA.

Victoria Nyanza, while to the west the Ruanga filled the night air with its thunderous sound, as it tumbled over cataracts toward the Albert Nyanza.

From an eminence near by could be seen in the distance the colossal form of Gambaragara Mountain, looming up from the wilderness—a second Mont Blanc, rising some three miles into the cloudless heavens. Though under the equator, snow is often seen on its summit. But what gives it peculiar interest is, that on its cold and lonely top dwell a people of an entirely distinct race, being white, like Europeans. The King of Uzigo once spoke to Stanley and Livingstone of this singular people, and now the latter saw half a dozen of them. Their hair, he says, is "kinky," and inclined to brown in color; their features regular; lips thin, and noses well-shaped. Altogether, they are a handsome race —the women, many of them, possessing great beauty. Some of their descendants are scattered through the tribes living near the base of the mountain, but the main body occupy its lofty summit. The queen of one of the islands in the Victoria Nyanza is a descendant of this people.

They met no hostile demonstrations until they were within a mile of Lake Albert, where the natives showed fight, and, Sambuzi refusing to go farther, Stanley was obliged to turn back to

Uganda. After parting with his cowardly escort, he proceeded to explore the streams and lakes to the north and west. Then, returning to his generous host, he asked for guides to take him to the hot springs of Mtagata, the healing properties of which he had heard of far and wide from the natives. These were cheerfully given, and after a march of two days he reached them.

Here he was met by an astonishing growth of vegetation. Plants of an almost infinite variety covered the ground, growing so thick and crowding each other so closely that they became a matted mass—the smaller ones stifled by the larger—and out of which trees shot up an arrow's-flight into the air, with "globes of radiant green foliage upon their stem-like crowns." He found a crowd of diseased persons here, trying the effect of the water. Naked men and women were lying promiscuously around in the steaming water, half-asleep and half-cooked, for the water showed a temperature of one hundred and twenty-nine degrees. The springs were, however, of different temperatures. The hottest one issued from the base of a rocky hill, while four others twenty degrees cooler, came bubbling up out of black mud, and were the favorites of the invalids. Stanley camped here three days, and bathed in the water and drank it, but could perceive no effect whatever on his system. Returning to his friend

HOT SPRINGS OF MTAGATA.

Rumaniki, he started on his journey south to Lake Tanganyika, and finished its exploration.

Nothing eventful occurred on this long march, and the expedition arrived at Ujiji, on the lake, on the twenty-seventh of May, 1876.

The following is taken from one of Stanley's letters, written while at Lake Victoria:

"I have four youthful Mercuries, of ebon color, attending me, who, on the march, carry my personal weapons of defence. I do not need so many persons to wait on me, but such is their pleasure. They find their reward in the liberal leavings of the table. If I have a goat killed for European men, half of it suffices for two days for us. When it becomes slightly tainted, my Mercuries will beg for it, and devour it at a single sitting. Just outside of the door of my hut are about two dozen of my men sitting, squatted in a circle and stringing beads.

"A necklace of beads is each man's daily sum wherewith to buy food. I have now a little over one hundred and sixty men. Imagine one hundred and sixty necklaces given each day for the last three months—in the aggregate the sum amounts to fourteen thousand necklaces, in a year to fifty-eight thousand four hundred. A necklace of ordinary beads is cheap enough in the States, but the expense of carriage makes a necklace here equal to about twenty-five cents in value. For a necklace I can

buy a chicken, or a peck of sweet potatoes, or half a peck of grain.

"I left the coast with about forty thousand yards of cloth, which in the States would be worth about twelve and a half cents a yard, or altogether about five thousand dollars—the expense of portage, as far as this lake, makes each yard worth about fifty cents. Two yards of cloth will purchase a goat or sheep; thirty will purchase an ox; fifteen yards are enough to purchase rations for the entire caravan."

He adds: "These are a few of the particulars of our domestic affairs. The expedition is divided into eight squads, of twenty men each, with an experienced man over each squad. They are all armed with Snider's percussion-lock muskets. A dozen or so of the most faithful have a brace of revolvers in addition to their other arms."

Stanley had strange feelings on entering Ujiji once more. The house where he had lived with Dr. Livingstone was burned down, but everything else —the lake, mountains, and rivers—remained unchanged. And yet the place seemed to him desolate, for "the grand old hero whose presence once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me was gone."

One vexed question in regard to Tanganyika was whether the Lukuga River flowed into or out of the lake.

On all sides there were rivers emptying their waters into the lake, which had been steadily rising ever since the natives could remember; and up till Commander Cameron, no one had ever found an outlet to this great body of water. Cameron, however, insisted that Lukuga was the outlet, and it was to settle this point that Stanley set himself.

The natives told of a time when an inhabited plain stood where the waters of Tanganyika now swept, and their idea was that the lake was fed by subterranean rivers, which was the reason of its steady rise.

Stanley found it hard to believe that it had no outlet, and yet he had proofs that the lake was steadily rising. Palm trees that had been growing on the land when he visited Livingstone were now a hundred feet in water, and a tract of sand in front of Livingstone's house was now completely submerged.

Setting sail in the *Lady Alice*, he explored the lake thoroughly. After an exceedingly interesting voyage he reached the Lukuga, and from a careful observation, he concluded that the river had at one time flowed into the lake, but that the river bed had been changed by an earthquake or other cause, and that it now flowed outward and drained into the Lualaba River.

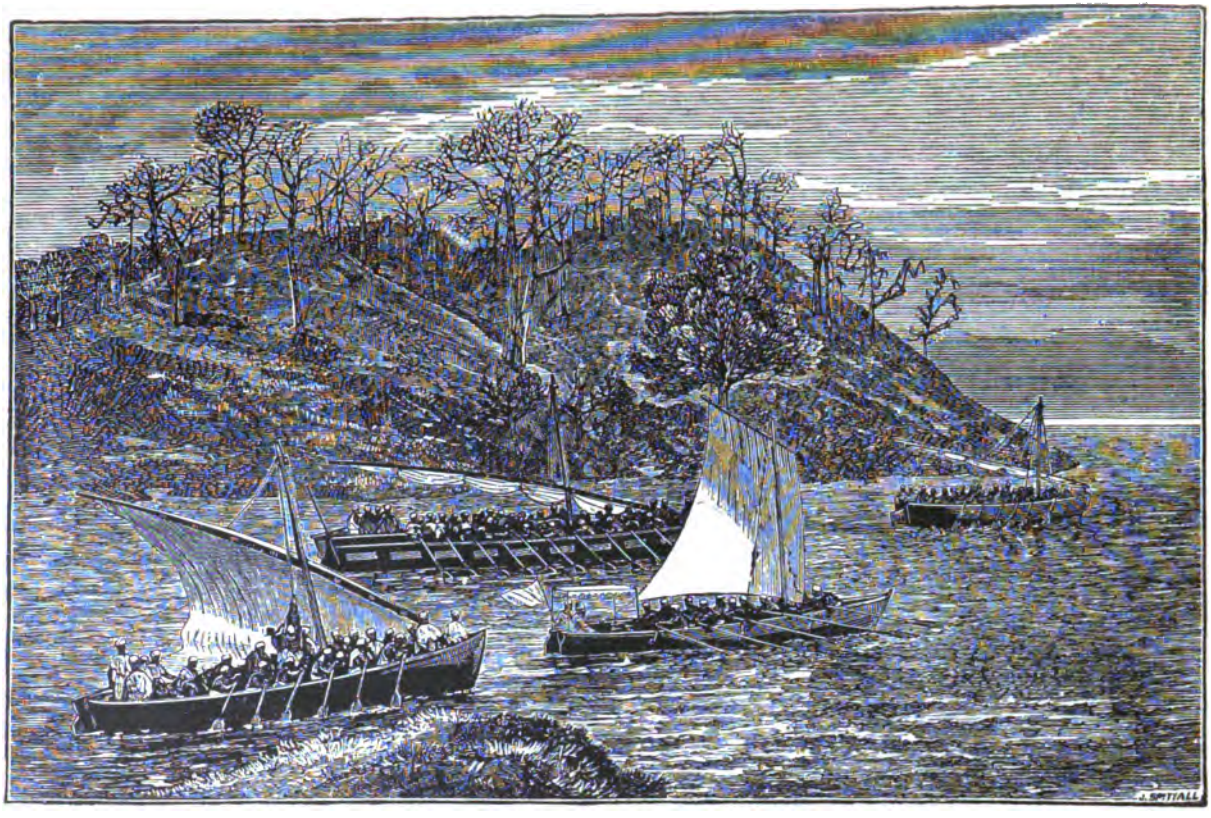
CHAPTER XXII.

THE PROBLEM OF THE LUALABA.

ONE of the problems left unsolved by Livingstone was whether the Lualaba was the source of the Nile. This Stanley thought could only be positively determined by following the river, mile by mile, to the sea; and this journey, which proved to be the most perilous of his undertakings, he resolved to make.

The small-pox had broken out in camp, filling the Arabs with dismay. He had taken precaution, on starting, to vaccinate, as he supposed, every member of his party, and hence felt safe from this scourge of Africa. He did not lose a single man with it on his long journey from the sea to the Victoria Nyanza. But here it had broken out in Ujiji with such fury that a pall was spread over the place, and had invaded his camp, so that in a few days eight of his men died.

This created a panic, and they began to desert in such numbers that he would soon be left alone. Thirty-eight were missing, which made quite a perceptible loss in his force. The chiefs of the expedi-



THE START ACROSS LAKE TANGANIKA.

tion were thoroughly frightened, but told him that the desertions would increase if he moved westward, for the men were as much afraid of the cannibals there as of the small-pox in their midst. They were told horrible stories of these cannibals till their teeth chattered with fear. Besides there were hobgoblins —monsters of every kind—in the land beyond the Tanganyika. Stanley saw, therefore, that prompt measures must be taken, and he at once put thirty-two of the discontented in irons, drove them into canoes, and sent them off to Ukurenga. He, with the rest, followed after by land to Msehazy Creek, where the crossing of the lake was to be effected. Reaching the other side, he proceeded to Uguha, where, on mustering his force, he found but one hundred and twenty-seven men.

Among the deserters was faithful Kalulu, whom Stanley had brought home with him on his return from his former expedition. This was beyond endurance, so Pocock was sent back to capture the deserters, and seven, including Kalulu, were brought in, and the expedition proceeded to Nyangwe, which it reached after a march of forty days.

He was now in the interesting country of Manyema, which Livingstone was the first white man to reach. It was from here that Livingstone intended to start in his exploration of the Lualaba, but sickness and want of funds and boats compelled him to turn

back to Ujiji, where he died. But he had made a profound impression on the natives of this region. "Did you know him?" asked an old chief eagerly. Stanley replying in the affirmative, he turned to his sons and brothers and said: "He knew the good white man. Ah, we shall hear all about him." Then turning to Stanley, he said: "Was he not a very good man?" "Yes," replied the latter, "he was good, my friend; far better than any white man or Arab you will ever see again." "Ah," said the old negro, "you speak true; he was so gentle and patient, and told us such pleasant stories of the wonderful land of the white people."

Manyema is described as a beautiful and fertile country, but, alas! large portions of it have been laid waste by the slave-hunters. The traffic in slaves is so profitable, and keeps up such a brisk trade with Zanzibar and the interior of Africa, that the native chiefs enter into it on the grandest scale—or rather, it is more accurate to say, banditti under the leadership of so-called chiefs.

Raids are made on small independent villages, the adults slain and hung up to terrify other villages into a meek acquiescence to their demands, and young men, young women, and children are marched off to Ujiji, from whence they are taken to Zanzibar, becoming, by their cruel treatment on the route, living skeletons before they reach their destination.

Gangs, from one hundred to eight hundred, of naked, half-starved creatures, Stanley met in his travels, and he wondered that the civilized world would let insignificant Zanzibar become the mart of such a cruel traffic.

There are regular hunting-grounds for slaves. When the business is dull, the inhabitants are left to grow and thrive, just like game out of season in a gentleman's park; but when the business begins to look up, the hunt begins and the smiling villages become arid wastes. The country, long before he reached Nyangwe, was a wilderness, where a few years before dwelt a happy population.

Here Stanley met Tippu-Tib, the Arab, with a caravan. He had conducted Cameron as far as the Kasongo country. Cameron had intended to follow the Lualaba, but was prevented by the want of canoes and the determined opposition of his men. Some of Tippu-Tib's Arab followers had travelled on the river, and had fearful stories to tell of the dangers and horrors of the country through which it flowed. Naked cannibals, dwarfs with poisoned arrows, impassable rocks, and tremendous waterfalls—these were some of the dangers that awaited the traveller. Besides, the river had no end, but went on and on forever! Stanley listened to it all, but his mind was made up. Mutiny after mutiny broke out, but he quelled them all, determined to solve the problem of the Lualaba

or to die. For one thousand pounds he engaged Tippu-Tib, with one hundred and forty guns and seventy spearmen to accompany him for sixty camps, and this gave some courage to his demoralized men.

The start was made on the fifth of November. Stanley had one hundred and seventy-six men armed with sixty-five muskets and rifles and ten revolvers, and carrying sixty-six axes. Thirteen of his chiefs had their wives and children with them. Tippu-Tib's party numbered four hundred, including the women and children.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTO THE UNKNOWN.

But nine miles were made on the first day, and on the next morning they plunged into the terrible forest of Mitamba, where the marching became more difficult, and the halts more frequent, while the dew fell from the trees in great rain-drops, wetting the narrow path they were following, till it became a thick mud. The heavy foliage shut out the sky, and the disordered caravan marched on in gloomy twilight, and at last, drenched to the skin, reached a village four miles from camp, and waited for the carriers of the boat to arrive.

Day by day the horrors of the forest increased. The men were enfeebled by sickness, and depressed by the constant gloom. Armies of ants, beetles, and myriapeds infested the ground over which they travelled. Baboons, gorillas, and monkeys jumped among the trees. Here and there they saw pythons and adders.

On the fifteenth of November, Tippu-Tib came and told Stanley that the engagement must be

broken. The forest was worse than anything that he had ever imagined, and was only fit for wild animals. The reward was large, but it would be of

TIPPU-TIB.

no use to him, for he was certain that if he went on he would never come back alive. To lose Tippu-Tib meant that the journey could not be continued, and Stanley exhausted every effort to alter his mind.

After a long argument, he prevailed upon him to accompany him twenty marches farther for twenty-six hundred dollars.

Stanley here tried to procure canoes. The *Lady Alice* was put together and launched. A camp was formed, and Stanley with a boat's crew set about exploring the country on the banks. Notwithstanding all their efforts to make friends, the natives were determinedly hostile, and either fled from their approach or attacked them savagely.

Stanley, with thirty-three men, continued down the river on the *Alice*, while the remainder of the expedition, under Pocock and Tippu-Tib, marched along the bank. Village after village was passed, but the natives, uttering wild cries, disappeared in the forest, leaving everything behind them.

One afternoon, Stanley, in the *Lady Alice*, came to a river one hundred yards wide. Knowing that the land party could not cross this without a boat, he halted to wait for its approach, in order to ferry it over, and built a strong camp. This was on November 23, 1876. At sunset it had not arrived, and he became anxious. Next morning it did not make its appearance, and, still more anxious, he ascended this river, named the Ruigi, several miles, to see if they had struck it farther up.

Returning in the afternoon, without hearing anything of the expedition, he was startled, as he

approached the camp, at the rapid firing of guns. Alarmed, he told the rowers to bend to their oars,

ONE OF TIPPU-TIB'S GUN-BEARERS.

and sweeping rapidly downward, he soon came to the mouth of the stream, and found it blocked with canoes filled with natives. Dashing down upon them with loud shouts, they fled in every direction.

One dead man floating in the stream was the only result of the first fight on the Lualaba.

The day wore away and night came down, and silence and solitude rested on the forest stretching along the banks of the Ruigi, where he anxiously waited to hear musket-shots announcing the arrival of the land party. It was a long and painful night, and in the morning Uledi was sent to look for them. In the afternoon he brought them safe into camp. They had lost their way and been attacked, but no one was hurt.

A few days after, six abandoned canoes were found, and after being repaired, they were bound together and used as a floating hospital for the sick, the number of which had greatly increased. In attempting the descent of some rapids, four of the boats were upset, and their occupants attacked by natives; but the only loss was that of four Snider rifles. On the fourth of December they came to a long, straggling town, composed of huts only seven feet long by five wide, standing apart, yet connected by roofs—the intervening space covered, and common to the inhabitants of both the adjacent huts. It was, however, deserted, like the rest. This persistent desertion was almost as dispiriting as open hostility, and an evil fate seemed to hang over the expedition. The sickness kept increasing, and day after day all that broke the monotony of the weary

hours was the tossing over now and then dead bodies into the river. The land party presented a heart-broken appearance as they crawled, at night, laden with the sick and dying, into camp. At this place Stanley found an old, battered, abandoned canoe, capable of carrying sixty people. This he repaired, and added it to his floating hospital.

On the eighth of December they came to another large town, the inhabitants of which, in spite of all attempts to make peace, were determined to fight, and with fourteen canoes approached the bank on which the land party were encamped, and commenced shooting their arrows. This lasted for some time, when Stanley took the *Lady Alice* and dashed among them, pouring in at the same time such a close and deadly fire that they turned and fled.

At the next large village a fleet of canoes attacked the *Alice*, but by a bold dash, she reached the shore, where intrenchments were quickly thrown up. The natives, however, were persistent fighters, and they attacked the slender defences with desperate fury. They were the boldest fighters Stanley had as yet encountered in Africa; and, though he punished them severely, they kept up the attack, with short intervals between, for nearly two days. At last the appearance of Tippu-Tib along the bank with the land forces made them beat a retreat, which they did with a tremendous noise of horns and loud threats of venge-

ance. Out of the few with Stanley, four were killed and thirteen wounded, or seventeen out of forty—nearly half of the whole force. This showed the character of the fighting, and as the enemy advanced by hundreds, their loss must have been fearful.

But our hero played them a trick that night which took all their bravado out of them. Waiting till he thought they were asleep, he took the *Lady Alice*, and Frank Pocock a canoe, and, both with muffled oars, rowed up the river to find their camp. It was a rainy, dark, and windy night, and hence favorable to the enterprise he had in hand, and his movements were undiscovered. By the light of a fire on the bank he ascertained the location of the camp, and advancing cautiously saw some forty canoes drawn up on shore. Bidding Frank go down stream and lie to, to catch them as they floated down, he quietly cut them all adrift. They were all caught by Pocock, and by midnight were at Stanley's camp.

He knew that he now had them in his power, and so in the morning proceeded to their camp and made offers of peace, which they were glad to accept on the condition that their canoes were returned to them. This was agreed to, and blood-brotherhood made. Stanley, however, whose great need had been canoes, determined not to let all these slip through his hands, and he retained twenty-three.

It was in this portion of his journey that Stanley found a blacksmith's forge, upon which native workmen made axes, knives, and various other utensils from the native iron. Copper also seemed to be in abundance, and was used for rings, bracelets, and other ornaments. In one of the villages he found the streets ornamented with what appeared like human skulls. Upon questioning the natives, they declared that they were the skulls of the sokos, or apes, which they had eaten. He brought two of them home to England, where they were declared by Professor Huxley to be human.

They had travelled, thus far, almost due north, and as both he and Tippu-Tib had supposed the river to flow west into the Atlantic Ocean, the latter became discouraged and refused to go farther into the unknown country, covered with jungles and peopled by cannibals. So Stanley paid him off, giving him a draft for two thousand and six hundred dollars, an ass, a trunk, one hundred and fifty pounds of beads, sixteen thousand and three hundred shells, a revolver, two hundred pounds of ammunition, fifty pounds of brass wire, and thirty doti of cloth. He also divided among his followers about three hundred doti of cloth, and the Arab and all his company departed up the river.

The expedition was now well supplied with canoes, and Tippu-Tib had taken all his sick with him, thus

NATIVE OF UNYANEMBI.

leaving it in better marching condition. But it was a trying hour when his party floated slowly down past the Arab camp, which had been pitched below them, and heard the farewell chants of those who were to journey toward home. The leader was fearful of the influence of the parting upon his men, but, though their faces were sorrowful, no signs of mutiny or desertion appeared.

To encourage his men, he shouted cheerfully to them:

"Sons of Zanzibar, lift up your heads and be men. What is there to fear? Here we are all together, like one family, with hearts united, all strong with the purpose to reach our home. See this river, it is the road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? Strike your paddles deep, and cry out 'Bismillah!' and let us forward."

But the usual answering cheers were not given, and with solemn faces the men paddled onward still further into the unknown wilderness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

THE shores of the river, which Stanley had named the Livingstone, were thickly populated, but, with a few exceptions, the tribes refused to trade or to have any communication with the travellers; but instead, they attacked them furiously, crying out: "We want meat." "We will eat you." Tippu-Tib had left with Stanley two cannibals, whom he had captured, and these succeeded many times in conciliating the savages, who understood their language.

On the last day of the year, they were moving quietly down stream—the heavens bright above them, and the banks green beside them—when they suddenly heard the hated war-drum sound; and soon the canoes of the natives shot out from both shores, and for a moment a collision seemed inevitable; but the two cannibals shouted *Sennenneh!* "peace," so plaintively that they desisted, and the little fleet passed on unmolested. But the next day they met other boats, which advanced, their crews shouting: "We will eat you," but they were easily driven off. At

length they came to a peaceful tribe, from whom they obtained provisions.

Gathering such information as they could from the natives, they now continued on very quietly, when they were suddenly attacked by savages in canoes of immense size. One, eighty-five feet long, singled out the *Lady Alice* and made for it. The crew of the latter waited till it came within fifty feet, and then, pouring in a deadly volley, made a dash to run it down. The frightened crew, just before the collision, jumped overboard, leaving the big boat in the hands of Stanley.

Keeping on, after this little fight, they soon heard the roar of a cataract below. But while they were listening to the unwelcome sound, there suddenly rose over it the wild, shrill war-cries of the savages on both sides of the river. There was now no alternative but to fight; so a party was landed which attacked the enemy in the rear, while volley after volley was poured into their crowded ranks from the boat, and the enemy fled into the woods.

The next morning, however, they appeared in much larger numbers and attacked the camp. This fight was kept up for five hours. Two of Stanley's men were killed and ten wounded. A path was cut through the jungle, and all the canoes were carried two miles and safely launched again below the falls. Sweeping on down the river, which had now become

wide and rapid, they soon heard the roar of another cataract, and with the war-horns of the natives resounding on every side, a camp was made on an island in the middle of the stream.

The hostile natives on the island, filled with terror, escaped to the mainland. In the morning Stanley explored the island, and found it contained five villages, all now deserted—and in them such a variety of implements as showed that the inhabitants were adepts in the manufacture of all kinds of iron tools.

The river was full of islands, winding among which, day after day, Stanley often found to be the only means of escape from the persistent cannibals.

Whenever he landed and visited a village from which the inhabitants had fled, he would see human bones scattered around, flung aside like oyster shells.

The next day Stanley began to make preparations to get around the falls. The first thing was to clear himself of the savages that crowded the left bank and were ready to pounce on him any moment. So taking thirty-six men he led them through the bushes and drove the natives back to their villages, a mile distant, and, after a desperate struggle, out of them. He next cut a narrow path, three miles long, around the cataract. This was slow work, and, as haste was imperative, the men were kept at work all night, flaming torches lighting up the way and making the gloomy shadows of the strange forest deeper still.

Camps were distributed at short intervals along the route, and to the first of these the canoes were carried before daylight. The savages made a rush on them, but were driven back. At night another stretch of path was made, to which the canoes and baggage were hurried before the cannibals were astir in the morning. There was less hostility and the work went steadily on, and at last, after seventy-eight hours of unwearied labor and almost constant fighting, the river was again reached and the boats launched. This was January 14th, but though the river had been reached, new perils awaited the brave band.

There was a stretch of two miles of rapids that must be passed. After six canoes had been passed safely, one was upset, and one of its occupants, Zaidi, instead of swimming ashore, as the others did, clung to it, and was borne helplessly down to the cataract below. But on the very verge was a solitary rock on which the boat drifted and split—one part getting jammed fast. To this the poor wretch clung with the strength of despair, while all around leaped and whirled and roared the boiling water. Those on shore shrieked in agony, and Stanley was hastily sent for. He immediately set to work making a rope, in order to let down a boat to him by which he could be pulled ashore. But the rope was not strong enough, and snapped asunder as soon as the boat reached the heavy current just above the falls, and it

was whirled into the vortex below. Other and stronger ropes were then made, and another canoe brought up and three ropes lashed to it.

A couple of men would be needed to paddle and steer the boat so that it could reach the unfortunate wretch on his perilous perch, and volunteers were called for. But one glance at the wild and angry waves was enough, and no one responded. Stanley then appealed to their feelings, when the brave Uledi stepped forward and said: "I will go." Others of the crew followed, but only one was needed. The two stepped calmly into the boat and pushed off—watched with intense anxiety by those on shore. Reaching a certain distance above the falls, it drifted rapidly down toward them, guided by those holding two of the cables on shore. The third floated from the stern of the boat for the man on the rock to seize. After many attempts, it floated within his reach, but when he flung himself from the rock, he was borne over the edge of the falls. The strain was now so great that the shore cables broke, and away dashed the canoe toward what seemed certain destruction.

But Zaidi had held to the rope, and the canoe was thus dragged to the rock upon which he had been wrecked. Uledi and his companion pulled him out of the falls, and the three crouched together on the rock. A stone was now tied to about three hundred

THE PASSAGE AROUND THE FALLS.

feet of light cord, and, after many attempts, it was thrown within their reach. Then a stronger rope was attached and drawn out, and by this a still stronger one, but darkness came on, and the three men had to remain on their small perch all night. In the morning, however, they were all drawn safely ashore.

To get around this fall, a road three miles long had to be cut through the jungle. When this was accomplished and the canoes safely brought around and launched, a fleet of native canoes immediately gave battle. Stanley dashed through them, and landing on an island where this particular tribe lived, he kept the canoes at bay, while twenty of his men went to the villages and captured all the women and children and a large herd of sheep, and brought them into camp within view of the savages, who were so completely surprised at the movement that they stopped fighting at once, and sat in their canoes waiting to see their women and children massacred. Stanley, however, opened negotiations for peace, and as a result blood-brotherhood was declared, and the captive women, children, and sheep were restored.

On the morning after the fifth cataract was passed, the entire party found themselves enclosed in a strong net of cords, which extended completely around them on the land side. The river, however,

was open, and Stanley sent a party to attack the natives in the rear, and after waiting for them to get into position, the remaining men advanced to cut the nets, firing rapidly into the dense undergrowth. The savages turned and fled, but to their astonishment, met the enemy advancing on them by the road leading from their villages, and fled in every direction. Eight prisoners were, however, captured, and brought into camp. On being questioned, they confessed that they were after man-meat, and said that their tribe, which lived about a day's journey inland, ate their old men and women, and every stranger that fell into their hands.

They now kept down the river for several miles unmolested, and at length heard the sullen roar of the sixth cataract, and camped on the right bank, near an island covered with villages. Stanley ordered a stockade to be commenced immediately. But, before it was finished, the everlasting drum and horn pealed through the woods, and soon the savages were upon them. After a short fight they retreated, followed by Stanley's soldiers, to a large village, but there were only three or four old women in it, whom they brought into camp. In a short time a heavier force approached and made a furious attack, but were quickly driven back and two wounded men taken prisoners.

A part of the force was all this time cutting a path

around the cataract. The next morning they set to work with a will, and by noon had got safely around it. Stanley having wormed out of his captives all the information he could of the surrounding country and the various tribes that inhabit it, set them free. Passing some rapids, they came to a village, in which there was but a single old man, solitary and alone, and who had been there for several days. The next day they halted to repair the boats. The persistent course of the river, till within the last few days, to the north, and sometimes northeast, had troubled Stanley, and but for the immense volume of water that he knew had no eastern outlet, would have shaken his faith in its being the Congo. But, since he passed the last cataract he noticed that it gradually deflected to the northwest, and now its course was almost due west, and had become a majestic stream, more than a mile in width.

After passing through enchanting scenery, the roar of the seventh and last cataract was heard. The precipitous fall of such a large body of water makes a terrific noise that can be heard miles away. But, however beautiful the scenery and grand the spectacles presented by the falls, their appearance, one after the other, filled Stanley's men with consternation. Each one, in its turn, presented a well-nigh insurmountable obstacle. Its passage involved immense labor and fierce fighting with savage cannibals.

But they were now on their way to the ocean, and more determined than ever. Approaching as near to the falls as safety would permit, the expedition camped in a dense forest. The war-drums and horns were heard on every side, calling the warriors from their numerous villages, and before intrenchments could be completed the naked savages were upon them. The camp was well defended by the now well-trained musketeers, and at sunset the natives withdrew.

The next morning the camp was roused at daybreak and they pushed on to a point nearer the falls, so that preparations for its passage could be made before the expected attack. Everything being made secure, they waited for the attack to begin, but, no enemy appearing, Stanley sent out scouts to ascertain what they were about. They brought back word that no savages were to be seen. On advancing to the villages Stanley found, to his astonishment, that they were all deserted. Why or whither they had fled was a profound mystery. Here was a town or cluster of villages, each with four or five streets running through it, and capable of containing two thousand inhabitants, deserted in a single night. The silence of death reigned over it.

An observation was taken here, and it was found that they were fifteen minutes north of the equator. The river was contracted to less than one-third of its

breadth a short distance above, and hence flowed with a power and strength that can hardly be conceived. Crowded together, the waters struggled and leaped, and tore onward with a wildness and fury like the Niagara River below the falls. Baskets were found, tied to long poles, set to catch fish. They emptied some of these, and found in them about thirty fish, of a different species from any known in our waters, showing that they had got among savages who did not wholly depend on human flesh for subsistence in the way of meat. They showed, also, in their villages and houses, and various implements and articles of household furniture, that they were in advance of the cannibals above them. At the same time they seemed more alert, fearless, and determined.

The carry around these falls was not interrupted, and the immense labor of transporting so many boats and so much baggage along a rough-cut path was cheerfully performed. But the very next day, while congratulating themselves on the changed condition of things, they saw a large number of canoes approaching, and soon a musket-shot rang over the water and one of Stanley's men fell.

A new peril now threatened them—they found the natives armed with Portuguese muskets. Though it was a sure sign that they were approaching the coast, it showed, also, that hereafter it was to be fire-arms against fire-arms, not rifles against spears and arrows;

and, if the natives continued hostile, the destruction of the expedition seemed certain with such odds against it. Heretofore in every combat the men picked up a number of native shields, almost as big as doors, which they preserved. In battle, the women and children would hold these before the soldiers, which was the chief reason why there had been so few casualties when fighting from the boats; but if bullets hereafter were to be fired, these would be of no use.

But after an hour's fighting the hostile canoes withdrew and the expedition passed on. The next day they saw a huge elephant on one of the numerous islands, but Stanley was not tempted to try a shot. For two days no enemies appeared, but on the thirteenth of February a cluster of villages suddenly came into view, the war-drums sounded, and canoes filled with warriors swiftly approached. Upon coming near, however, they seemed dumb-founded at sight of the two white men, and sat for a while and stared, and then followed the expedition in silence for a few miles. Then one of them fired and killed one of Stanley's Arabs. In an instant the boats were wheeled, and so deadly a volley was fired that the savages retreated.

The next day, as they quietly floated down the river, canoe after canoe shot out from the shore filled with gayly decorated savages, till a whole fleet

of them was in pursuit. Stanley ordered his men to cease paddling and wait their approach, determined,

A DRUMMER OF THE UPPER CONGO.

if possible, to make peace. But while he was standing up, holding out cloth and wire and making peaceful gestures, the crew of one canoe fired into his boat, wounding three men.

There was nothing left now to do but to fight, and soon the crash of fire-arms awoke the echoes of the forest-covered shores. The men had raised their shields, and to their joy found them a perfect protection, as the enemy fired bits of iron and copper, that could not penetrate them any more than the native arrows. As the fight went on, other canoes arrived, until Stanley counted sixty-three of them, which he estimated carried five guns apiece, which would make three hundred and fifteen to his forty-four—such odds that if they had been loaded with bullets, the expedition would have doubtless ended then and there.

But the ammunition of the savages was evidently bad, and their aim worse; so little damage was done to the party, which was finally permitted to go on its way. For three more days it was unmolested, and then it reached Ikengo, where friendly natives were found.

Here Stanley held a market, to which the chiefs and the people were invited. Trade was brisk, and before night he had a bountiful supply of sheep, goats, bananas, flour, sweet potatoes, and various tropical fruits, for which he exchanged cloth and beads and wire. The men revelled in the unexpected abundance, and hope and joy again took the place of gloom and discontent.

After a rest, which was sadly needed, the journey

was resumed. On the twenty-seventh of February they came to some fishermen, of Chumbiri, who were friendly and without the least distrust. They directed the expedition to a good camping place, and then hurried away to tell their king of the arrival of strangers. They soon returned with presents of food and a message that he would visit them on the next day.

The visit was paid, and the King of Chumbiri was found to be very hospitable and sociable. He invited the whole party to his village, where they were entertained for a week in a style quite regal. Stanley describes the women of Chumbiri as of a brown complexion, with large eyes, fine forms, and quite pretty. All of the King's wives wear great collars of brass. When Stanley was ready to proceed, the King gave him an escort of forty-five men, in three canoes, under the command of his eldest son, who was directed to accompany the expedition as far as what is now known as Stanley Pool.

That night two pythons were killed in camp, one of them as it was about to embrace a woman in its folds. But Stanley informs us that "it measured only thirteen feet six inches in length, and fifteen inches round the thickest part of the body."

After their generous treatment by the King of Chumbiri, the men looked forward to a peaceful ending of their long journey; but they were to be disap-

pointed. On February 9th they went ashore to cook breakfast. The women were busily engaged in pre-

A BOATMAN OF THE UPPER CONGO.

paring it, when they were startled by loud musket shots, and six of the men fell. They were taken completely by surprise, but springing to their guns, they

dashed into the woods, and a fierce fight followed, which lasted an hour. It was one incessant crack of musketry, each one sheltering himself as best he could. The savages were finally driven off, but not until they had wounded fourteen of Stanley's men. This was the sharpest fight he had had yet, and if it was a prelude to what was to follow, the expedition would soon consist of nothing but wounded men.

This was the thirty-second fight of the expedition, but fortunately it was the last, though conflict at several points was only avoided by keeping as far as possible from the villages.

CHAPTER XXV.

MORE CATARACTS.

PASSING down the river, between lofty and picturesque hills, the expedition came to a place where it abruptly widened to about two miles. The men at once termed this portion of the river a "pool," and Frank Pocock christened it the "Stanley Pool."

On the left shore of the pool were a number of large villages of friendly people, but the expedition kept close to the right shore, which was inhabited by the wild Bateké, who were said to be cannibals. But one of their chiefs, Makoneh by name, proved to be "a bluff, hearty, genial soul," who was anxious to serve the visitors in every possible way, and he kindly offered to guide them to the great cataract a few miles below. He conducted them almost to the very verge of the falls, to a good landing on the left bank near the village of the famous chief Itsi, of Ntamo.

The interview with Itsi is worth recording. He visited the camp in a large canoe, carrying eighty-six persons. Among them were several gray-haired

STANLEY FALLS.

men, one of whom was introduced to Stanley as the King. The others laughed heartily when they heard the introduction, but Stanley sat down with the venerable person in amicable conversation, while a young native and Frank seemed to strike up a warm friendship for each other, or at least the native for Frank, judging by the way he pressed presents on him.

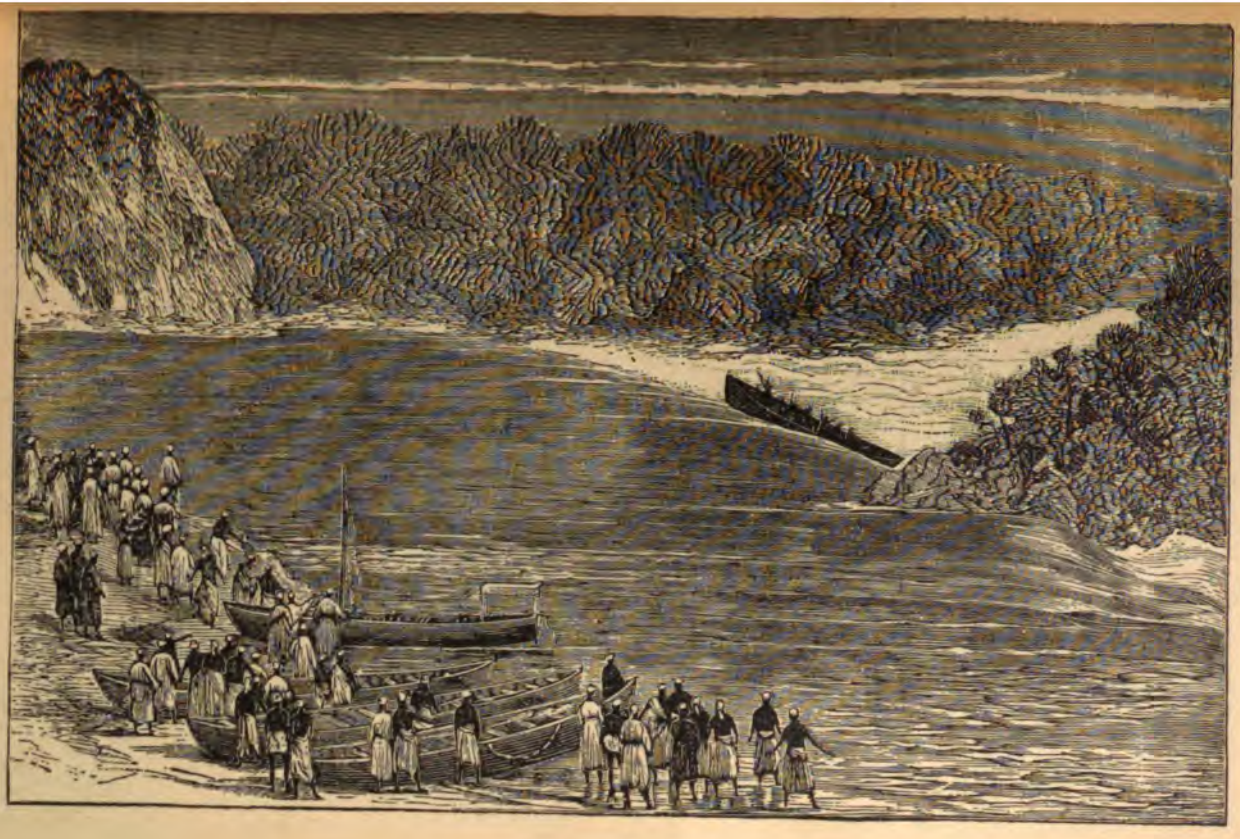
It seemed strange to Stanley that the young savage should give twice as much to Frank as the King gave to him, but it now came out that this young man was the King, and the aged man Stanley had been conversing with, one of his counsellors. Stanley at once changed his attention, and asked him what present would please him. The royal young savage had been looking about at the various things in camp, and seeing a very large goat, told Stanley that he wished "big goat." Now this happened to be the last thing the latter wished to part with. A lady in England had requested him to bring back a goat of this very breed, and he had purchased several, together with a "lion-like" ram in Manyema, and this was the only goat that had survived the journey of eleven hundred miles.

He therefore endeavored to bribe the young king by doubling the other presents he had prepared. But he insisted that he would have the "big goat." Stanley then offered to give him an ass instead. At this the savage seemed to hesitate. The donkey was

very desirable, but at this critical moment the women showed such fear of the ass that he would not take him. Other tempting offers were made, but nothing would do but the "big goat," and as Stanley was short of provisions (the men having squandered those the King of Chumbiri had given them), he reluctantly turned over the big goat, and the young king departed highly delighted. The next day he returned, bringing three ordinary goats in exchange and some provisions. Soon the kings or chiefs of other neighboring tribes came in, bringing fruit, and treaties of amity were made with all. The one with Itsi was quite ceremonious. Among other things, he gave Stanley a white powder as a charm against evil, in return for which the latter, with all due gravity, presented him with a half-ounce vial full of magnesia as the white man's charm.

It took the party four days to get the canoes over the steep hills, and around four miles of falls and rapids, at this point. Then, after a short stretch of smooth water, it took three days of hard labor, under the broiling sun, to carry the canoes nearly a mile across a rocky point. In some places wooden tramways were laid, and rollers used to move the heavy canoes. The men were badly bruised among the rocks, and Stanley himself fell into a chasm thirty feet deep, but without serious injury.

After passing the "Rocky Falls," two men, who had



DEATH OF KALULU.

been sent forward to explore the river, returned and reported another cataract about a mile below, with a sandy bay, that would make a good camping place, at its head. Stanley determined to reach it before dark, and so, manning his remaining seventeen canoes, he led the way, hugging the shore, so as not to get into the suction of the water above the falls. All were told to follow him, and by no means to venture out into the middle of the stream. Keeping close to the right bank, he felt his way carefully onward, and at last floated into the tranquil bay at the head of the fall.

Three canoes followed him, and as he was waiting for the others to come in, he saw, to his horror, the largest canoe he had in midstream, and coming down like a race-horse. Kalulu had charge of this, and deceived by the smooth, glassy surface of the stream, pulled out into midcurrent. The moment he was caught by it his doom and that of the four men with him was sealed. There was nothing to be done by those on shore but to watch the swiftly-gliding boat till it shot over the edge of the falls to disappear in the tumult below. Three of the men were Stanley's especial favorites, and he felt their loss keenly.

While his eye was yet resting on the spot where they had gone down, another canoe shot in sight, driving straight for the falls. Fortunately, they struck them at the least dangerous point, and went over safely, then skilfully working the canoe toward

the opposite shore, sprang overboard and swam to land. Stanley immediately despatched his boat's crew up-stream to tell the rest to hug the shore, and in no case to venture out into the stream. Before they reached the canoes, another one, with only the lad Soudi in it, shot by, who cried out, as he was borne swiftly onward, "There is but one God—I am lost, master," and next moment dropped out of sight.

After a day's rest, they took canoes and baggage around the falls, and on the first of April again encamped.

In the afternoon, to their surprise and joy, young Soudi walked into camp. He had a strange story to tell. He was borne helplessly down the rapids, confused and dizzy, till at last the boat drifted against a rock, when he jumped out and got on shore. Before he had time to think where he was, he was seized from behind and pinioned, and borne to the top of a mountain by two men, who stripped and examined him with great curiosity. The next day several of the tribe came to see him, one of whom had been in Stanley's camp when King Itsi visited it, and he told them such terrible stories about Stanley and of his gun that could shoot all day, that they became frightened and took him back to the place where they had found him, and told him to speak well of them. The other two men swam across the river a mile below, and also joined the camp.

Another brief rest, and again they were in the dangerous currents. When the rapids were not too dangerous, the boats were taken through them, sometimes being guided or held back by cables stretched to the shore, and held by a party under Pocock. But the cliffs were high and ragged, and frequently the cables broke, and the boats were saved from destruction only by strong hands guided by the cool judgment of the leader.

This once happened to the *Lady Alice.* The shore cables parted and the boat dashed madly into the foaming torrent, to what seemed to his followers certain destruction. But by the heroic efforts of his crew, under his masterly guidance, the boat shot safely through two miles of the rapids, and landing, he immediately sent messengers back to his despairing camp to tell them he was safe. He knew, and they knew, that all their lives hung on his. He had had a narrow escape, and the natives on shore, as they watched his boat flung about like a cockle-shell in the boiling surge, looked upon him as lost.

If Stanley wanted any new proof of the affection of his Arabs for him, he had it now. When the message was received from him that he was alive and safe, they streamed forth in one confused mass, and hastening down the river, came in a long, straggling line in sight of Stanley, waving their arms on high, and overwhelming him with their expressions of glad

joy. This involuntary outburst of feeling and gratitude that their "master" was safe was exceedingly gratifying to him.

His camp was now near the great falls made by Nikenke River, which came tumbling into the Livingstone from a precipice one thousand feet high, with a terrific roar. Almost as near, another tributary dashed over a ledge four hundred feet high, while just above was the wild rapids he had just passed, and just below another stretch of swift and tumbling water. The din of these surrounding cataracts made a fearful, strange music in his ears as he lay in his tent and wondered what further mysteries and dangers the river had in store for him.

The natives could give very little or no information as to the character of the river below, and so frequent explorations in advance had to be made. The rapids continued, at short intervals, from the middle of March to the latter part of April, and for thirty-seven consecutive days their progress averaged less than a mile a day. At length, on the twenty-second of April, they came to the cataract called by the natives Inkisi, and which Stanley believed to be the last of the falls to which he had given the name of "Livingstone."

As they had proceeded down the river, food had become higher in price, and there was danger that their stock of goods would become exhausted. At

Inkisi, the price of a chicken was four yards of cloth. So they purchased as little as possible from the natives, and lived chiefly upon cassava, peanuts, yams, and green bananas.

"At this period," says Stanley, "we were all extremely liable to disease, for our systems were impoverished. Four of my people suffered from chronic dysentery, and eight from large and painful ulcers; the itch disease was rabid—about a dozen of the men were fearful objects of its virulence, though they were not incapacitated from duty—and there were two victims of a low fever which no medicine seemed to relieve."

TATTOOED WOMAN.

His shoes were badly worn, and Frank Pocock was wearing sandals made from his old portmanteaus. Several times he discovered Frank with his feet bare, and he scolded him "for shamelessly exposing his white feet to the vulgar gaze of the aborigines—for there is a small modicum of superiority shown even in clothing the feet." "Not only on moral grounds," says he, "did

I urge him to cover his feet, but also for his own comfort and health," for the country, "besides abounding in ants, mosquitoes, and vermin, is infested with three dangerous insects, which prey upon the lower limbs of man—the 'jigga' from Brazil, the guinea-worm, and an entozoon which, depositing its eggs in the muscles, produces a number of short, fat worms and severe tumors. I also discovered, from the examples in my own camp, that the least abrasion of the skin was likely, if not covered, to result in an ulcer. My own person testified to this, for an injury to the thumb of my left hand, injured by a fall on the rocks, had culminated in a painful wound, which I daily cauterized; but, though bathed, burned, plastered, and bandaged twice a day, I had been at this time a sufferer for over a month."

Pocock's feet were, at this time, badly ulcerated, and it was painful for him to use them.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE DEATH OF FRANK POCOCK.

THE table-land at Inkisi Falls is a thousand feet high, but all the boats were safely taken over it, a feat that filled the natives with astonishment. On the way down from the table-land he passed through a forest of magnificent trees, and he resolved to build some new canoes, of which they were greatly in need. Accordingly trees were felled, and three large dug-outs were made, each capable of carrying more than forty persons.

After a halt of seven days at Mowa, an advance was made to the neighborhood of the great cataract of the series, that of Massassa. Stanley proceeded alone in advance of the expedition to secure a suitable camping-ground, and to prepare the natives of the locality for the appearance of the main body of the force. Strict injunctions to proceed with the greatest care along the dangerous route were given to the men in charge of the boats, and the anxious commander had taken up a position upon the Zuiga Point, about a hundred yards from the great cata-

ract, to watch for the arrival of the fleet, at a fixed point above the foaming cascade. To his horror and amazement he suddenly perceived a capsized canoe, with several men clinging to it, rolling and tumbling about in the angry waves.

Help was instantly sent down to the shore, and strenuous efforts were made to succor the drowning men. The wrecked crew at once flung themselves into the surf and struck out for the bank, upon which their terror-stricken comrades awaited them ; but the unfortunate craft swept onward with arrow-like speed, and, dashing over the precipice into the great whirlpools below, was seen no more. At the same moment, Kachéché, a faithful police officer of the expedition, rushed breathlessly up to the leader, crying, "Three are lost, and one of them is the Little Master."

"The Little Master?" gasped Stanley; "surely not the Little Master?"

But it was true, and inquiry brought out the following account:

On account of his feet, Frank had been taken into the canoe, which had drifted into the rapid current before the crew had realized their danger. Uledi, ever alert, had been the first to hear the dread roar of the rapids, and he had warned Pocock that an attempt to shoot the falls would meet with certain death.

"I don't believe this place is as bad as you say it is. The noise is not like that of the fall which we have passed, and I feel sure if I went to look at it myself that I would soon find a way," said Frank.

"Well, if you doubt me, send Mpwapwa and Shamari and Mazoutt to see, and if they say there is a road, I will try it if you command me."

Then Frank sent off two of these to examine, and their report was that the place was quite impassable by water.

Laughing at their fears, Frank said: "I knew what you would say. The Wangwana are always cowardly in the water; the least little ripple has, before this, been magnified into a great wave. If I had only four white men with me I would soon show you whether we could pass it or not."

"Little Master," said the coxswain, sadly, "neither white men nor black men can go down this river alive; and I do not think it right that you should say that we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know me better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the number of lives I have saved on this river. How then can you say, master, I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, others do," said Frank.

"Neither are they nor am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in a canoe. I have only

to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death—and it is death to go down this cataract."

Turning to the crew, Uledi then said: "Boys, our little master is sorry that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract; but come, let us show him that the black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once."

"Who can contend with his fate?"

"Our fate is in the hands of God."

"Enough; take your seats," Uledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank.

"Bismillah (In the name of God)! Let go the rocks, and shove off," cried the coxswain.

"Bismillah!" replied the men, as they pushed off from the rocks.

They were soon amongst the fearful waters, plunging headlong through the billowy foam. The canoe began to fill as the waves leaped over it, and with a desperate cry of, "Hold on to the canoe, my men; seize a rope each one," Pocock rose to battle with the murderous flood. But it was too late. The helpless craft rolled over into the frightful abyss of waters, and the drowning form of the Englishman was seen drifting over the crest of the breakers, and Frank Pocock was seen no more.

The news soon spread, and the natives for miles around came to weep with the "white chief who had

lost his brother." And, surely, Stanley had need of sympathy, at this time, for the loss of his only white companion, his faithful friend, who had shared his dangers and trials for thirty-four months, was almost unbearable. It is difficult indeed for us to understand his feeling of utter desolation as he gazed upon Frank's empty tent and realized that he was now alone in a land that had never before been trod by the foot of a white man.

To make his situation worse, a spirit of mutiny once more seized upon the members of the exploring party, and they said they preferred to be slaves to the heathen about them, rather than follow their white commander any longer, for was he not leading them all to death? The dismal legends of the people about the cataracts had infected the superstitious minds of the men, and they looked with horror upon the prospect of once more battling with the dread spirits of the "Falls." The whole band was called together, and each member requested to state his grievance or describe his wrongs. "We are tired," said the panic-stricken wanderers, "and death is in the river; we are not going to work any more; we have no strength."

"I am hungry too, and have no strength left," said Stanley. "I am so tired and sorry that I could gladly lie down and die. Do what you will; but while you stay with me, I follow this river until I

come to a point where it is known. If you don't stay with me, I still will cling to the river, and will die in it."

A number of the men actually left the camp, but after much parleying were induced to return. Two large canoes and a most useful man were lost while getting to the basin below Zinga. He had made but three miles in thirty days, but pluckily he faced the dangers to come. The presence of European tools and utensils among the natives assured him that he was approaching the coast, but how far it was away, no man could tell him.

Many times his life had been almost miraculously preserved, when in the greatest jeopardy; but his safety, at all times, depended upon his coolness of judgment, and his quickness in resource. A few miles up the river he was seen by the natives making an entry in his note-book, and at once the drums beat and the tribes were called together to destroy him. Upon asking the reason of their sudden warlike attitude, he was told that they had come to fight him for bewitching their country by making the marks on the tara-tara (paper), and that he must burn it at once. The book contained the records of his entire journey and its destruction was not to be thought of. But the alternative was plainly the destruction of his entire party.

Promising to do as they wished, he went to his

tent and brought out an old copy of *Shakespeare*, which was similar to his note-book, and consigned it to the flames, whereat there was great rejoicing, and the pledges of friendship were renewed.

On the sixth of July, the end of the cruel chasm was reached, and guides were secured to conduct the expedition to the Njali Ntombo Mataka Falls, which they said were the last on the river. These were reached on the sixteenth, and the willing natives conveyed the entire fleet in safety to the foot of the falls. These people Stanley describes as "the politest people in Africa." They cheerfully accompanied the flotilla down the river for some miles, out of sheer sympathy and good-will for the white man who had treated them so kindly and rewarded them for their willing services so liberally.

The end of these dark years of toil and suffering was now approaching. The sea was not far off, and when Stanley cheered on his weakened and depressed followers with the tidings that away yonder to the west, at no great distance, lay the great ocean which they were seeking, Safen, the coxswain of the *Lady Alice*, entirely lost his reason, so excited had he become with the joyful news. Throwing himself at the feet of his leader, he cried out, "Ah, master! El hamnd ul Illah! We have reached the sea! We are home! We are home! We are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and

accursed savages! I am about to run all the way to the sea, to tell your brothers you are coming." The poor fellow at once plunged into the forest, and although diligent and anxious search was made for him, he was never found.

Beautiful and impressive scenery surrounded the party on every side—marvellous and ever-changing combination of sky and cloud, and river and forest—but food there was none. Along the deep glens and wooded ravines, or upon the red banks of the mighty river, the famished wanderers looked in vain for something to stay the pangs of hunger, which maddened them at times, and caused them to drift silently and sullenly over the tawny flood with bowed heads and sunken eyes, their knees bent with weakness, and their frames no longer rigid with the vigor of youth and life and the fire of devotion to duty.

With shrunken limbs, sallow and gaunt features, and dilapidated garments, the miserable remnant of the noble band of ardent men who set out from the shores of the Indian Ocean, trudged on with an intense longing to look at last upon the great western sea.

The natives along the banks were friendly, though difficulties were constantly arising from the thieving propensities of the Arabs. Two were seized by the natives, and Stanley had nearly to bankrupt himself

to redeem them, on which he gave the men a talk, and told them plainly that this was positively the last time he would redeem a single prisoner seized for theft, nor would he resort to force.

But now the perishing men could no longer be restrained, and they rambled over the country like ravenous animals in search of food. Uledi brought one man in on his shoulders, whom he had with great difficulty rescued from the hands of the infuriated natives, after a sharp contest. Three others had been captured, and were left to their fate. One of these, named Kiboga, afterward escaped and made his way to Loando, and was given a free passage by steamer to Cape Town, and from there to Zanzibar on the steamer *Kaffir*. This steamer was wrecked soon after leaving port, and in an account of the disaster the *Cape Times* of February 19, 1878, said:

"On the rocks were some natives of Zanzibar. Among them was the man who had gone through Africa with Stanley. This man was supposed to have been drowned with four others. But early in the morning he was found very snugly lying under a tent made of a blanket, with a roaring fire before him. Of all the wrecked people that night, there was no one who had been more comfortable than Stanley's Arab. The power of resource and the genius of the master had evidently been imparted in some degree to the man."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SEA AT LAST.

THE cataract of Isangila was safely passed on July 30th, and as provisions were ruinously dear, a handful of ground-nuts costing a necklace of beads, and cowries being of no market value whatever, the order was given to press steadily forward. Boma was now only five days' journey distant. It was decided to leave the river, and make for the settlement of the white men overland. "Allah!" shouted the delighted men. "God is good!"

Double rations were delivered to every man, woman, and child in the column; but the long-suffering people gained little by the liberality of their leader, for there was nothing in this famine-stricken country to buy. Stores of all kinds, which were no longer of use, were distributed to the members of the little band, and their hearts were made glad by rich gifts of iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire, bags of clothing, blankets, waterproofs, and in fact the entire impedimenta of the expedition. Still no wholesome food could be obtained. Bitter cassava,

SHOOTING THE LAST RAPIDS.

a few ground-nuts, or a bunch of bananas were offered by the greedy natives in return for the valuable articles which the Wangwana had to give.

At sunset the *Lady Alice* was drawn out of the water to the top of some rocks, and abandoned forever. To Stanley it was like leaving a friend behind. The boat had been his companion for nearly three years. It had carried him over the waters of the lakes, dashed at his bidding among hostile canoes, rocked him to sleep amid the storms, bore him in safety over foaming cataracts, and now it must be left ignobly to rot in the wilds of Africa.

On the first of August the famished, weary column took up its line of march toward the sea—the mothers carrying infants that had been born amid the cataracts, and the larger children trudging slowly after. Forty of the one hundred and fifteen were sick, and though it was painful to travel, they were cheered by the promise that in four or five days they should once more look on the sea, toward which their longing hearts had been turned for so many weary months.

The old men and the children suffered terribly, but the younger men helped their aged companions, and the fathers shouldered their children and trudged on through the bleak and desolate land. A mile from Mwato Wandu, as the file of disconsolate travellers drew near one of the villages, the old

chief appeared, followed by fifty men, all armed with guns, and demanded tribute of the wayfarers.

"Know you I am King of this country?" said he, addressing Stanley in excited tones.

"I knew it not, my brother," was the mild reply.

"I am the King, and how can you pass through my country without paying me?"

"Speak, my friend; what is it that the Mundelé can give you?"

"Rum. I want a big bottle of rum, and then you can pass on."

"Rum?"

"Yes, rum; for I am the King of this country!"

"Rum!" replied Stanley, wonderingly.

"Rum, rum is good. I love rum," said the old toper, with a horrible leer.

Uledi at that moment stepped forward, saying, "What does this old man want, master?"

"He wants rum, Uledi. Think of it."

"There's rum for him," he said, giving his Majesty a sound slap upon his face, of such force that the King fell to the ground from his stool, and having regained his feet made off with his warriors as fast as his legs could carry him back to his village. On August 4th, the party encamped at Nsanda, and the following letter was despatched by messengers to the coast, addressed "To any gentleman who speaks English at Embomma."

"DEAR SIR: I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar with one hundred and fifteen souls, men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased except on market-days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to despatch three of my young men, natives of Zanzibar, with a boy named Robert Feruzi, of the English mission at Zanzibar, with this letter craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told that there is an Englishman at Embomma, and, as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in a letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress, but, if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma in four days. I want three hundred cloths each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with, which is very different from that we have; but better than all would be ten or fifteen man-loads of rice or grain to fill their pinched bellies immediately, as, even with the cloths, it would require time to purchase food, and starving men cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I

hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief, and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you, on my own behalf, that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of supplies for my people. Until that time, I beg you to believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"H. M. STANLEY,

"*Commanding Anglo-American Expedition for Exploration of Africa.*

"P. S.—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person that discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S."

The letter was copied in Spanish and French, and Uledi volunteered to accompany the native bearers. "Oh, master, don't talk any more," said the generous fellow; "I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard." "And I am one," said Kachéché. "Leave us alone, master, if there are white men at Embomma, we will find them out. We will walk and walk, and when we cannot walk we will crawl." The messengers

left the camp, and the expedition moved slowly on, with nothing but a few nuts to eat.

SLAVE GIRL—LOWER CONGO.

Coming to a village, the chief demanded payment for passing through his country, and armed his followers; but on Stanley threatening to destroy every man in the place, his rage subsided, he shook hands,

and peace was made and sealed by a drink of palm wine and the promise of a bottle of rum.

In the mean while, Uledi and his companions pressed swiftly on, but when about half-way, the guides, becoming frightened, deserted them. Unable to obtain others, they resolved to follow the Congo. All day long they pressed steadily forward, and just after sunset reached Boma, or Embomma, and delivered the letter. The poor fellows had not tasted food for thirty hours, and were well-nigh famished. They soon had abundance, and the next morning, while Stanley was leading on his bloated, haggard, half-starved, staggering men, women, and children, Uledi started back with carriers loaded down with provisions.

On August 6th the caravan was suddenly startled by the shrill cry of a lad, who said, "Oh! I see Uledi and Kachéché coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"

"What! what! what!" cried the people, as they rushed out from the tall grass to gaze at the distant hill-side.

"Yes, it is true! it is true! La il il Allah! Yes, it is food! food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! he is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!"

The sacks were opened, and soon the famished crowd, with apron and bowl and utensil, bore away

the rice, sweet potatoes, and fish in triumph to their huts and tents.

Clad in new flowing robes of white, on August 9, 1877, just nine hundred and ninety-nine days after leaving Zanzibar, the expedition was met by the four European traders of Boma, who had come out to meet the illustrious traveller, and to do all that could be done for him and his followers.

A passage was taken for the whole party from hospitable Boma to Ponta da Lenha, and on to the sea, where Stanley was at once offered a passage for his faithful Zanzibari on board the Portuguese gunboat *Tamega.* On their arrival at Loanda, the brave fellows were trans-shipped to H. M. S. *Industry,* and safely conveyed to Cape Town. Stanley had resolved to see them back to their island home, and at Cape Town he was most graciously received by Commodore Sullivan, whose guest he remained at the Admiralty House, while preparations were made by the courteous admiral for the transport of the entire force and its leader to Zanzibar.

On the eighth of November, the *Industry* sailed out of Simon's Bay amid the cheers of the blue-jackets and the best wishes of the hosts of warm friends that Stanley had made during his brief stay at the Cape. Fourteen days after, the palm groves and bright green hill slopes of Zanzibar were sighted, and the people, now robust, bright, and

happy, looked out with delight upon their pleasant island home.

As soon as the keel of the *Industry* touched the beach, the happy fellows, with their wives and little ones, sprang down the sides of the ship, and threw themselves upon the white sands, and poured out their thanks to Allah. The news rang along the beach, "It is Bwana Stanley's expedition that has returned." Wages were paid, the relatives of the dead martyrs to science whose bones were bleaching upon the banks of the far-off river were consoled and compensated for their losses, and on the thirteenth of December, 1877, Stanley took passage on board the British India steamer *Pachumba* for Aden and home. A magnificent welcome was given to the intrepid explorer of the Congo, and high honors were conferred upon him by several governments and by the learned societies of the world.

No one can dispute that he richly deserved these honors, for he had performed one of the most daring marches on record—traced out, foot by foot, one of the largest lakes of Central Africa, followed the mightiest river, which, from the creation, had been wrapped in mystery, from its source to its mouth, and made a new map of the "*Dark Continent.*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CONGO FREE STATE.

DURING the time that Stanley, with heroic fortitude, was pressing westward to the Atlantic, along the course of the Congo, in the face of obstacles formidable enough to daunt the bravest heart, a growing interest in Central African affairs was manifesting itself both in Europe and America. The attention of the civilized world had been powerfully drawn to the resources and capacities of the one million three hundred thousand square miles of well-watered and productive country, with its population of fifty millions, which the brilliant discoveries of Burton, Speke, Livingstone, and others had revealed and brought to the light of day.

In 1876 "The International African Association" was established, under the auspices of the Belgian monarch, Leopold II., who in the autumn of that year brought together at Brussels a remarkable gathering of geographical and scientific notabilities, for the discussion of a plan to secure for Inner Equatorial Africa the advantages of civilization, and the

benefits of unrestricted and legitimate commerce. It was decided by the conference to open up a safe and direct highway through the heart of the continent, the security and free passage of which would be maintained by means of a chain of well-furnished "hospitable and scientific stations" established at intervals along the road from the east coast to Ujiji and the great lake district of the remote interior. The efforts of this association met with speedy success, and before the end of 1880 an excellent route had been secured for the passage of caravans and the transit of merchandise from Zanzibar to Tanganyika Lake.

The results of Stanley's explorations led to the formation of a distinct branch of this Association for the purpose of opening up the Upper Congo region. As soon as Stanley had arrived at Marseilles, on his way home, he was met by Belgian commissioners, with a request that he would take command of an expedition to the Congo. Worn out as he was, he was obliged to decline. But after he had rested and given to the world an account of his trip across Africa, in his magnificent work *Through the Dark Continent*, the offer was again made and accepted, and in January, 1879, he was on his way again to Zanzibar to engage his men.

Two steamers were secured: the *Albion* of Leith, which was to proceed to the east coast and convey the leader and his band of Zanzibaris round by the

Suez Canal and the Atlantic to the Congo; and the *Barga*, which was to make direct for Banana Point, with officers for the stations; engineers for the river craft; portable sheds, houses, huts for the native bearers; wagons, boats, and steamers and machinery in sections; stores, arms, and ammunition.

Instructions were sent out to Mr. Albert Jung, whom Stanley had previously met in London, and who resided, as chief of the largest factory on the Congo, at Banana Point, to hire a large body of Kroo boys, to be ready to act as porters and stevedores at the various landing-places up the river, and to receive with all due hospitality and to provide for the various officers and passengers of the *Barga*, and to store her freight pending the arrival of Stanley.

Meanwhile the *Albion* was pushing on to Zanzibar, where Stanley had first to inquire into the fate of, and send relief and stores to, the first expedition of the International African Association, which had fallen into the toils of the mendacious Mirambo somewhere west of Unyanyembe.

This done, he secured a strong band of seventy men for the ascent of the Congo (many of whom had already crossed the continent with him), and the *Albion* steamed for the west coast.

On August 14th, exactly twelve months after emerging at the mouth of the river a broken-spirited and desolate wanderer, Stanley entered once more

the harbor of Banana Point, the chief trading-station on the northern bank of the estuary of the Congo.

Here, for his use in the Upper Congo, were four screw steamers, the largest sixty-five feet in length; two steel lighters, one forty and the other sixty feet long; and a wooden whale-boat, thirty-three feet in length. After a week spent in preparation, the fleet started.

Boma was reached the next day, and a short distance above this trading-station, at a place called Mussuka, was established a depot for the storage of the supplies, which amounted to six hundred tons. From this point, the *Albion* was sent back to England, being of too heavy draft for the river. Stanley went on to select a place for the next station, and he fixed upon Vivi, a rocky plateau three hundred and forty-three feet above the level of the river.

Here he had to make terms with the chiefs, and a big "palaver" was held under the shadow of a friendly tree. Massala, a "lingster of Chinsella village," had collected the five chiefs of the district, and the talk began with an address as follows:

"We, the big chiefs of Vivi"—a territory of twenty square miles in extent—"are glad to see the Mundelé. If the Mundelé has any wish to settle in our country, as Massala informs us, we shall welcome him, and will be great friends with him. Let the Mundelé speak his mind freely."

To which Stanley replied, "I am glad to hear you speak so kindly of the white man. I do not want

MARKET WOMAN—UPPER CONGO.

much to-day. I want to build my houses, for I am about to build many, either here or elsewhere. I want ground enough, if I can get it, to make gardens and fields. Vivi is not good for that unless I go far

up; but what I do get, I want for myself and people, and the right to say what white man shall come near me. At Boma the chiefs have cut the ground up small; there is no room for me. I want plenty of room, and that is why I have come up here. I want to go inland, and must have the right to make roads wherever it is necessary, and all men that pass by those roads must be allowed to pass without interruption."

After considering it for a night, the chiefs agreed to give Stanley the land for thirty-two pounds and an additional two pounds per month. Stanley thought the terms exorbitant, but as they were the best he could then get, he accepted them, and went to work to build roads and erect houses. The natives looked on with astonishment, and soon gave him a new name, Bula Matari (Breaker of Rocks). After much coaxing they were induced to take hold and assist.

The tiny steamers of the expedition puffed noisily backwards and forwards to Mussuko, bringing up relays of workmen, and fresh supplies of implements, stores, provisions, and tents for the bands of diligent workers on the rough hill-side; and Stanley, with restless energy and watchful eye, went from group to group, directing the efforts of his followers, who were slowly transforming his patch of savage wilderness into a habitable place for civilized men.

The preparation of the site and the erection of the buildings occupied a period of about four months, from October 1, 1879, to the end of January, 1880. A commander was then placed in charge, and Stanley pushed on to survey a route around the Livingstone Falls, which would require a road fifty-two miles in length. The road was finished in February, 1880. The steamers and stores were transported to Isangila, and launched again into the river.

From Isangila there was smooth navigation up-stream for eighty-eight miles, to the Falls of Ntombo Mataka. Adjoining the latter is the district of Manyanga, where Mr. Stanley decided to erect the next station, and on May 1, 1881, the whole expedition was safely encamped there.

While he was trying to make a treaty with the stubborn chiefs he was stricken down with the fever. The constant exposure to the heat of the fierce sun thrown back from the stony hill-sides and iron faces of the rocks which overhung and enclosed the workers, had had a serious effect upon the enervated system of Bula Matari, and he felt that at last he was dying. Six weeks of illness and hourly paroxysms of pain reduced him to a condition of mind and body from which he could not hope to recover.

The curtains of his tent were rolled back, and one by one the gallant fellows who had followed him thus far stepped forward to the almost lifeless sufferer,

and received a kindly word and a brief "Good-by." Meanwhile his native attendant, Dualla, had prepared a potion of alarming strength—sixty grains of quinine, mixed with a few drops of hydrobromic acid and an ounce of Madeira wine—and handed it to him as a last expedient. The effect of the dose was marvellous. The mixture was poured between the lips of the patient, as he was too feeble to lift it himself. The powerful remedy at once began to operate upon the malady and check its ravages. Stanley fell into a deep slumber, which lasted for twenty-four hours. When he awoke the fever was broken, and he began rapidly to amend.

Reinforcements and supplies now came up from below, and on June 12th the start was made for Stanley Pool. On the way he met some of the chiefs with whom he had made blood brotherhood in 1877. One of them, Ngalyema, was very profuse in his greetings, and gave to Stanley his emblem of sovereignty, a staff decorated with brass hoops and rings of wire. But his demands for presents were so exacting that finally Stanley had to refuse them; whereupon he threatened to make war upon his blood-brother and drive him from the country.

But it soon transpired that he was not the principal chief of the country, but a dignified old man named Makoko, who visited the camp and declared that neither "Ngalyema nor any of his clan, who

were mere ivory traders and nothing else, had any country on the south side of the river."

"I am glad," continued the aged orator, "to see Bula Matari and his sons. Rest in peace. Land shall be given you. I want to see plenty of white men here. Be easy in your mind. You shall build at Kintamo, and I should like to see the man who says 'No' to Makoko's 'Yes.'" Another heavy tribute had to be paid to seal the compact of good-will with Makoko, who completed the transaction by saying to Stanley, "Ngalyema gave you his staff to show the people he was your friend. Take this sword from Makoko as a sign that Bula Matari is Makoko's brother."

This new alliance at once aroused the rancor and ill-blood of the mendacious ivory-dealer, who prepared to attack the camp with as many followers as he could collect for his audacious purpose. The place was at once put in a condition of defence, but Ngalyema again changed his mind and renewed his pledges of eternal friendship.

He, however, continued to give trouble, and his threatening attitude caused considerable anxiety to the expedition at times, but nothing occurred to hinder the steady progress of the work of erecting the town, to which the name of Leopoldville was given, in honor of the Royal President of the Association.

Some time was given to the exploration of the Pool, land for another settlement was secured at Mswata, and then Stanley proceeded up the large river Kwa, a southern branch of the Congo. Here he met the Queen of Musyé, but he refused her cordial invitation to visit her. He found a large lake in this district, with an area of about eight hundred square miles, which he named Lake Leopold II.

Being attacked again with fever, the party hastened back, and as his death seemed imminent, he was taken to the coast. Here, the physicians advised him to return to Europe, and on August 17th he embarked for Lisbon. Having recovered his health, he reported to the officers of the Association at Brussels, and gave an account of what had been done on the banks of the great African river. Five stations had been completed; the formidable obstruction to the navigation of the upper waters presented by the Livingstone Falls had been cleverly circumvented by that marvellous road of fifty-two miles between the Vivi Hill and the rapids of Isangila; and Manyanga and Stanley Pool had been connected by a similar wagon road.

A way was now open from the ocean to the mouth of the Kwa, a distance of four hundred and forty miles from the Atlantic, and a portion of the fleet of the Association was actually afloat upon the upper reaches of the Congo.

But to insure the permanent success of the work, Stanley urged most strongly upon that body the immediate construction of a line of railway from the lower to the upper river. Stanley also suggested, as a condition of his return to the scenes of his arduous but successful mission, that he should have an able and responsible second in command, who could control and direct the affairs of the stations already completed upon the lower river. The repeated failures of the young and inexperienced officers, who had too often shown an utter incapacity to grasp the true nature of the duties they had assumed, had been a constant source of vexation to him.

In December he was back again on the African coasts with new recruits and supplies. There had been sad mismanagement of affairs during his absence of five months. The man left in chief command had sailed for Europe; Vivi was without a chief; the commander of Leopoldville was down on the coast, and his second officer had disappeared altogether. One steamer had been disabled, and another was without a captain. Several of the settlements had quarrelled with the natives, who had refused to sell them supplies, and, as a consequence, they were sadly in need of food.

With a stout heart Stanley again assumed control. Quarrels were settled, trade with the natives resumed, new roads built, and new settlements located. With

new boats added to his fleet, he pushed on up the river. He visited the Irebu tribe by invitation of the great chief, Mangombo, and went through the disagreeable ceremony of blood brotherhood with him. The right arm of each was punctured by the fetish-man, and the oozing blood mixed with gunpowder, salt, and scrapings from the gunstock of the white man and spear of the chief, and sprinkled over the bleeding arms, which for the moment were rubbed together. The fetish-man then with much ceremony touched the head, arms, necks, and legs of the two men with some kind of dust in a large pot, and the mystic rites were completed, and the white man was admitted to all the honors and privileges of a prince or member of the royal house to which his blood-brother belonged.

Equator Station, seven hundred and seventy miles distant from the coast, was founded on June 13, 1883, and the flotilla steamed away for Stanley Falls, some six hundred miles further up the river. When they came to the dreaded Bengala, the tribe that had attacked him with such ferocity in 1877, he succeeded in making a friendly alliance, and the indispensable ceremony of blood brotherhood was performed with the old chief Mata Bwyki, who, with a loud voice, immediately proclaimed the fact to the assembled multitude, as follows :

"People of Iboko, you by the river-side, and you

inland. Men of the Bengala, listen to the words of Mata Bwyki. You see Tandelay before you. His other name is Bula Matari. He is the man with the many canoes, and he has brought back strange smoke boats. He has come to see Mata Bwyki. He has asked Mata Bwyki to be his friend. Mata Bwyki has taken him by the hand, and has become his blood-brother. Tandelay belongs to Iboko now. He has become this day one of the Bengala. O! Iboko, listen to the voice of Mata Bwyki. Bring food to sell to Bula Matari at a fair price, gently, kindly, and in peace, for he is my brother. Hear ye, ye people of Iboko! you by the river-side, and you in the interior." "We hear Mata Bwyki!" was the universal response.

The fleet reached the falls on the first of December, and here the last station was founded after a great deal of palaver with the chiefs, and Stanley, visiting all his stations, returned down the river.

At Vivi, he decided to move the whole settlement to Castle Hill. The old settlement had become a miserable desolation. Nothing had been done to keep the buildings (erected by Stanley with so much pride at the outset of his mission) in order, and the road to the crest of the hill whereon he had gained for himself the cognomen of "The Breaker of Rocks," had never been touched or mended. A new

road was constructed in the direction of the fresh sites, and the Nkusu River was bridged.

In May, 1884, Colonel Sir Francis De Winton reached the Congo, and at once took over the control of the work of the Association from Stanley, who left Banana Point by the African steamer *Kinsembo*. On his way up to the West Coast, the Pioneer of the Congo was interested to see the practical results of legitimate trade with the natives, who, in return for their casks of palm oil, were receiving and erecting cosy houses, well furnished with every accessory to comfort—such as carpets, mirrors, chairs, and curtains!

On July 29th the *Kinsembo* landed the late commander-in-chief of the Congo Expedition at Plymouth, and a few days after he reported himself at Ostend to His Majesty the President of the Association, and rendered to his august patron an account of his labors and the work he had been privileged to accomplish during the past six laborious and "bitter" years. The mission intrusted to Stanley in the Royal Council-Chamber at Brussels in December, 1878, had been accomplished. The Congo State had been founded.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EMIN PASHA.

SLAVE-HUNTING is without doubt the great disturbing influence of the entire Upper Nile territory. The "merchants" of Khartoum who deal in human beings keep large armed forces of troops for the purpose of hunting down the blacks of the adjacent districts, and Sir Samuel Baker found one man who assumed the sole right of running down and enslaving all his fellow-men over an area of ninety thousand square miles of territory. Fifty thousand slaves are said to be annually taken in the Soudan.

In 1877, under the pressure brought to bear by the European governments, the Khedive appointed General Gordon Governor-General of the Soudan for the avowed purpose of suppressing the slave trade. He soon found that he had the enmity of all the native pashas, for the success of his mission would deprive them of large revenues. There is also good reason to suppose that the Khedive himself was secretly in league with the slave-traders, while openly professing opposition. But Gordon

dealt a heavy blow to the trade on the White Nile, and he restored confidence and peace to the people.

To his trusted lieutenant, Emin Pasha, Gordon gave the control of the upper or Equatorial districts, with the rank of Bey. Gordon resigned in 1879, but when in 1884, the Mahdi—Muhammed Ali—with his army of religious fanatics had conquered the forces of the Khedive in Upper Egypt, Gordon was sent again to the Soudan, for the purpose of securing the retreat of the Egyptian garrisons. His tragic fate created a feeling of deepest sorrow throughout Europe and America.

Till early in 1887, Emin Pasha, "the last white chief of the dread Soudan," was altogether unknown to fame. A few scientists and personal friends only, in England and Germany, were acquainted with the stirring details of that desperate struggle for civilization and liberty which he has carried on single-handed, as "Gordon's heir," in the immense province intrusted to his charge, since the fall of Khartoum and the death of his illustrious friend and patron.

Emin Pasha is a German by birth and education, notwithstanding his Egyptian cognomen, which signifies *The faithful one.* His name is Eduard Schnitzer, and he was born on March 28, 1840, at Oppeln, a pretty little town upon the banks of the Oder, in the Prussian province of Silesia.

He graduated in Berlin as a physician, travelled in Turkey and Syria, and served on the staff of the governor of one of the Turkish provinces. In 1876

EMIN PASHA.

he went to Cairo to seek employment under the Khedive, and was appointed on the staff of General Gordon.

Medicine alone by no means engrossed the attention of Schnitzer. He soon showed that he had a

special power for dealing with the native mind. He was able to secure the confidence of the "black-skinned children of the soil," and to carry out to ultimate success difficult diplomatic missions which other officials had given up in despair. Gordon, therefore, frequently selected him to undertake negotiations of considerable importance with neighboring tribes, which required peculiar gifts, and called for the exercise of a more than ordinary degree of sagacity.

Two of these missions were to the great Central African Emperor of Uganda, and one to the Unyoro monarch, a formidable rival and frequent foe of the Lord of Uganda.

The Governor and his zealous lieutenant made a journey of exploration up the White Nile, with a view to becoming acquainted with the people; and in company these two intrepid men circumnavigated the Albert Nyanza, noting many fresh features of interest to the naturalist and the geographer, and establishing amicable relations with all the various tribes on the route.

Emin's special mission to Uganda was not accomplished without some difficulty, and at times the party were exposed to considerable peril. One of Gordon's officers had invaded the Empire of Uganda with a body of three hundred troops, and, acting entirely upon his own responsibility, had pro-

ceeded to annex the kingdom of the famous Mtesa to Egypt. The effect of this rash and fanatical act upon the vast population of the threatened country was at once seen in the demeanor of the outraged people ; and the outcome of this piece of sheer folly might have been the total destruction of the Egyptian outposts and garrisons, as far north as Khartoum, by Mtesa and his exasperated followers. Happily other counsels prevailed, and Emin was sent to bring back the offending troops, and to make peace with the haughty Lord of Uganda.

The sagacious German eventually accomplished his difficult task without losing a life or firing a shot, and was warmly congratulated by his chief for the able manner in which he had conducted and carried out a most hazardous enterprise.

He also made a treaty with Kabarega, the King of Unyoro, which, in Gordon's opinion, probably saved himself and his garrison from massacre.

As governor, Emin's province extended on either side of the White Nile, reaching on one side from Lado, his capital, to the Albert Nyanza, and extending on the other side for some distance into the land of the Shalis, between the east bank of the river and the Galla country.

There was much work to do, and he resolutely undertook the needed improvements. Stations long since fallen into decay, through neglect and indif-

ference, were rebuilt, and re-provisioned, and re-manned; peace, order, and respect for constitutional authority were established amongst the tribes within the borders of the state; and all the principal towns and fortified villages were connected together by good roads and regular weekly posts. Crime was reduced, slavery once more received a crushing blow, slave-raids and slave-wars were sternly put down, markets were thrown open and protected, agriculture was encouraged, strangers were invited to enter the territory for the interchange of commodities and the opening up of new trade routes, and the slave-traders were swept clean out of the region altogether.

The Government officials, chiefly pardoned criminals, convicts, and felons gathered out of the prisons of Cairo and Khartoum, whom Emin found established throughout the province, were replaced by trustworthy men, selected by the Governor himself from the ranks of his own assistants and subordinates. The Egyptian soldiers, the scum of the regiments of Lower Egypt, were disbanded, and new forces recruited from the Negro population of the subject territory.

Lado, his capital, is described as "a well-built town, the divan, offices, mosque, and Government buildings being built of burnt bricks and roofed with corrugated iron—all the other buildings being of

wood or grass. The streets are wide and straight, and surrounding the station there is a broad promenade, a clear space of thirty yards being kept between the houses and the earthwork fortifications. Beyond there are large gardens.

"The station has three gates, at which sentries are mounted night and day, the gates being open from 6 A.M. till 8 P.M. No gun is allowed to be fired near the station from sunset to sunrise, unless as a signal of an attack. At 5.30 A.M. the bugle sounds the *reveille;* and shortly after, 'Light your fires.' At 6 A.M. the muster-roll is called, and the gates are opened. The soldiers then drill, and the women begin to sweep the streets, for in Emin's stations sanitary precautions are adopted, and the people are taught that cleanliness is next to godliness. At 8.30 A.M. all, excepting the sentries, turn out to draw water and to fetch wood; and, the dew being by that time dried up, the cattle are sent out to graze. Work lasts till 11.30 A.M., when there is an interval of rest till 2.30 P.M.: the people then set to work again till 5 P.M., when all return inside the fort. At 8.30 P.M. the roll is called, and the gates are shut; and at 9 P.M. all fires are extinguished, an officer going the rounds to see that this regulation is enforced."

When Khartoum fell before the attacks of the Mahdi, and the northern portion of the Egyptian Soudan was given over to anarchy, it was feared that

all of the territory of Egypt south of Dongola was lost. Such, however, was not the case. After the death of Gordon the forces of the Mahdi spread southward, and threatened Emin, who had intrenched himself in his citadel at Wadelai, on the banks of the White Nile, just north of the Albert Nyanza. To the summons of the Mahdi that he would surrender and adopt the faith of Islam, Emin replied by a bold message of defiance, and a promise that if the followers of the false prophet attacked him, they would meet with a most determined resistance.

Unsupported by a single word of sympathy from the civilized world, and alone with his handful of black troops, Emin bravely held his own, bidding defiance to the raiding slave-hunters, and to the disaffected natives who harassed him night and day for four years without being able to force an entry into his fort or to break down his indomitable will.

In October, 1886, nearly two years after the fall of Khartoum, letters were received in England by Dr. Felkin, from Wadelai, describing the condition of affairs, and begging for help and food to be sent to relieve the handful of men who were holding out against overwhelming odds for life and liberty on the head-waters of the Nile. The letters were forwarded by the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda to Zanzibar, and were about five

months on the way from the Albert Nyanza to Edinburgh.

The critical position of the Pasha and his garrison was at once made known in the public press, and considerable interest was manifested everywhere in the gallant defence which Emin was making at Wadelai, and admiration was expressed at the noble self-abnegation which had marked his Egyptian career from the outset. The public interest in him and his work soon took a practical form, and it was decided to send out an armed party to convey supplies of men, ammunition, food, and clothing to the beleaguered Pasha and his companions in peril, and to offer them the means of escape from the Soudan, if they finally decided to leave the territory to the Mahdi and the slave-hunters. A committee of gentlemen interested in the welfare of the African races, and in the development of commerce upon the great continent, was formed to carry out the novel and hazardous enterprise.

All eyes were now turned to Stanley as the man to lead the relief party. He was on a lecture tour in the United States, but he responded promptly to the call; and it was with intense gratification that the committee was enabled to announce that the man who found Livingstone, explored the Congo, and founded the Free State was once more ready to face the unknown terrors, risk the deadly perils of a jour-

ney through the cannibal belt and the trackless forests of Equatorial Africa, for the cause of humanity. This task of daring heroism, so fearlessly undertaken by Mr. Stanley, has been appropriately regarded as the boldest African enterprise of this or any age. From the first, it was clearly seen by geographers and explorers, and others familiar with the peculiar difficulties and vicissitudes of African travel, even under the most favorable circumstances, that the relief of Gordon's faithful lieutenant, on the northern shores of the Albert Nyanza, would be an undertaking full of dread uncertainties and manifold dangers.

LAMBA LAMBA, A WAGANIA CHIEF.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CHOICE OF A ROUTE.

A FEW days before he left England on this expedition, Mr. Stanley was presented with the freedom of the City of London, and a farewell banquet was given in his honor. A large and distinguished company of statesmen, scientists, and men of letters assembled at the invitation of the Lord Mayor, to do honor to the famous explorer, and to wish him "God-speed" upon his fresh errand of mercy and peril to Equatorial Africa.

Four roads to Emin Pasha's province were talked of, and for some time these alternative routes formed the subject of keen debate and close discussion in scientific circles and in the public press. The first route, proposed by the young but already distinguished explorer of Masai Land, Mr. Joseph Thomson, struck into the interior from the port of Mombasa, on the east coast. It would lead through Masai Land, along the base of Mount Kenia, and over the waters of Lake Baringo, somewhat north of the Victoria Nyanza, and enter the Equatorial Province at Foweira, Koro, or Fadjulli.

This route had its warm advocates, but it was opposed by Dr. Robert W. Felkin, who pointed out that the King of Uganda, son and successor of Mtesa, would certainly get news of the expedition and oppose it with his large army. "The district, too, to the northeast of Uganda," said Dr. Felkin, "has been the slave-hunting ground of the Waganda for many years, and its inhabitants fear them, so that the expedition would have to rely upon its own resources in withstanding any attacks the brutal boy-king chose to make upon it. Any one who remembers Mr. Stanley's account of the military organization of the Waganda, the prowess, and the hundreds of thousands of men they can put into the field, must be convinced that it would require a strong party indeed to cope with this, the strongest Central African power."

A second proposed route for the expedition was one which would lead directly through the heart of Uganda. This was at once voted to be quite impracticable. The chances were that once in the power of the tyrant emperor of the great Central African state, the expedition would be detained upon one pretence or other, and prevented from ever proceeding northward to the Victoria Nile and the Albert Nyanza.

A third route was suggested: to Wadelai by way of Bagamoyo to Lake Alexandra, and then north to

Muta Nzige and the southern shore of the Albert Nyanza. By pursuing this road, the territory of Uganda would be entirely avoided, as well as the unsettled country of Kabrega, and the relief party would be able to lighten the weariness of the way by boat passages over the Alexandra Lake, the gleaming waters of the Muta Nzige, and the Albert Nyanza.

On the shores of the Albert Nyanza the expedition could be met by the two steamers of Emin and his life-boats, and safely conveyed to the fortress. All possibility of contact with the warlike Waganda would by this route be rendered impossible, and these people, in fact, might never even hear of the passage of the white man's forces through the Equatorial region.

The longest of these routes was that from Bagamoyo—sixteen hundred miles; but Stanley rejected them all, and decided to go by way of the Congo, ascending that river and its tributary, Biyerré, fifteen hundred miles, and then going overland, seven hundred or eight hundred miles, through an unknown country.

He knew that his way to Emin Pasha lay through "a zone of the fiercest and most relentless cannibalism in the world," and across a tract of country never trodden by the foot of a white man. He was fully alive to the possibility of hindrances arising at every

step of the way to arrest the progress of the party and to try its resolution. The task of leading a caravan into the heart of Central Africa is at all times a difficult one, but the march which Stanley contemplated, from the shores of the Congo tributary to the banks of the White Nile, was an undertaking bristling with difficulties and requiring the greatest courage.

The population with which the expedition would have to deal is probably the most savage of all the peoples of Africa. Stanley had a taste of their quality in his famous passage from Stanley Falls to the coast in 1877, and he therefore determined to secure a strong and well-trained band of Zanzibaris, to be officered by Europeans, upon whom he could rely in the hour of peril, when face to face with the dreaded man-eaters in the forests of the Niam-Niam and Mombuttu countries.

He also decided to take into his counsel and service the Arab chief Tippu-Tib, whose name has already appeared in these pages as the man who deserted Stanley in the forest north of Nyangwe, upon his journey ten years before.

The white staff of the expedition consisted of Major Barttelot, who had served in the Soudan; Captain Stairs, of the Royal Artillery; Captain Nelson; Lieutenant Jephson; Surgeon-Major Parke; Mr. Jameson, the naturalist; Mr. Bonny, and Mr. Ward.

On reaching Zanzibar he found that his agents had already recruited a force of six hundred men for the expedition, and that Tippu-Tib was waiting for him.

BARI WARRIORS.

He agreed to supply six hundred carriers at thirty dollars a man; and as Emin was reported to have seventy-five tons of ivory, the expenses of the expedition might be largely defrayed by the return of the Zanzibaris to the Congo with their precious loads.

Tippu-Tib was also offered the position of governor at Stanley Falls at a regular salary, and he consented to accompany Mr. Stanley on these terms.

On February 25, 1887, the expedition sailed from Zanzibar for the mouth of the Congo, where it arrived in less than four weeks. For trading purposes, it was provided with nearly twenty-eight thousand yards of cloth, two tons of beads, and a ton of brass, iron, and copper wire. It carried forty pack donkeys and ten riding asses; five hundred and sixty rifles, fifty of which were repeaters; two tons of powder, two hundred and fifteen thousand rounds of cartridges, beside percussion caps and lead for bullets. It also carried a supply of axes, shovels, hoes, bill-hooks; forty carriers' loads of provisions carefully packed; and water-proof tents; besides numberless things, trifling to detail, but which experience had taught Stanley the absolute necessity of in Africa.

On April 3d the expedition had reached Matade Station, on its way up the river. Here it was joined by Mr. Herbert Ward, who thus describes the appearance of the column on the march:

"I was on my way down country to embark for Old England. About two days from here, however, I met two armed Abyssinians (Soudanese). Immediately behind them, and mounted on a fine mule, whose new-plated trappings glistened in the sun, was Stanley himself. Behind him came a Soudanese

giant, about six feet six inches high, bearing a large American flag. I saluted the 'Congo King.' He smiled, and indicating the bare ground, said, 'Take a seat.' We squatted accordingly. He handed me a cigar. We talked about half an hour. He was very nice and kind. He accepted me as a volunteer, and it was at once arranged that I should see to the transport of some of his remaining loads. Of the eight whites he has with him, two have contributed to the expenses of the expedition for the privilege of accompanying him—the 'Congo King'—through the heart of Africa, and the others are English (how refreshing !) officers on full army pay as volunteers.

"I never in my life was so struck with any sight as with Stanley's caravan on the march. Egyptians, Soudanese, Somalis, Zanzibaris, and others, nine hundred strong. It took me two hours to pass them, and then I met the second in command, Major Barttelot, a young fellow, burnt very dark, with a masher collar fixed on a flannel shirt, top-boots, etc. He was carrying a large bucket that some fellow had abandoned.

"'I say, are you Ward?' he shouted.

"'I am Ward,' I said, 'and I now belong to your expedition.'

"'I am very glad to hear it,' he replied; 'Stanley has spoken of you.'

"Tippu-Tib, the notorious slave-trader of Stanley

Falls, has come round from Zanzibar with Stanley, and, in his silken robes, jewelled turban, and kriss, looks a very ideal oriental potentate. He has forty-two of his wives along with him, and some of them are handsome women. Stanley is about five feet seven inches in height, broad-shouldered and muscular. His thick hair is streaked with gray. He wears a long military moustache, and has a piercing, steely-gray eye, which is a factor in the marvellous command which he wields over the natives."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CONGO COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

THIS journey up the Congo met with no opposition from the natives, who were now in complete subjection, or on terms of intimacy with the whites. The ten years that had elapsed since Stanley had fought his way down the great river on his trip "Through the Dark Continent," had taught the savages some of the lessons of civilization.

"The natives," says Mr. Stanley, "are kindly disposed towards the whites, and give them no trouble. Of course it is impossible to tell what might happen if unscrupulous white traders should sell them Winchester rifles, powder, cartridges, and other implements of warfare, or if they should show a disposition to domineer over the natives and defraud them. They have a fine sense of honor and justice, and severely punish offenders against their laws. On one occasion, while travelling along the north bank of the Congo, in the vicinity of the cataracts, I came across a market-place, and near it saw two fellows buried in the earth up to their necks. I was told that

they were being punished for stealing a handful of salt each. At another time I saw a native hanging by the neck to a tree. From the chief, whom I asked for an explanation, I learned that he was a thief. Your 'boodle' aldermen would probably find that an uncomfortable vicinity to live in.

"There are also stringent laws against carrying weapons of any sort at the market-places. These market-places are situated on neutral ground, and every precaution is taken to preserve order there. At certain seasons of the year, when three or four tribes are anxious to do some trading with each other, a place about equidistant from the villages of several tribes is selected, and here they meet to exchange goats for bananas, or corn for wine, and so on through the list of articles which they produce or possess. The gatherings are never marred by any disorder or evidences of brutality, although sometimes, when they are exhilarated by palm wine, or the sort of beer which they make in a crude way from corn and sugar-cane, they have a pretty jolly time."

Dr. Zinkgraf, who visited the Congo country after the establishment of the Free State, gives us some interesting descriptions of the people and their customs. He says:

"I once visited King Nrisundi, who led me into the hall of his hut, in which a great fetish in human form, painted red, with a wide-open mouth, was

seated on a table. We sat down on two stools at the same table, and when the King had drunk the gin I had brought him, he ordered a servant to kneel down and pour a cupful into the mouth of the fetish, afterward clapping his hands four times. This ceremony was performed with the utmost gravity, but I preserved a solemn aspect with some difficulty. Whether the idol was provided with a hollow receptacle for the gin, which was afterward drunk by the king or priests, like those at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, I had no means of ascertaining.

"King Nrisundi possessed a certain dignity. He was dressed in a colored jacket and a long undergarment fastened by a belt, in which were stuck an iron bell and the skin of a wild-cat, the signs of royalty, as well as a great umbrella. In his hand the king held a long staff ornamented with the figure of an idol cut in ivory. When I told the king that I had come with a message from a powerful white man—Dr. Chavannes—who wished the king to come and see him, the latter ordered his interpreter, who speaks a language which passes here for international—a mixture of English, Portuguese, and the native dialect—to tell me that if the white man were really so powerful he could quite as well come to the king.

"For an African monarch, who is generally only an impudent beggar, this reply was regal enough, and so also was the present he gave me in exchange for two

bottles of gin—namely, a fat duck, worth at least fifteen bottles. However, the next morning the king condescended to pay us a visit, first partaking freely of the gin, wine and tobacco we set before him to satisfy his constant demands. After some hesitation he decided to refuse the meats we offered, as they might have been fetishes.

"The custom of exchanging presents seems to be pretty widely spread in Africa, and is practised by high and low, rich and poor. Even the most impoverished negro gives those who sleep in his court at least some bananas. We often used to stop at the hut of one of King Nrisundi's muleks, a small and shabby old man with a friendly smile and, for a negro, a very modest demeanor. Although he possessed very few hens, he always, with great humility, presented one to his guests.

"We were on capital terms with this old man: he carried our baggage, always choosing the heaviest articles; he accompanied us into the hills, and provided us with fowls. But once he made a scene. He drank too much of the gin we had brought him, and, becoming drunk, refused to sell us two hens at the usual price of three bottles of gin. We cut the matter short by ordering our servants to catch two good hens and lay three bottles of gin outside the door of his hut. He protested against this forcible mode of purchase, and would not take the bottles,

but placed them before the door of our tent. This intermezzo, however, did not disturb our friendship, and next day he came with his usual modest mien, took his three bottles of gin, and even made us a present of another hen.

"In general, the negroes are capital tradesmen, and alive to their own advantage. But the fact that they have no notion of the value of time makes it difficult to deal with them. When they have once fixed upon a price, one is either forced to yield to their demands for want of patience, or to refuse to deal at all.

"A few days ago we went to the native market at Sono N'Boma, about fifteen kilos north of Boma, to buy a quantity of cattle and fowls. After bargaining for an hour we were obliged to return with nothing but a single goat, for the sly negroes, thinking we would not make such a long and difficult march for nothing, demanded far too high a price. For the goat we paid in goods to the value of two dollars and seventy cents.

* * * * * *

"Besides trade, agriculture, fishing, and hunting are the means by which the natives gain their living. Their agriculture consists in a rough cultivation of a piece of ground which has been cleared, and which, when once planted, yields rich harvests without further trouble—at least, only that of keeping the ground

clear of weeds, which is not always done. Bananas, mamocs, woandus, etc., grow luxuriantly, and frequently plantations occupy a considerable tract of land near the villages.

"The fields are irregularly shaped, often scarcely levelled, and only sometimes are deep, regular furrows, about a foot and a half high, drawn. There seems to be only one agricultural tool, made of the knotty end of a root, into which a piece of iron is driven. This tool is common throughout Africa, and is partly of native, partly of English manufacture, for the native iron is very bad.

"The natives fish with bow-nets and English angling rods, but they also use the spear, especially in fishing a kind of flounder that lives in shallow water. This spear is a simple stick, furnished with an iron point without hooks. The fish are simply broiled; when dried they are an article of trade among the natives. Being possessed only of old flint-guns, the natives on the Congo confine their hunting to the smaller animals. The flesh of the antelope is now and then offered for sale as game. In the Musserongo land, hunting those swift animals among the mountains must be very troublesome.

"We once chanced upon an antelope hunt among the Musserongos. We wanted to climb the Gonambandshi, which is situated in their country, on the south of the Congo, and to find in the village of

Kiaba, which lies on the river itself, a native guide. While we were bargaining for one there suddenly appeared from different directions eight or ten fellows, armed with long guns, who, forming a circle round us, pointed in the direction of the above-named mountain. The chief invited us to follow him.

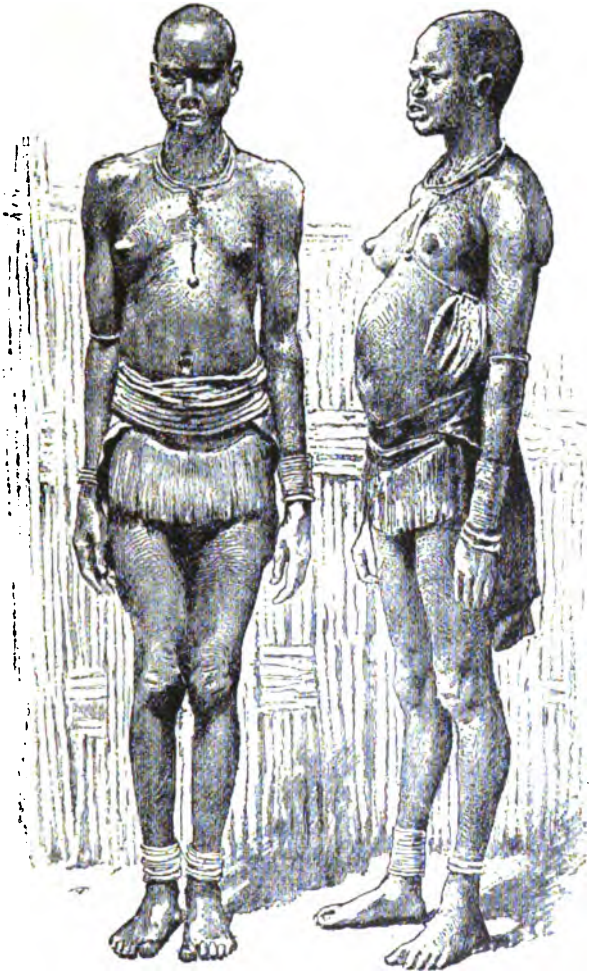
"At first we thought we had to pass through some enemy's territory, and we were confirmed in this idea when the chief begged us to make no noise. On arriving, after an hour's march, at the edge of a wide valley, it became clear that our Musserongos had no thought of war, but of hunting.

"We could not imagine what game they were after for a long time. It might have been either leopards or hares. Each man crept cautiously down into the valley, and at last I saw in the distance three light-brown antelopes."

The doctor fired and wounded one, greatly to the surprise of the native hunters, who were armed with poor guns, which were loaded with bits of iron and copper wire.

The same traveller describes vividly the dangerous sport of hunting the hippopotami. He says their big heads rise above the surface of the water but for an instant, "and a bullet is only fatal when it strikes the beast in the temple. A bullet from my Kropatschek carabine, capable of hitting at a distance of one thousand four hundred metres, only

penetrated a hand's breadth the neck of a hippopotamus at which I had aimed. But an explosive bullet from a so-called express-gun broke the whole of the eyebone of an animal at a distance of almost seventy metres. A hunter may be well satisfied with the sport to be found in the Congo districts. There are innumerable water-fowl on all the sand-banks and flat islands, and a roasted African wild duck is excellent eating. Leopards and antelopes may be hunted in the watery valleys, the buffalo farther inland, and in the neighborhood of Nokki, even elephants are to be met with."



BARI WOMEN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

INTO THE WILDERNESS AGAIN.

MATADI is a group of little European settlements on the left bank of the Congo, almost exactly opposite Vivi. There is a Government station, and a Dutch and a Portuguese factory. It is the starting-point on the pedestrian route along the south bank to Stanley Pool, and will in all probability be the site of the terminus of the railway which is to be built.

Stanley had remained here four days for the purpose of drilling his men, and instructing them in their various duties; then the march by land was begun.

Caravans were now frequent along the route, and the natives had been thoroughly subjected and offered no opposition. But it was no longer possible for the traveller to subsist on the products of the country, which was almost reduced to the condition of a desert, mainly in consequence of the withdrawal of the natives from the neighborhood of the caravan routes. This they have done not from any fear of

the white man, whom they are disposed to trust entirely, but through the depredations of the negro porters, who have no sense of any rights of property save the rights of the strongest.

With the recent increase of the caravan traffic between Matadi and Leopoldville the damage done to the plantations adjacent to the line of route became more and more intolerable; while in addition to this, the soldiers—Haoussa, Zanzibari, or Bangala—who were engaged for escort, would perpetually commit outrages which the European was powerless to repress. The natives, therefore, recognized the expediency of retiring further off; they removed their huts, and re-erected them at such a distance from the line of thoroughfare as they concluded would render their homesteads safe from the attacks of such marauders. It followed, as a consequence of this migration, that on entering the district, Stanley's seven hundred and fifty men had nothing to depend on from the products of the place.

There was no difficulty in finding natives to carry the baggage, and fifteen hundred had been engaged for that service. On the way to the Pool one gang of porters met other gangs returning to Matadi to bring up the baggage that had been left behind; but everything was well-ordered, and in a month all was safely deposited at Leopoldville.

On the eighth of April, at 11 A.M., the first to

A RIVER BATTLE AT STANLEY FALLS.

arrive at Lukungu was Tippu-Tib, with his troop. He made himself known to Lieutenant Franqui, who invited him to his veranda and offered him coffee. Stanley, with the main contingent of the party, arrived about two hours later, and mounted on their fine white donkeys all the Europeans made their entry.

At the Pool, some difficulty was experienced in getting food. Hippopotamus hunters were sent out, and were fairly successful in getting meat, but no bread was to be had until the frightened natives were induced to return to their villages.

At Bengala, where Stanley had his fiercest river fight in 1877, he was now hospitably welcomed.

On the arrival of the caravan at the point of debarkation on the Aruwimi, a strong camp was established, consisting of one hundred and sixty-three Zanzibaris, forty Soudanese soldiers, and Messrs. Jamieson, Troup, Bonny, and Ward as a reserve in case the main body should be obliged to fall back on account of famine or loss of men in forcing an advance in the face of openly hostile natives. Major Barttelot was placed in command of this station, with instructions to keep open the line of communication down the entire course of the Congo to the ocean; and to keep up the strength of the garrison and maintain undiminished the bulk of the supplies, stores, and ammunition, so that he might at any moment be able to send on reliefs of men and rations

to the front. Everything being in order, on the eventful June 28, 1887, Stanley plunged boldly into the unknown region of swamp and forest and mountain which constitutes the great watershed between the Congo and the Nile, and was again utterly lost to the civilized world for a year and a half.

Our readers will remember the rumors of the expedition that were published by the newspapers almost daily, but were without any foundation whatever. The last of the false stories was that of Osman Digna, a leader of the Mahdist forces in the Soudan, who came through to the British lines and told the commander that Stanley and Emin were prisoners in the hands of the Arabs. This story was accompanied by so many corroborating circumstances that it was believed by many. Others, and among them some of the most eminent African travellers, believed that, at last, the discoverer of Livingstone had met his death in the African jungles, and that his whole party had been annihilated.

The true news of the rear-guard that came by way of the Congo was very disheartening. Major Barttelot, the efficient commander, was murdered; and Mr. Jamieson, who succeeded him in command, died of fever. But Stanley knew nothing of this, as he fought his way through the wilderness, as determined to reach Emin as he had been, seventeen years before, to reach Livingstone.

For a few days after leaving the river all went well with his party, but soon the natives surrounded

BOYS OF VIVI.

the compact little army, and sought by every means to delay and prevent its advance. Day after day

the struggle was renewed between the caravan of the white stranger and a succession of barbarous tribes whose villages were burnt as soon as the expedition was known to be in the neighborhood, in order to prevent Stanley's party from receiving supplies or obtaining shelter.

Every device of savagery was resorted to for the purpose of defeating or disheartening the relieving force, but the advance was pushed on for some time successfully without the loss of a single member of the column. From the 5th of July till October 18th, the waters of the ever-friendly Congo Lualaba were never out of reach. On August 1st dysentery broke out among the Europeans, and soon the rank and file also began to succumb to the terrible privations of the march, men falling out by scores. Nine days were occupied in crossing a waste wilderness, where famine rapidly thinned the already weakened ranks, and numbers of Zanzibaris perished of sheer starvation.

The native warriors gathered in large bodies to oppose their passage. Lieutenant Stairs was seriously wounded by a poisoned arrow, and for two months the whole party was in great peril from the persistent attacks of the savages.

A party of slave-hunting Arabs hung on the flanks of the expedition, and bartered food for the clothing, ammunition, and even arms of Stanley's men. No

less than fifty-five deserted at Kilonga-Congo and joined the Arabs.

But the White Nile was still many weary miles away, and Stanley urged on his lagging followers. They were, however, so reduced by famine and fatigue that the steel boat which they had conveyed so far on the way had, with a large quantity of useful stores, to be left in charge of Surgeon Parke and Captain Nelson, at one of the native villages. Fungi, ground nuts, and wild berries formed the staple food of the party, who were now traversing a land described as "one horrible wilderness." When Ibwiri was passed, however, the travellers to their delight found themselves in a land of plenty, and the famine period was ended.

But of the three hundred and eighty-nine men who had started from the Congo, only one hundred and seventy-four were left, and these were in a most pitiable condition and disposed to mutiny. A few of the most mutinous having been hanged, and there being a good supply of excellent food, something like order and good-feeling was again restored, and the column, after a rest, marched on.

In a letter afterward written to the Royal Geographical Society, the hero of Africa sets forth the horrors of the Congo forest in graphic language. After touching upon the obstacles to his advance which the nature of the country everywhere pre-

sented—the foul, fetid atmosphere of the forests, the barren plains, and the almost impenetrable jungle which covered the land—the famous traveller went on to reveal something of the tactics of the hitherto unknown peoples of the Central Congo region. With diabolical skill the roads were planted with sharpened skewers and crowsfeet made of hard wood, and frightful thorns three inches long. Pits were dug and then covered over with a thin layer of branches, in order to entrap the advancing company. At every village the natives attacked them with poisoned arrows.

DRUMMER AND DANCER OF QUEMBA.

VILLAGE ON TANGANYIKA LAKE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RESCUE OF EMIN PASHA.

THE Nyanza was finally reached on the fourteenth of December, after a battle with the natives on the slope which led from the plateau to the shore. At the village of Kakengo, on the southwest corner of the lake, Stanley had hoped to find some tidings of Emin, but it appeared that all communication between Wadelai and this point had been cut off. The relief expedition had no means of navigating the vast inland sea in force northward towards the White Nile. Stanley therefore decided to send on a native messenger in search of the famous Pasha, and to return himself, meanwhile, to Ibwiri, build a zareba, garrison it, and then collect as much grain as possible for his men, as the one great peril of the position appeared to be *famine*.

On January 7, 1888, the expedition was back at Ibwiri, where a stay of some weeks was made. Lieutenant Stairs was ordered to return to Kilonga-Congo, to bring up the steel boat and stores left there under the charge of Captain Nelson and Surgeon

Parke. Eleven only of the party left behind in October accompanied the Lieutenant with the boat; all the rest had become too feeble to proceed any further on active service.

April 2d saw the reunited column once more on the march eastward, under Stanley's command.

As the party neared the shores of the lake for the second time, a messenger placed a packet in the hands of Stanley, which he said had been given to him by another white man, "Malezza," to give to "his son," the "leader of the strangers."

"If your words are true," said Stanley, "I will make you rich."

The messenger was carefully interrogated as to the appearance and surroundings of the "Malezza," who had sent him with the packet, and he spoke of "big ships, as large as islands, filled with men," and other things which at once convinced the relief party that the great "Malezza" was Emin Pasha.

A note, wrapped in a strip of American cloth, was handed to Stanley. It proved to be from the Pasha, who stated "that as there had been a native rumor to the effect that a white man had been seen at the south end of the lake, he had gone in his steamer to make inquiries, but had been unable to obtain reliable information, as the natives were terribly afraid of Kalrega, King of Unyoro, and connected every stranger with him. However, the wife of the Ny-

amsassie chief had told a native ally of his, named Mogo, that she had seen Stanley in Inmuisuma (Mazamboni's country). He therefore begged Stanley to remain where he was, till he (Emin) could communicate directly with him." The communication was signed "Dr. Emin," and was dated March 28, 1888.

Jephson was at once despatched in the boat to find the Pasha. He was found at Mswa, his most southern post on the lake, and he gladly accompanied Jephson back to Stanley, whom he reached on the twenty-ninth of April. The two remained together for nearly a month discussing plans for the future. Then it was decided that Jephson should accompany Emin back to his province to bring out his faithful garrisons, while Stanley should go back to the Congo and bring up the rear-guard that he had left under Major Barttelot, and that then the whole party should proceed to the east coast.

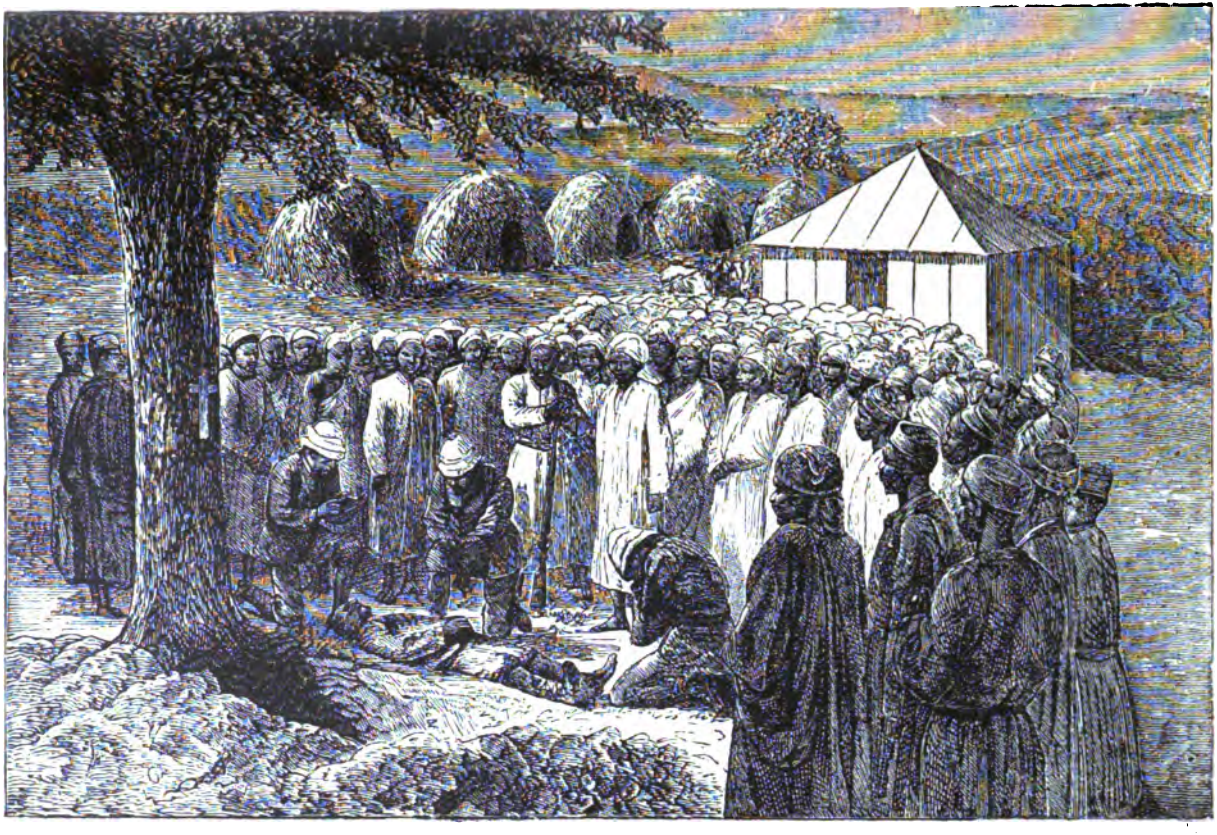
Stanley reached the rear column with one hundred and eleven Zanzibaris and one hundred and one of Emin's men to act as porters, after a march of eighty-two days. Here he found Mr. Bonny in command. Major Barttelot had been killed. Jamieson had died of the fever on his way down to Stanley Falls for more men. Mr. Ward had gone to Bengala, and Mr. Troup had started for home. Only seventy-one men were left out of two hundred and fifty-seven

placed under the command of the Major when the main body of the force left the river in June, 1887. Out of these seventy-one, only fifty-two were fit for duty.

The false report of the massacre of the great explorer and all his followers had reached the camp early in 1888. The news was carried to the Major by a deserter from Stanley's camp, and a party of Arabs also declared that they had heard the same rumor from some Soudanese who had originally formed part of Stanley's personal escort, but who were met on the hills making their way homeward to the north. The Major, a young officer of great promise, at once left the camp with forty porters and one hundred soldiers, to press on and find out the truth of these dread tidings. But the brave and loyal officer was murdered by one of his own carriers, and all further advance was impossible.

The stores Stanley had come so far to secure were dispersed, or had been sent back down the Congo, and nothing remained but to go back to Emin, and do the best for him and the expedition that could be done under the circumstances.

Stanley's disappointment at the loss of his stores and the failure of his officers to carry out his instructions may be imagined from the following account penned by himself: "I left Yambuya," he says, "with only a short campaigning kit, leav-



BURIAL OF POCOCK.

ing my reserve of clothing and personal effects in charge of the officers. In December some deserters from the advance column reached Yambuya to spread the report that I was dead. They had no papers with them, but the officers seemed to accept the report of these deserters as a fact, and in January Mr. Ward, at an officers' mess meeting, proposed that my instructions should be cancelled. The only one who appears to have dissented was Mr. Bonny. Accordingly, my personal kit, medicines, soap, candles, and provisions were sent down the Congo as 'superfluities'! Thus, after making this immense personal sacrifice to relieve them and cheer them up, I find myself naked and deprived of even the necessaries of life in Africa. But, strange to say, they have kept two hats and four pairs of boots, a flannel jacket, and I propose to go back to Emin Pasha and across Africa with this truly African kit. Livingstone, poor fellow, was all in patches when I met him, but it will be the reliever himself who will be in patches this time."

On the eighteenth of January, 1889, the relief expedition was once more encamped on Lake Albert Nyanza, awaiting the arrival of Emin and such of his followers as desired to leave the country.

In the meantime, on hearing that a white man had reached the lake and proposed to carry Emin away, a portion of his troops revolted, and when Emin and

Jephson appeared, they were promptly seized and imprisoned. The revolt, it seems, affected but a small portion of the Pasha's people, and it does not appear that they intended that he should be in any way harmed. But they protested against his going away from them. Emin undoubtedly had some enemies among them who, if they had dared, would have put him to death; but the feeling was generally in his favor.

A Mahdist army now approached from the north and demanded the surrender of all of Emin's forces. The Pasha and Jephson were set at liberty, but a close watch was kept over them to prevent their leaving the province. Jephson managed, however, to send letters to Stanley, informing him of the situation; and Stanley replied, urging Jephson to escape in Emin's steamer, and to bring with him the Pasha and all of his faithful followers who desired to leave.

This was finally done, and Emin, with Captain Casati and nine officers, arrived at Stanley's camp, with sixty-five soldiers and servants. The evacuation of the Equatorial Province of the Khedive was formally decided upon, and word was sent back to that effect, to enable the troops in the several stations to take such action as they pleased.

On the twenty-fifth of April the steamers returned with more refugees and news of greater revolt. Emin appears to have been unwilling to the

last to leave his life's work. He perceived, at length, however, that his influence had been permanently shaken, and he decided to accept Stanley's offer of an escort for himself and his party to the coast.

On May 8th the whole party set off for the eastern coast. Out of the ten thousand people that Emin had expected would want to leave with him, but about five hundred presented themselves for the march. Of these, there were one hundred and thirty-four men, eighty-four married women, one hundred and eighty-seven female servants, and one hundred and nine children—thirty-five of whom were in arms.

On the return journey to the coast the expedition had very little fighting. Their numbers, and Stanley's fame as a fighter, made the various tribes prefer their friendship to meeting them as enemies. "It was," says Stanley, "an 'Open Sesame,'" and chiefs who formerly refused to sell their food now entertained them royally and gave every assistance.

Their worst enemy was the deadly African fever, by which numbers were daily stricken down.

The march was long and tiresome, and it was not until the closing weeks of the year that the party reached Zanzibar. But of the fifteen hundred people who had turned eastward from the lake eight months before, seven hundred and fifty had fallen by the way.

The principal facts of this extraordinary undertaking, with its singular and dramatic episodes, and the full account of the homeward march, with the striking details of capture and ultimate relief of Emin, all contribute to add fresh lustre to the name of Henry Mortlake Stanley, who in this his last heroic exploit has completely changed the map of Equatorial Africa, and added much that is valuable to our scanty store of knowledge of the hidden heart of the great continent.

A COWRIE HEAD-DRESS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WEALTH OF EQUATORIA.

It may be interesting to our readers to know something of the large territory which was nominally governed by Emin in the name of Egypt, and which the Khedive has now formally evacuated. That it is one of the richest provinces of Central Africa is shown by the following extracts from one of Emin's reports to the *Esploratore:*

"As is well known, ivory is the principal item in the Soudanese budget; that supplied from the mountainous and dry regions east of the Nile is the hardest, and on this account in great demand, obtaining the highest price. But, from the period of Gordon's administration, all the ivory was declared to be a monopoly of the government; while in Unganda, Unyora, and all other countries, this trade is still free.

"No private enterprises for elephant-hunting exist, therefore, in Equatoria; and as Arab and European sportsmen have never had the courage to go as far as the Equatorial regions, the supply of ivory is

limited to that which the negroes gather in their hunts with lance and fire.

"It is owing to this, that while elephants are scarce in Bahr-el-Ghazal, they are numerous all over the territory of the properly called Equatorial province, and in some places have become a public calamity.

"If the supply of ivory has been plentiful up to the present, we must not forget that it is due to the trade established with the South and Western countries far beyond the Egyptian territory; for some years there has been a considerable decrease in its supply.

"The Equatorial provinces send about seven hundred weight of ivory per annum to the markets, of the average value of thirty thousand pounds.

"It is difficult to say how much is supplied by the territory of Bahr-el-Ghazal, as the greatest part of the ivory sent from thence to Khartoum is not the actual annual production, but remnants of the old stock of late proprietors of zeribas, as Zebehr Pasha, Ali Amuri, and others. The productive power of the country is not to be reckoned exclusively by the supply of ivory. The expenses for the management, though great, must naturally increase with the annexation of new countries. The monopoly system which is established in the Bahr-el-Abiad province, by being an obstacle to the colonization of the country, pre-

"CURRY-EYES," THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM OF YAHID BIN HAMIS.

vents a regular and steady increase of the revenue from agricultural and commercial sources, while, on the other hand, it helps to augment the expenses of the country. The day will soon come, therefore, when the supply of ivory will not be sufficient to meet the heavy charges.

"Hippopotamus-tusks and rhinoceros-horns are not yet inquired after, but they will be when Africa is open to commerce and trade. Both these animals are to be found everywhere in great numbers, and if they have been undisturbed until now, it is only because there are no buyers.

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"In the west of Bahr-el-Ghazal, the country being covered by forests, ostriches are rare, while in the east, at Latooka, they are to be found in troops. These birds are still more numerous in the vast sandy plains of the Lango country, where the natives give their feathers to the neighboring tribes in exchange for iron.

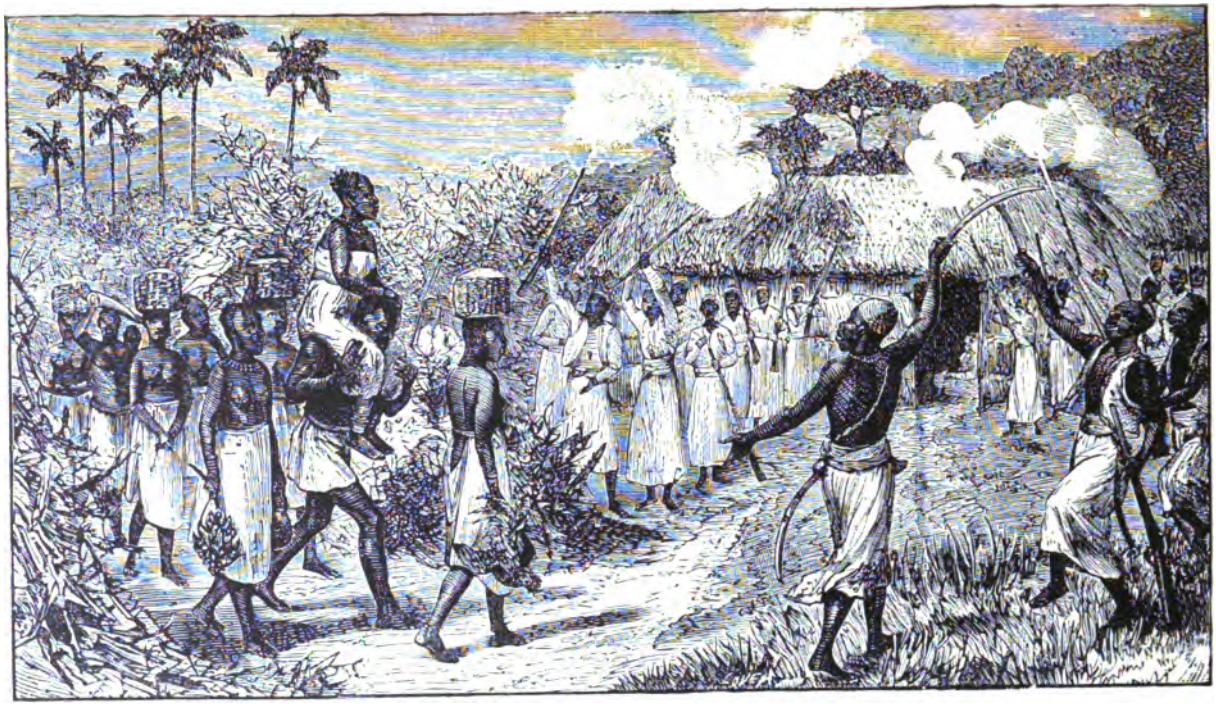
"In the large villages of the Umiro tribe, far south-east, ostrich-sheds are often to be seen, and in the morning these birds go out to feed with the oxen and donkeys, and are driven back to the villages at night. Their feathers are of excellent quality, equal in value to the best Kordofan feathers, and might form a valuable article of commerce. The breeding of these birds was started at the stations two years ago

(1881), and if the results are not satisfactory, it may be on account of the youth of the captive birds, which perhaps prevents their multiplication. Anyhow, these experiments deserve the greatest attention. The price of a young ostrich is so low, and its breeding so easy, that the capital employed in the business would yield a high rate of interest.

"There is, properly speaking, no agriculture in the countries inhabited by negroes. The natives hang baskets on the top of isolated trees, as practised in the Makraka and Dinka territories, some of which are woven, and others made of bark, as in the south.

"They generally put one basket only on each tree, but sometimes several, in which case they are placed far apart.

"The bees avail themselves of the dwellings thus provided for them, and complete the business. If the natives, upon inspection, find the baskets full, they expel the bees with smoke and gather the honey, which varies in quality according to the location and mode of preparation. That of the Makraka and Dinga people is of a dark color, often almost black, because they melt it with fire. Mountainous regions supply the best honey, which is very aromatic, and as clear as water. The negroes content themselves with pressing the honey from the combs. The wax used to be thrown away, being in only a



THE ARRIVAL OF A BRIDE.

few cases used for making candles; I have never seen natives eat it. The quantity of honey produced being very abundant, that of wax must be equally

AKKA BOY (TRIBE OF PYGMIES).

so; but people do not care for it, and perhaps they have good reason for so doing.

"Upon several occasions large quantities of wax were stored, but it was kept in the warehouses for

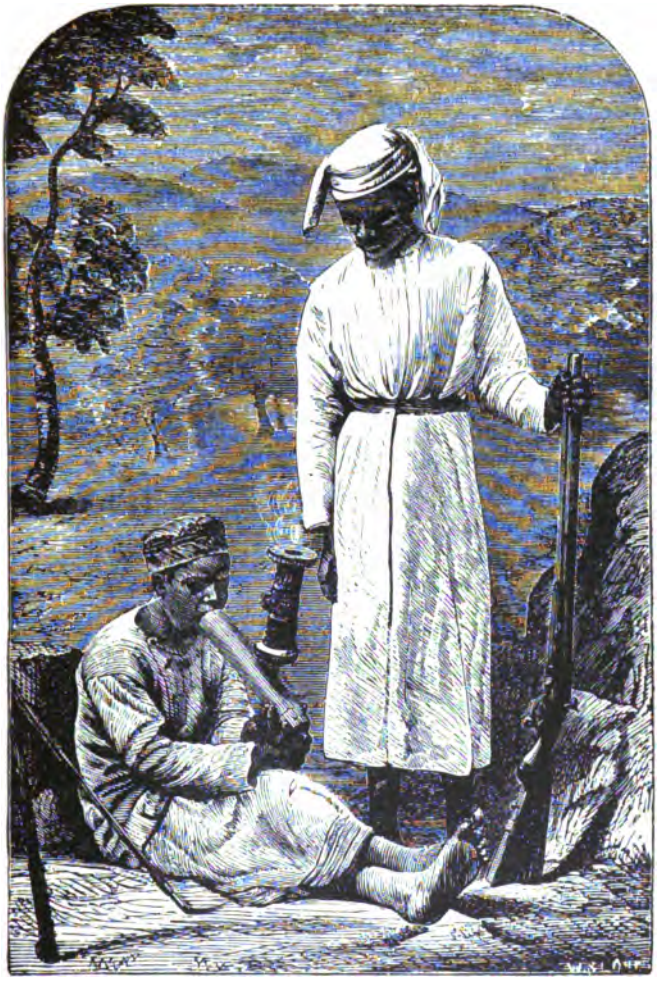
such a length of time, for want of carriage to Khartoum, that it was totally destroyed by insects.

"During 1882, only one steamer arrived in the Equatorial provinces! If the merchants were allowed to buy wax, the government would benefit by it.

"The hides of cattle slaughtered for the soldiers' food would be sufficient to fill the Khartoum markets. If we add the number killed for the consumption of private people, and the hides, which may be bought cheaply (especially of the southern tribes), to the sheep and goat skins, that are not used at all, they would reach a wonderfully high figure. Transport would certainly raise the price, but if the skins were tanned on the spot this inconvenience would be partly remedied.

"In Central Africa, tanning materials are to be found in great quantities, and of very good quality, and a venture in this sort of business would certainly meet with success. Until the present day hides were used at the most for local or packing purposes, and no useful commercial value has ever been attributed to them. The reason is that they found it difficult to fill the Khartoum market with commodities of the kind, the pretext being that skins brought from these regions did not have a ready sale.

"Hides of buffaloes, antelopes, and giraffes may be easily procured. For want of buyers these are util-



CHUMAH AND SUSI.

ized in the manufacture of leather sandals, water-skins, etc.

"Whips are made of long strips of hippopotamus-skin.

"Furs are quite unknown. Besides large beasts of prey, such as leopards, feline animals, and others, there are scattered all over the country an infinite variety of smaller wild beasts, such as the civet cat, ichneumon, etc.; the skins could doubtless be used advantageously. A species of otter, very common in all large rivers, has excellent fur, equalling that of the beaver in softness and beauty. The skins and furs of several kinds of monkeys, as, for instance, the colobus quereza, the spotted skin of some antelopes, the tragelaphus scriptus, and the alcelaphus bubalis, for example; giraffe, zebra, and lycaon pictus,—all these may be had from the natives for almost nothing, and in sufficient quantities to meet any demand. To these we may add the skins of sheep, the long-haired skins of some goats bred in the Msoga and Lur countries, which will compare with any Angora skin.

"The development of a successful cattle trade is prevented by the aversion that the natives have to parting with their oxen, which are very abundant in the southern provinces. In the territory of the Bahr-el-Ghazal the possession of a cow has been considered a great privilege for some time; goats and

sheep are also scarce. The case is much better, however, in the Equatorial provinces, where, on account of the suppression of raids for the last four years, cattle are plentiful, and a rational breeding might prove a good speculation.

"But to the east and southeast two other animals, viz., the ass and the camel, deserve our attention. In all the villages of that part of the vast territory inhabited by the Lango tribe which is accessible to us from Akkara to Lurkani, numerous herds of donkeys are bred by the natives, which are only required for the supply of milk. They are of medium height, with white hair above their hoofs, and a broad black stripe across their shoulders; they are very strong, and experience has proven that if well fed they will live a long time. In the Equatorial provinces they are now being used for carrying and other purposes, and are imported into Bahr-el-Ghazal, where they meet a ready sale, owing to the low price asked for them.

"A little farther north, among the Western Galla tribes, camels are kept in herds of from five to six hundred, and are only valued for their milk. It is true that the vast sandy plains of this country, with few forests, and ponds of salt water, are admirably adapted to the breeding of the camel. We transported several of these animals to Rejaf, where they were very useful.

"I have been aware for a long time of the great advantages that would attend the introduction of tame buffaloes here, but, although many of them are to be seen on the roads to Khartoum, I have been unable

NATIVE OF WAMANGA.

as yet to possess one. The necessary conditions of their existence, viz., heat, water, mud, bitter graminaceous plants—are so abundant in this country that these animals would supplement the laziness of men, and could very well supplant the ox, a more delicate animal, while female buffaloes might supply milk

abundantly. While trade in live animals, and especially birds, is carried on with success on some parts of the western and eastern coasts of Africa—wonderfully adapted for traffic with Europe by their favorable situation—our territory, rich in all sorts of animals, has not yet been thought of for this business. By regulating navigation in a convenient way, the trade from here to Khartoum and Berber and through the desert to Suakim, would present but few difficulties.

"The ever-increasing requirements of the European zoölogical gardens would suffice to insure a prosperous trade.

"To reckon even by approximation the production of grain in this country, would be a difficult task, but if we consider that, at least up to two degrees north latitude, grain forms the chief and very often the only food of the natives, and that immense quantities are used for brewing merissa (the beer of this region), perhaps we can conceive an idea of the great extent of corn cultivated. We must not forget either that a great part is destroyed and consumed by myriads of birds and voracious quadrupeds.

"The price of grain being so low leads me to think that export would be profitable, but, anyhow, it could be used for manufacturing alcohol, of which a great quantity, such as brandy and liquors, is imported annually from Egypt by the Soudan, and

then, alas! too willingly consumed. Why, then, could it not be made in the country itself? The attempts made up to the present have only yielded a worthless liquid, not fit for use, but with improved systems of distillation there would certainly be better results.

"Maize, from which very good alcohol may be obtained, flourishes all over the country, and its cultivation is on the increase. Very many other fruits, tuberiferous plants, etc., fit for the production of spirits, are grown in the Soudan.

"Sir Samuel Baker succeeded in distilling brandy from sweet potatoes; and among the Zanzibaris settled in Uganda I found that a spirit produced from bananas was greatly used. All these drinks have a peculiar odor, not very agreeable, due, perhaps, to the imperfect preparation.

"The attempts at cultivating wheat have as yet given unsatisfactory results; the seed from Egypt seems unsuitable to our climate. But the mountainous region is an excellent field for experiments, especially for the cultivation of cereals, and, undoubtedly, with proper seed we should have very good results.

"As a proof of my statement I mention the cultivation of rice, which already pays for the agriculturist's labor.

"In 1878 I received a small quantity of rice grown

by an Arab residing in Uganda, and which I used for experiments.

"The rice obtained was good enough, but small, and of a reddish color.

"Some time after, I tried other experiments with Egyptian rice sent to me by Dr. Schweinfurth and Stone Pasha, and that now grown in the Soudan is not inferior to the Egyptian. Here, as well as on the east coast, cultivation is limited to the stations. The black population understands nothing of these new crops; that which sufficed the father satisfies the son as well. As it seldom happens that negroes care to keep pet animals or birds in their huts, so they seem to be wanting in horticultural aptitude.

"First among the oleaginous vegetables is sesame, the oil of which is produced in great quantities, but one-third, at least, of which is wasted through the defective process of extraction. When fresh, this oil is very good for cooking purposes, but after a while it becomes thick and acquires a peculiar smell, similar to that of walnuts. In the second place comes the oil of *arachis hypogea*, which is preferable to the oil of sesame. It has a pale color, is clear, and keeps well for a long time, being perfectly free from smell. It is considered the best of comestible oils.

"The *arachis hypogea* is largely and especially grown in the vast sandy plains of the Dinka country. The Sandeh and Mambetta people are extremely

fond of this nut, and now its cultivation is spreading eastward to Dufile, where the land is well adapted to its culture. On account of the greater difficulty in the extraction of oil from it, and notwithstanding the higher percentage of oil contained in it, the quantity wasted is larger than that of sesame.

"The fact is worth mentioning, that while these nuts are eaten with pleasure everywhere, and the animals like to dig them out of the ground, the oil is not used, because it is supposed to cause disease.

"Another oil of good quality is extracted from the *hyptis spicigera*, which is grown everywhere on a large scale. The seeds of a small gourd called ombreke, in Makraka, also produce a good oil. In the southwest territory the *elais guineensis* is to be found in great numbers; the fruit yields quantities of oil. In the western lands this tree grows much farther towards the north, as Lupton Bey has frequently found it at six degrees forty-two minutes, latitude north, and twenty-five degrees twenty minutes, longitude east. Undoubtedly the *elais* could be grown here, and I am impatiently expecting some seeds promised to me, in order to try its cultivation. The plants which I have mentioned give liquid oils.

"Now I have to deal with two others from which solid fat is obtained at an ordinary temperature, viz., the *stereospermum* and the *bassia Parkii*. The former gives a small quantity of grease, which, owing to its

smell, is only used for frictions, but from the fruit of the latter, which is similar to a chestnut, great quantities of fat are manufactured, and it is used for food regardless of its peculiar smell of burnt matter. This tree grows all over the country, and I have seen large forests of it in the southwest. The samples I sent to Khartoum for soap manufacture gave such good results that large quantities of the grease are being demanded.

"Until now, all the soap used in the Soudan has been imported from Egypt, but on account of the large quantities of oil and grease mentioned, a remunerative business might be established in the country for a production of a large quantity of the commodity.

"Soda, having not yet been found anywhere in the Soudan, must be imported from Egypt, but as its price is very low, that would not constitute a serious obstacle to the prosperous development of a local soap factory.

"Without taking into consideration the small quantity of gum arabic that may be gathered in the acacia forests, we must, first of all, say a few words about india-rubber. It is chiefly supplied by the *carpodinus acidus* and the *carpodinus dulcis*, which grow from eight degrees north latitude, toward the south almost everywhere, but principally on the banks of the water-courses, on the rising ground near which are extensive woods of the plant.

"Some samples obtained from trees grown here were sent to Khartoum, where the merchants declared them to be excellent, although parts of them contained water. This fault may easily be remedied, as it is caused by using hot water to accelerate the solidification of the lacteous juice; it would therefore only be necessary to substitute a better process. The natives willingly gather the rubber for a small consideration, and the number of plants is large enough to give hopes of good crops for some time to come. Of course, it must be distinctly understood that new plantations of trees will be necessary in a few years in order to obviate the danger of reducing the supply to *nil.*

"The largest results have hitherto been obtained by the Mambettu people; but, strange enough, this rubber has been recognized as inferior in quality to that from the dryer country of the Dinka, which is perfectly pure and odorless. Several other resins, some of them scented, are waiting to be analyzed, in order to test their practical value.

"The tamarind is a very common tree, and yields fruit abundantly. The pulp which is obtained from it is not as acid as that of the Darfur tamarinds, and therefore more agreeable. Sugar-canes are plentiful in the south, at Uganda, and are now grown at every station, and if sufficiently irrigated give stout and juicy stems. Different kinds of cotton are grown

in various places; for instance, in the Bari country there grows a gossypium, the seeds of which, when ripe, are green, and its cotton has long fine threads. Some native weavers of Dongola established a mill here, and many people earn their living by weaving the so-called damur, a native cotton stuff, well adapted to our climate.

"Unyoro and Latooka tobacco deserves especial mention. The production of it naturally does not exceed the requirements of the country, but it could be increased to a considerable extent.

"Coffee is very plentiful in Uganda; but as it is not exported, we ought to try its cultivation in our mountainous districts.

"There are great crops of nutmegs in the south of the country, especially in Mambettu land.

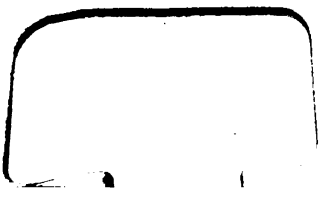
"A clever botanist would be able to find numerous other plants useful for commercial, alimentary, and other purposes. There is, for instance, a group of plants which might be used for weaving or spinning; others give good coloring matter, and others, again, tanning material, etc.

"Especially in the South, a vast and rich field is open for commerce and industry; and let us hope, for the welfare of the country, that no delay will be made in using the materials which nature offers in such abundance.

"Iron of good quality and in great abundance is

found everywhere, and fused and worked; it is an article of commerce which is much sought after in the North and West; where roughly worked points of arrows and lances are used as currency, and have also a marketable value for procuring a wife, like oxen.

"The most skilful and artistic blacksmiths are in the South; the best are among the Mambettu and Makraka people, among whom are some chiefs highly reputed as workmen. I am at present ignorant of the existence of other metals besides iron, but this does not at all prove that there are none; we are rather inclined to believe that great treasures of this kind are hidden under the earth, principally in the East."

LONGA-LONGA, CHIEF OF THE MCULUSI.—RIBA-RIBA.

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